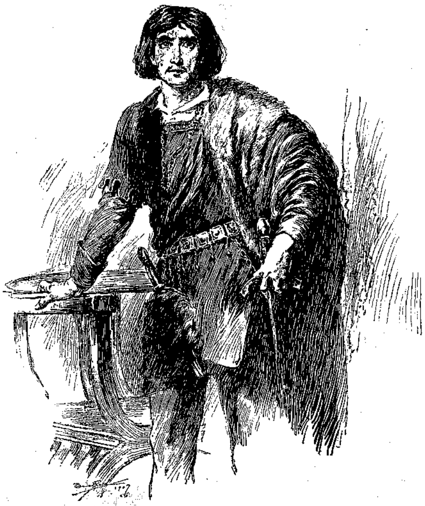
McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XXX DECEMBER, 1907 No. 2



Henry Irving as Hamlet

After the painting by Edwin Long, R.A.

Drawn by Eric Pape

Reproduced by permission of Mr. Burdett-Coutts, M.P.

RECOLLECTIONS OF HENRY IRVING*

BY

ELLEN TERRY

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PORTRAITS AND DRAWINGS BY ERIC PAPE AND HARRY FENN

I

IRVING'S PHILIP OF SPAIN—HIS FIRST PRODUCTION OF "HAMLET" AT THE LYCEUM

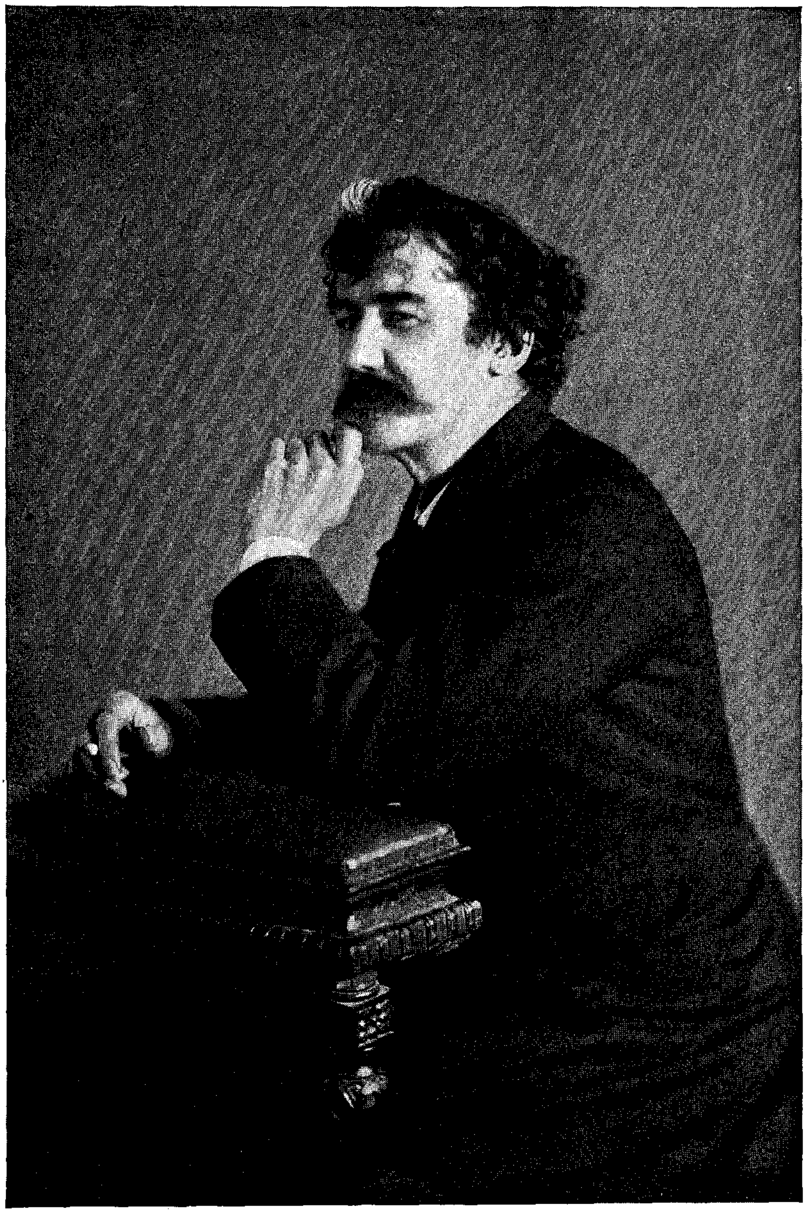
MY engagement with the Bancrofts lasted a little over a year. After Portia there was nothing momentous about it. I found Clara Douglas difficult, but I enjoyed playing her. I found Mabel Vane easy, and I enjoyed playing her, too, although there was less to be proud of in my success here. Any Terry could have "walked in" to victory on such very simple womanly emotion as the part demanded. At this time friends who had fallen in love with my Portia used to gather at the Prince of Wales' and applaud me in a manner more vigorous than judicious. It was their fault that it got about that I had hired a claque to clap me! Now it seems funny, but at the time I was deeply hurt at the insinuation, and it cast a shadow over what would otherwise have been a very happy time.

A Bayonet Encounter with Mrs. Bancroft

It is the way of the public sometimes to keep all its enthusiasm for an actress who is doing well in a minor part and to withhold it from the actress who is playing the leading part. I don't say for a minute that Mrs. Bancroft's Peg Woffington, in "Masks and Faces," was not appreciated, but I know that my Mabel Vane was received with a warmth out of all proportion to the merits of my performance, and that this an-

Copyright, 1907, by The S. S. McClure Co. All rights reserved

* *Copyright, 1907, by Ellen Terry (Mrs. Carew)*



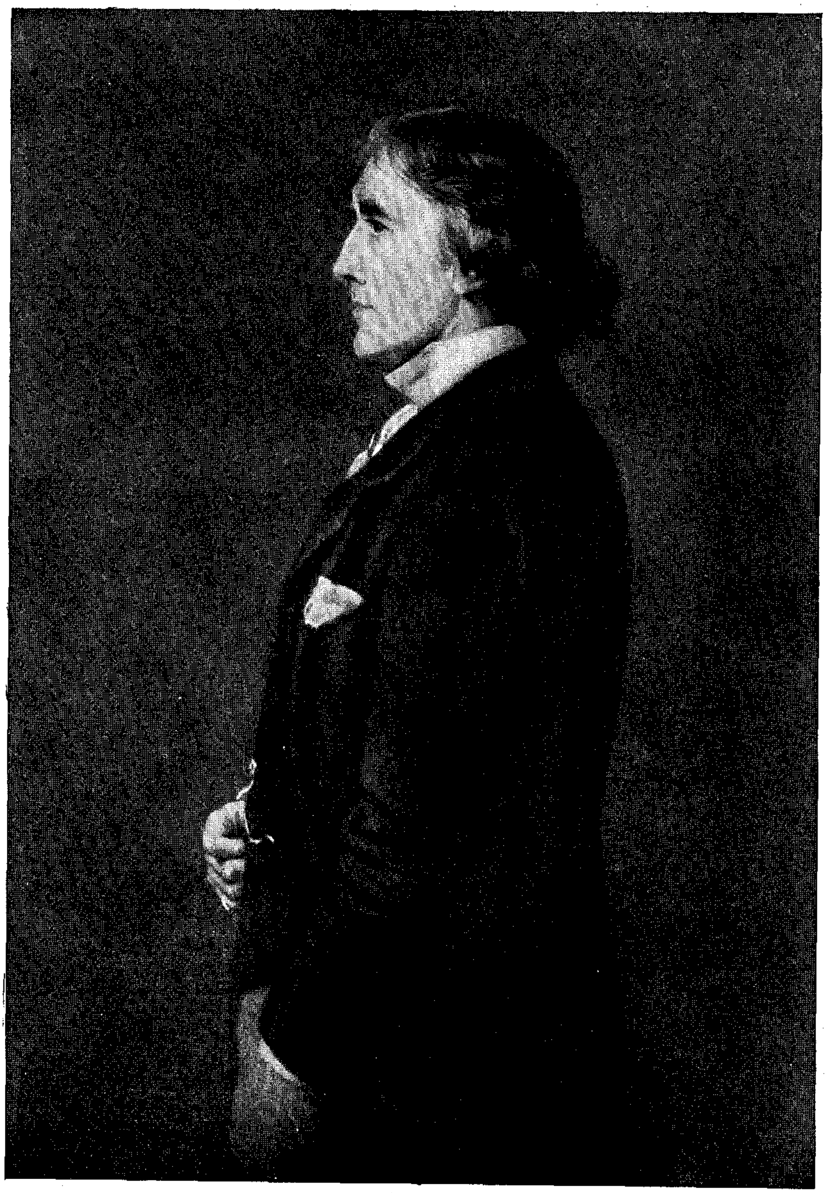
From a photograph in the collection of Mr. Evert Jansen Wendell

JAMES ABBOTT McNEILL WHISTLER

WHOSE FRIENDSHIP WITH ELLEN TERRY LASTED FOR MANY YEARS UNTIL HIS DEATH IN 1903

gered some of Mrs. Bancroft's admirers and made them the bearers of ill-natured stories. Any unpleasantness that it caused between us personally was of the briefest duration. It would have been odd indeed if I had been jealous of her or she of me. Apart from all else, I had met with my little bit of success in such a different field, and she was almost another Madame Vestris in popular esteem. When I was playing Blanche Hayes in "Ours," I nearly killed Mrs. Bancroft with the bayonet which it was part of the business of the play for me to "fool" with. I charged her, as usual. Either she made a mistake and moved to the right instead of to the left, or *I* made a mistake. Anyhow, I wounded her in the arm. She had to wear it in a sling for weeks, and I felt so badly about it — all the more because of the ill-natured stories of its being no accident.

Miss Marie Tempest is, perhaps, the actress of



SIR HENRY IRVING

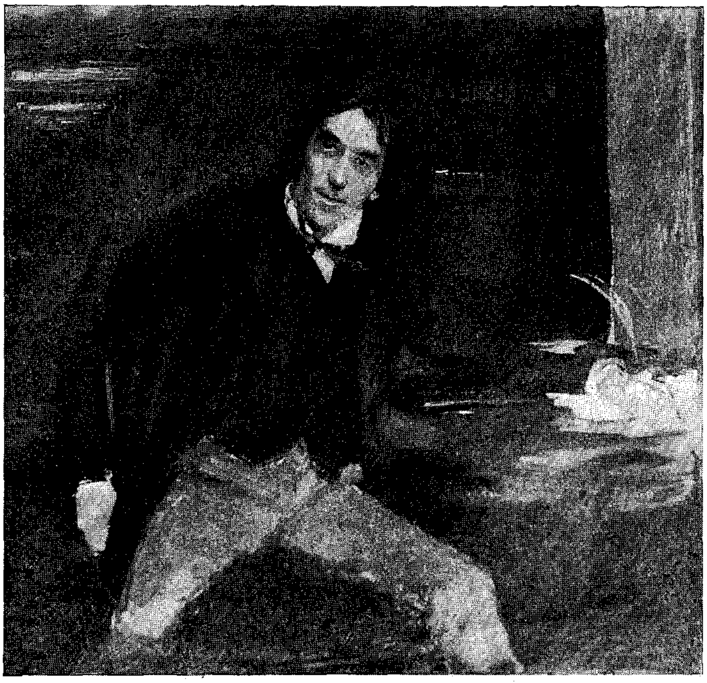
FROM THE PAINTING BY SIR JOHN MILLAIS, BART., P.R.A.

the present day who reminds me a little of what Mrs. Bancroft was at the Prince of Wales'; but, at her best, the older actress was unapproached and unapproachable by Miss Tempest or any one else. The best thing that I ever saw her do was the farewell to the boy in "Sweethearts." It was exquisite!

In "Masks and Faces" Taylor and Reade had collaborated, and the exact share of each in the result was left to one's own discernment. I remember saying to Taylor, one night at dinner, when Reade was sitting opposite me, that I wished he (Taylor) would write me a part like that. "If only I could have an original part like Peg!" Charles Reade, after fixing me with his amused and *very* glittering eye, said across the table: "I have something for your private ear, madam, after this repast!" And he came up *with* the ladies, sat by me, and, calling me "an artful toad,"—a favourite expression of his for me!—told me that *he*, Charles Reade, and no other, had written every line of Peg, and that I ought to have known it. I *didn't* know, as a matter of fact, but perhaps it was stupid of me. There was more of Tom Taylor in Mabel Vane.

Irving's King Philip

I played five parts, in all, at the Prince of Wales', and I think I may claim that the Bancrofts found me a *useful* actress — ever the dull height of my ambition. They wanted Byron, the author of "Our Boys," to write me a part in the new play which they had ordered from him, but when "Wrinkles" turned up, there was no part which they felt they could offer me, and I think Coghlan was also not included in the cast. At any rate, he was free to take me to see Henry Irving act. Coghlan was always raving about Irving at this time. He said that one evening spent in watching him act was the best education an actor could have. Seeing other people act, even if they are not Irvings, is always an education to us. I have never been to a theatre yet without learning something. It must have been in the spring of 1876 that I received this note:



SIR HENRY IRVING

FROM THE PAINTING BY JULES BASTIEN-LEPAGE

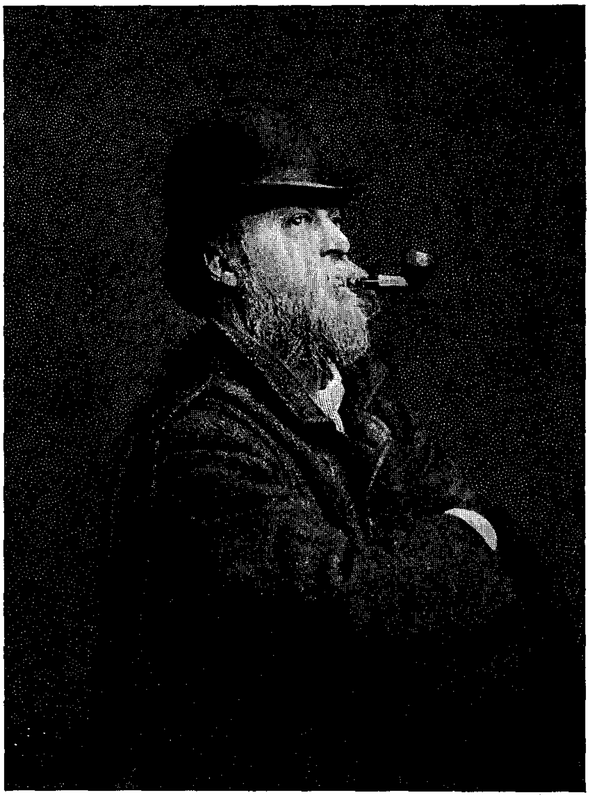
Will you come in our box on Tuesday for Queen Mary? Ever yours,
CHARLES T. COGHLAN.

P.S. I am afraid that they will soon have to smooth their wrinkled front at the P. of W. Alas! Hélas! Ah, me!

This postscript, I think, must refer to the approaching withdrawal of "Wrinkles" from the Prince of Wales' and the return of Coghlan and myself to the cast. Meanwhile we went to see Irving's King Philip.

Well! I can only say that he never did anything better to the day of his death. Never shall I forget his expression and manner when Miss Bateman, as Queen Mary (she was *very* good, by the way), was pouring out her heart to him. The horrid dead look, the cruel unresponsiveness, the indifference of the creature! While the poor woman protested and wept, he went on polishing up his ring! Then, the tone in which he asked: "Is dinner ready?" It was the perfection of quiet malignity and cruelty. The extraordinary advance that he had made since the days when we had acted together at the Queen's Theatre did not occur to me. I was just spellbound by a study in cruelty which seemed to me a triumphant assertion of the power of the actor to create as well as to interpret; for Tennyson never suggested half what Henry Irving did.

We talk of progress, improvement, and advance, but when I think of Henry's Philip I begin to wonder if Oscar Wilde was not profound as well as witty when he said that a great artist moves in a cycle of masterpieces of which the last is no more perfect than the first. Only Irving's Petruchio stops me. But then he had not found himself; he was not an artist.



W. G. WILLS

THE AUTHOR OF OLIVIA, ONE OF ELLEN TERRY'S MOST SUCCESSFUL PARTS

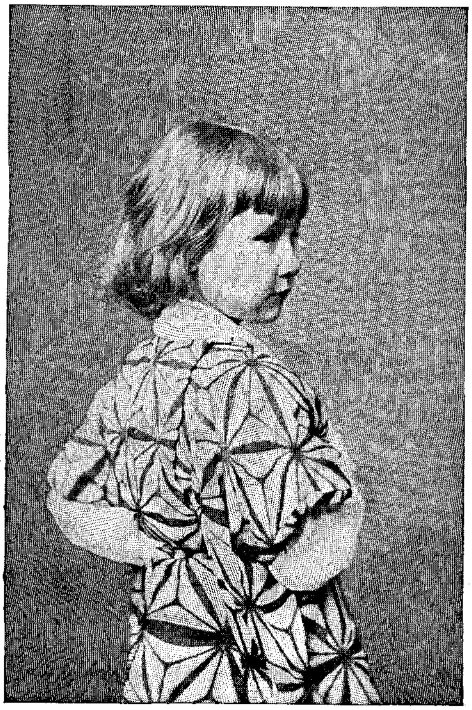
Irving and Whistler

"Why did Whistler paint him as Philip?" some one once asked me. How dangerous to ask "why" about any one so freakish as Jimmy Whistler! But I answered then, and would answer now, that it was because, as Philip, Henry, in his dress without much colour (from the common point of view), his long grey legs, and his Velasquez-like attitudes, looked like the kind of thing which Whistler loved to paint. Velasquez had painted a real Philip of the same race; Whistler would paint the actor who had created the Philip of the stage.

I have a note from Whistler written to Henry at a later date (I think) which refers to the picture. It is common knowledge that the sitter never cared much about the portrait. Henry had a strange affection for the wrong pictures of himself. He disliked the Bastien-Lepage, the Whistler, and the Sargent, which never even saw the light. He adored the weak, pretty-pretty picture by Millais, which, I must admit all the same, held the mirror up to one of the characteristics of Henry's face—its extreme refinement. Whistler's Philip probably seemed to him not nearly showy enough.

Whistler I knew long before he painted the Philip. He gave me the most lovely dinner-set of blue-and-white Nankeen that any woman ever possessed, and a set of Venetian glass too good for a world where glass is broken. He sent my little girl a tiny Japanese kimono when Liberty's was hardly a name. Many of his friends were my friends. He was with the dearest of those friends when he died.

The most remarkable men I have known were, without a doubt, Whistler and Oscar Wilde. This does not imply that I liked them better or admired them more than the others, but there was something about both of them more instantaneously individual, audacious, and wonderful than it is possible to describe.



EDITH CRAIG

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN 1875, SHOWING HER IN THE KIMONO GIVEN HER BY WHISTLER

Hamlet—Irving's Greatest Part

When I went with Coghlan to see Henry Irving's Philip I was no stranger to his acting. I had been present with Tom Taylor, then dramatic critic of the *Times*, at the famous first night at the Lyceum, in 1874, when Henry put his fortune—counted, not in gold, but in years of scorned delights and laborious days, years of constant study and reflection, of Spartan self-denial and deep melancholy—when he put it all to the touch "to win or lose it all." This is no exaggeration. Hamlet was by far the greatest part that he had ever played or ever was to play. If he had failed—but why pursue it? He could not fail.

Yet, the success on the first night at the Lyceum in 1874 was not of that electrical, almost hysterical splendour which has greeted the momentous achievements of some actors. The first two acts were received with indifference. The people could not see how packed they were with superb acting—perhaps because the new Hamlet was so simple, so quiet, so free from the exhibition of actors' artifices which used to bring down the house in "Louis XI." and in "Richelieu," but which were really the *easy* things in acting, and in "Richelieu" (in my opinion) not especially well done. In "Hamlet" Henry Irving did not go to the audience; he made them come to him. Slowly, but surely, attention gave place to admiration, admiration to enthusiasm, enthusiasm to triumphant acclaim.

I have seen many Hamlets,—Fechter, Charles Kean, Rossi, Friedrich Haase, Forbes-Robertson, and my own son, Gordon Craig, among them,—but they were not in the same hemisphere! I refuse to go and see Hamlets now. I want to keep Henry Irving's fresh and clear in my memory until I die.

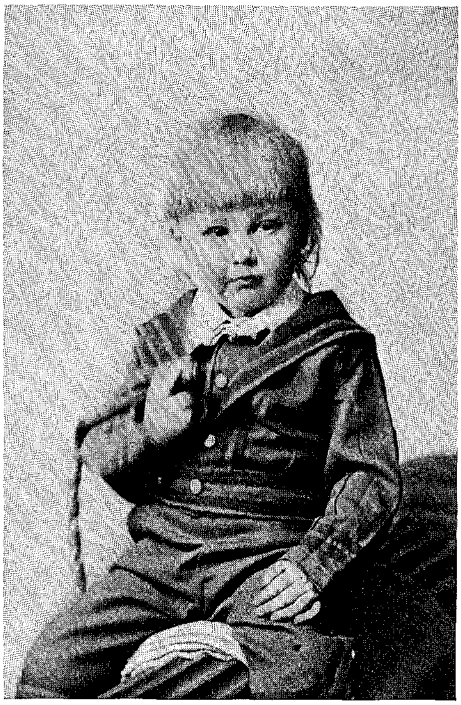
The Birmingham Night

When he engaged me to play Ophelia in 1878, he asked me to go down to Birmingham to see the play, and that night I saw what I shall always consider the *perfection* of acting. It had been wonderful in 1874; in 1878 it was far more wonderful. It has been said that when he had the "advantage" of my Ophelia his Hamlet "improved." I don't think so; he was always quite independent of the people with whom he acted.

The Birmingham night he knew I was there. He played—I say it without vanity—for me. We players are not above that weakness, if it be a weakness. If ever anything inspires us to do our best, it is the presence in the audience of some fellow-artist who must, in the nature of things, know more completely than any one what we intend, what we do, what we feel. The response from such a member of the audience flies across the footlights to us like a flame. I felt it once when I played Olivia before Eleonora Duse. I felt that she felt it once when she played Marguerite Gautier for me.

When I read "Hamlet" now, everything that Henry did in it seems to me more absolutely right even than I thought at the time. I would give much to be able to record it all in detail, but—it may be my fault—writing is not the medium in which this can be done. Sometimes I have thought of giving readings of "Hamlet," for I can remember every tone of Henry's voice, every emphasis, every shade of meaning that he saw in the lines and made manifest to the discerning. Yes, I think I could give some pale idea of what his Hamlet was if I read the play!

"Words, words, words!" What is it to say, for instance, that the cardinal qualities of his Prince of Denmark were strength, delicacy, distinction? There was never a touch of commonness. Whatever he did or said, blood and breeding pervaded it.



EDWARD GORDON CRAIG

TAKEN AT ABOUT THE TIME WHEN HE "WALKED ON" THE STAGE FOR THE FIRST TIME, IN THE COURT PRODUCTION OF "OLIVIA"

The Entrance Scene in "Hamlet"

His "make-up" was very pale, and this made his face beautiful when one was close to him, but at a distance it gave him a haggard look. Some said he looked twice his age.

He kept three things going at the same time—the antic madness, the sanity, the sense of the theatre. The last was to all that he imagined and thought what, in the New Testament, charity is said to be to all other virtues.

He was never cross or moody—only melancholy. His melancholy was as simple as it was profound. It was touching, too, rather than defiant. You never thought that he was wantonly sad and enjoying his own misery.

He neglected no coup de théâtre to assist him, but who notices the servants when the host is present?

For instance, his first entrance as Hamlet was what we call, in theatrical parlance, very much "worked up." He was always a tremendous believer in processions, and rightly. It is through such means that royalty keeps its hold on the feeling of the public and makes its mark as a figure and a symbol. Henry Irving understood this. Therefore, to music so apt that it was not remarkable in itself, but a contribution to the general excited anticipation, the Court of Denmark came on to the stage. I understood later on, at the Lyceum, what days of patient work had gone to the making of that procession.

At its tail, when the excitement was at fever-heat, came the solitary figure of Hamlet, looking extraordinarily tall and thin. The lights were turned down—another stage trick—to help the effect that the figure was spirit rather than man.

He was weary; his cloak trailed on the ground. He did *not* wear the miniature of his father obtrusively round his neck! His attitude was one which I have seen in a common little illustration to the "Reciter," compiled by Dr. Pinch, Henry Irving's old schoolmaster. Yet, how right to have taken it, to have been indifferent to its humble origin! Nothing could have been better when translated into life by Irving's genius.

The hair looked blue-black, like the plumage of a crow; the eyes burning—two fires veiled, as yet, by melancholy. But the appearance of the man was not single, straight, or obvious, as it is when I describe it, any more than his passions throughout the play were. I only remember one moment when his intensity concentrated itself in a straightforward, unmistakable emotion, without side-current or backwater. It was when he said:

> The play's the thing,
> Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king,

and, as the curtain came down, was seen to be writing madly on his tablets against one of the pillars.

"O God, that I were a writer!" I paraphrase Beatrice with all my heart. Surely a *writer* could not string words together about Henry Irving's Hamlet and say nothing, *nothing*.

"We must start this play a living thing," he used to say at rehearsals, and he worked until the skin grew tight over his face, until he became livid with fatigue, yet still beautiful, to get the opening lines said with individuality, suggestiveness, speed, and power:

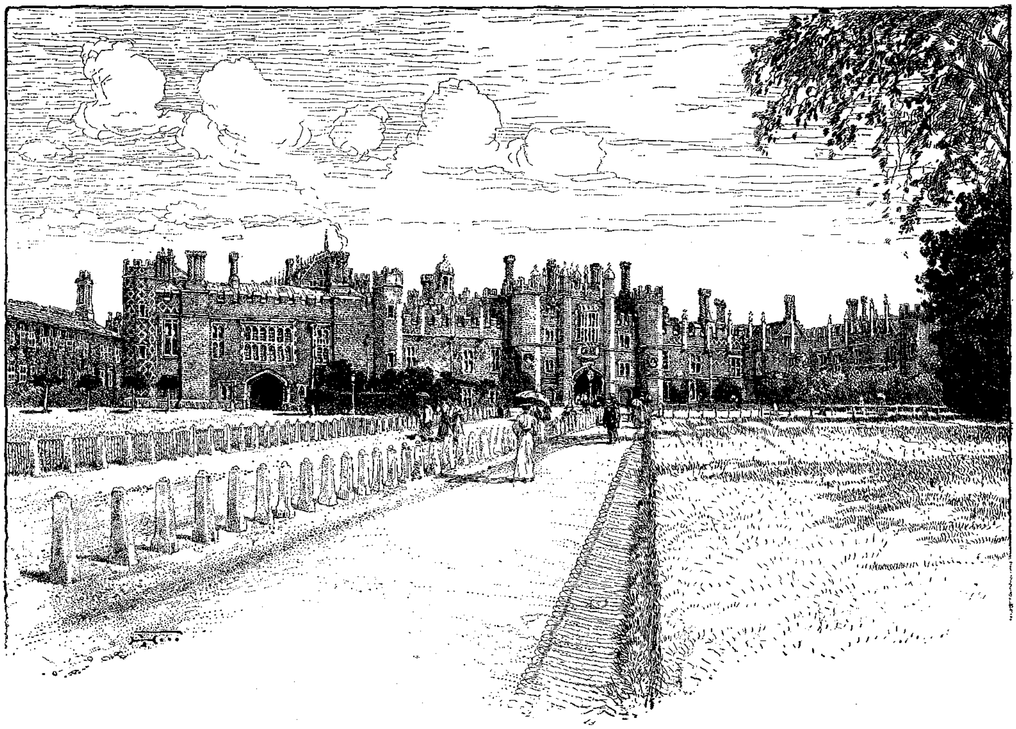
Bernardo: Who's there?
Francisco: Nay, answer me: stand, and unfold yourself.
Bernardo: Long live the king!
Francisco: Bernardo?
Bernardo: He.
Francisco: You come most carefully upon your hour.
Bernardo: 'Tis now struck twelve: get thee to bed, Francisco.
Francisco: For this relief much thanks: 'tis bitter cold.

And all that he tried to make others do with these lines he himself did with every line of his own part. Every word lived.

Some said: "Oh, Irving only makes 'Hamlet' a love poem!" They said that, I suppose, because in the nunnery scene with Ophelia he was the lover above the prince and the poet. With what passionate longing his hands hovered over Ophelia at her words, "Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind"!

The Scene with the Players

His advice to the players was not advice. He did not speak it as an actor. Nearly all Hamlets in that scene give away the fact that they are actors and not dilettanti of royal blood. Henry defined the way he would have the players speak as an *order*, an instruction of the merit of which he was regally sure. There was no patronising flavor in his acting here, not

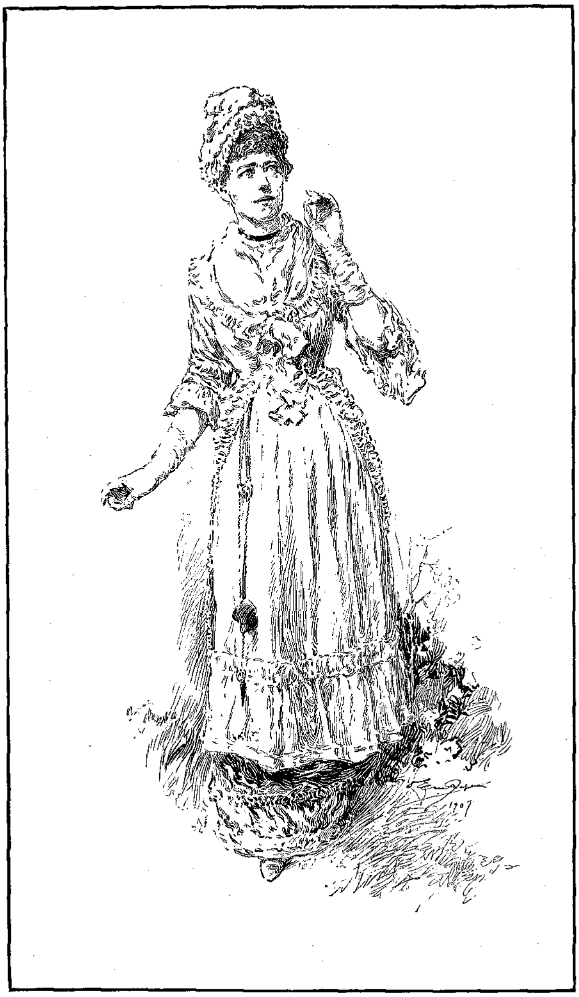


Drawn by Harry Fenn

HAMPTON COURT

THE HISTORIC PALACE ON THE THAMES BUILT BY CARDINAL WOLSEY, WHERE CHARLES I. WAS FOR A TIME IMPRISONED. IT WAS HERE THAT ELLEN TERRY HAD HER FIRST COTTAGE, DURING THE COURT PRODUCTION OF "OLIVIA."

a touch of "I'll teach you how to do it." He was swift, swift and simple — pausing for the right word now and again, as in the phrase "to hold as 'twere the mirror up to nature." His slight pause and eloquent gesture, as the all-embracing word "nature" came in answer to his call, were exactly repeated unconsciously, years later, by the Queen of Rumania (Carmen Sylva). She was telling us the story of a play that she had written. The words rushed out swiftly, but occasionally she would wait for the one that expressed her meaning most comprehensively and exactly, and, as she got it, up went her hand in triumph over her head — "Like yours in Hamlet," I told Henry at the time.



ELLEN TERRY AS OLIVIA

REDRAWN BY ERIC PAPE FROM A PHOTOGRAPH

Criticisms of Irving's Hamlet

I knew this Hamlet both ways,— as an actress from the stage and as an actress putting away her profession for the time as one of the audience,— and both ways it was superb to me. Tennyson, I know, said it was not a perfect Hamlet. I wonder, then, where he hoped to find perfection! James Spedding, considered a fine critic in his day, said Irving was "simply hideous, ... a monster!" Another of these fine critics declared that he never could believe in Irving's Hamlet after having seen "*part* [sic] of his performance as a murderer in a commonplace melodrama." Would one believe that any one could seriously write so stupidly as that about the earnest effort of an earnest actor, if it were not quoted by some of Irving's biographers? Some criticism, however severe, however misguided, remains within the bounds of justice; but what is one to think of the "Greatest" Reviewer, who declared that "the enormous pains taken with the scenery had ensured Mr. Irving's success"? The scenery was of the simplest — no money was spent on it even when the play was revived at the Lyceum after Colonel Bateman's death. Henry's dress probably cost him about two pounds! My Ophelia dress was made of material which could not have cost more than two shillings a yard, and not many yards were wanted, as I was at the time thin to vanishing-point! I have the dress still, and, looking at it the other day, I wondered what leading lady now would consent to wear it.

At all its best points Henry's Hamlet was susceptible of absurd imitation. Think of this well, young actors who are content to play for safety, to avoid ridicule at all costs, to be "natural"— oh, word most vilely abused! What sort of naturalness is this of Hamlet's?

O villain, villain, smiling, damnèd villain!

Henry Irving's imitators could make people burst with laughter when they took off his delivery of that line. And, indeed, the original, too, was almost provocative of laughter — rightly so, for such emotional indignation has its funny as well as its terrible aspect. The mad — and all are mad who have, as Socrates put it, "a divine release from the common ways of men"—may speak ludicrously even when they speak the truth.

All great acting has a certain strain of extravagance which the imitators catch hold of and give us the eccentric body without the sublime soul.

The Scene with Horatio

From the first I saw this extravagance, this bizarrerie, in Henry Irving's acting. I noticed, too, its infinite variety. In "Hamlet," during the first scene with Horatio, Marcellus, and Bernardo, he began by being very absent and distant. He exchanged greetings sweetly and gently, but he was the visionary. His feet might be on the ground, but his head was toward the stars "where the 'ternal are." Years later he said to me of another actor in Hamlet: "*He* would never have seen the ghost." Well, there was never any doubt that Henry Irving would, and it was through his acting in the Horatio scene that he made us sure. As a bad actor befogs Shakspere's meaning, so a good actor illuminates it. Bit by bit, as Horatio talks, Hamlet comes back into the world. He is still out of it when he says:

> My father, methinks I see my father—

But the dreamer becomes attentive, sharp as a needle, with the words:

> For God's love, let me hear.

Henry's face as he listened to Horatio's tale blazed with intelligence. He cross-examined the

WILLIAM TERRISS AS SQUIRE THORNHILL
IN "OLIVIA"

men with keenness and authority. His mental deductions as they answered were clearly shown. With "I would I had been there" the cloud of unseen witnesses with whom he had before been communing again descended. For a second or two Horatio and the rest did not exist for him. . . . So onward to the crowning couplet:

Foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes.

After having been very quiet and rapid, very discreet, he pronounced these lines in a loud, clear voice — dragged out every syllable, as if there never could be an end to his horror and his rage.

I had been familiar with the scene from my childhood: I had studied it; I had heard from my father how Macready acted in it; and now I found that I had had a fool of an idea of it! That's the advantage of study, good people who go to see Shakspere acted. It makes you know sometimes what is being done and what you never dreamed would be done when you read the scene at home.

LILY LANGTRY AS ROSALIND IN "AS YOU LIKE IT"

I leave his Hamlet for the present with one further reflection. It was in courtesy and humour that it differed most widely from other Hamlets that I have seen and heard of. This Hamlet was never rude to Polonius. His attitude toward the old Bromide (I thank you, Mr. Gelett Burgess, for teaching me that word which so lightly and charmingly describes the child of darkness and of platitude) was that of one who should say: "You dear, funny old simpleton whom I have had to bear with all my life, how terribly in the way you seem now!" With what slightly amused and cynical playfulness this Hamlet said: "I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably."

Hamlet was by far his greatest triumph, although he would not admit it himself — preferring in some moods to declare that his finest work was done in Macbeth, which was almost universally disliked.

When I went with Coghlan to see Irving's Philip, I was not, as this Hamlet digression may have suggested, in the least surprised at what I saw. Being a person little given to dreaming, and always living wholly in the present, it did not occur to me to wonder if I should ever act with this marvellous man. He was not at this time lessee of the Lyceum,— Colonel Bateman was still alive,— and I looked no further than my engagement at the Prince of Wales', although in a few months it was to come to an end.

II

THE COTTAGE AT HAMPTON COURT — PLAYING IN HARE'S PRODUCTION OF "OLIVIA"

ALTHOUGH I was now earning a good salary, I still lived in lodgings in Camden Town, took an omnibus to and from the theatre, and denied myself all luxuries. I did not take a house until I went to the Court Theatre. It was then, too, that I had my first cottage — a wee place at Hampton Court, where my children were very happy. They used to give performances of "As You Like It" for the benefit of the palace custodians, — old Crimean veterans, most of them, who died quite recently,— and when the children had grown up these old men would still ask affectionately after "little Miss Edy" and "Master Teddy," forgetting the passing of time.

My little daughter was a very severe critic! I think if I had listened to her I should have left the stage in despair. She saw me act for the first time as Mabel Vane, but no compliments were to be extracted from her.

"You *did* look long and thin in your grey dress."

"When you fainted I thought you was going to fall into the orchestra — you was so *long*."

In "New Men and Old Acres" I had to play the piano while I conducted a conversation consisting, on my side, chiefly of haughty remarks to the effect that "blood would tell"— to talk naturally and play at the same time. I "shied" at the lines, became self-conscious, and either sang the words or altered the rhythm of the tune to suit the pace of the speech. I grew anxious about it, and was always practising it at home. After much hard work, Edy used to wither me with:

"*That's* not right!"

"Wrastling" with Teddy

Teddy was of a more flattering disposition, but very obstinate when he chose. I remember "wrastling" with him for hours over a little Blake poem which he had learned by heart to say to his mother:

When the voices of children are heard on the green,
  And laughing is heard on the hill,
My heart is at rest within my breast,
  And everything else is still.
" Then come home, my children, the sun is gone down,
  And the dews of night arise;
Come, come, leave off play, and let us away,
  Till the morning appears in the skies."

"No, no, let us play, for it is yet day,
  And we cannot go to sleep;
Besides, in the sky the little birds fly,
  And the hills are all covered with sheep."

All went well until he came to this last line. Then he came to a stop.

Nothing would make him say "sheep"!

With a face beaming with anxiety to please, looking adorable, he would offer any word but the right one.

"And the hills are all covered with——"

"With what, Teddy?"

"Master Teddy don't know."

"Something white, Teddy."

"Snow?"

"No, no; does 'snow' rhyme with 'sleep'?"

"Paper?"

"No, no. Now, I am not going to the theatre until you say the right word. What are the hills covered with?"

"People."

"Teddy, you're a very naughty boy!"

At this point he was put in the corner. His first suggestion when he came out was:

"Grass? Trees?"

"Are grass or trees white?" said the despairing mother, with her eye on the clock, which warned her that, after all, she would have to go to the theatre without winning.

Meanwhile Edy was murmuring, "*Sheep*, Teddy," in a loud aside; but Teddy would *not* say it, not even when both he and I burst into tears!

At Hampton Court the two children, dressed in blue-and-white check pinafores, their hair closely cropped,—the little boy fat and fair (at this time he bore a remarkable resemblance to

Laurence's portrait of the youthful King of Rome), the little girl thin and dark,—ran as wild as though the desert had been their playground instead of the gardens of this old palace of kings! They were always ready to show visitors (not so numerous then as now) the sights; prattled freely to them of "my mamma," who was acting in London; and showed them the new trees which they had assisted the gardeners to plant in the wild garden and christened after my parts—a silver birch was Iolanthe, a maple Portia, an oak Mabel Vane. Through their kind offices many a stranger found it easy to follow the intricacies of the famous Maze. It was a fine life for them, surely, this unrestricted running to and fro in the gardens, with the great palace as a civilising influence!

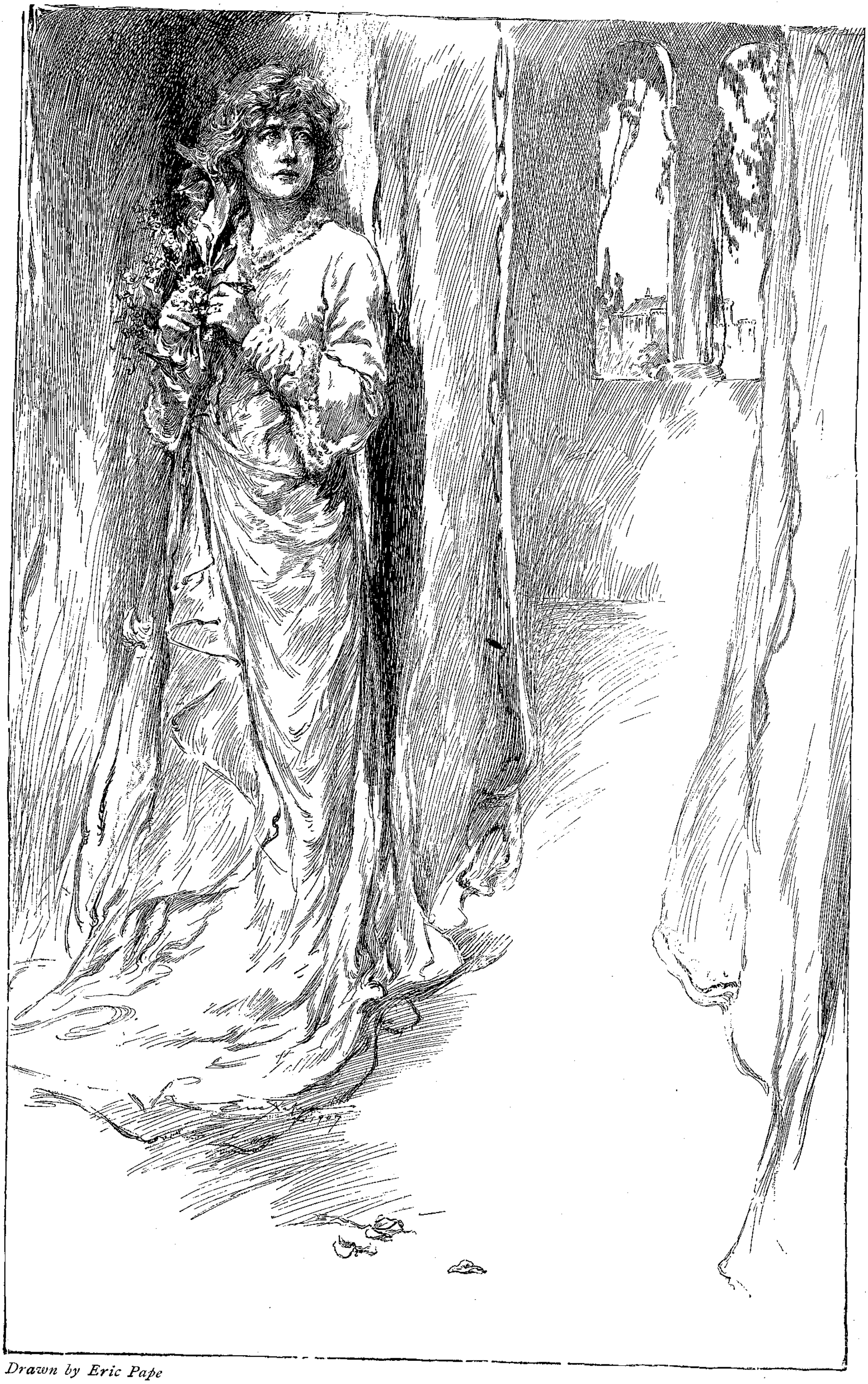
ELLEN TERRY AS OPHELIA

THE PART IN WHICH SHE ENTERED UPON HER LONG ASSOCIATION WITH HENRY IRVING AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE

John Hare, the Meissonier among Managers

It was for their sake that I was most glad of my increasing prosperity in my profession. My engagement with the Bancrofts was exchanged, at the close of the summer season of 1876, for an even more profitable one with Mr. John Hare at the Court Theatre, Sloane Square.

I had learned a great deal at the Prince of Wales'—notably that the art of playing in modern plays in a tiny theatre was quite different from the art of playing in the classics in a big theatre. The methods for big and little theatres are alike, yet quite unlike. I had learned breadth in Shakspere at the Princess', and had had to employ it again in romantic plays for Charles Reade. The pit and gallery



Drawn by Eric Pape

ELLEN TERRY

"WHERE IS THE BEAUTEOUS MAJESTY OF DENMARK?" ("HAMLET," ACT IV, SCENE V) were the audience which we had to reach. At the Prince of Wales' I had to adopt a more delicate, more subtle, more intimate style; but the breadth had to be there just the same — as seen through the wrong end of the microscope. In acting, one must possess great strength before one can be delicate in the right way. Too often, weakness is mistaken for delicacy.

Mr. Hare was one of the best stage-managers that I met during the whole of my long experience in the theatre. He was snappy in manner, extremely irritable if anything went wrong; but he knew what he wanted, and he got it.

No one has ever surpassed him in the securing of a perfect ensemble. He was the Meissonier among the theatre artists. Very likely he would have failed if he had been called upon to produce "King John," but what better witness to his talent than that he knew his line and stuck to it?

The members of his company were his, body and soul, while they were rehearsing. He gave them fifteen minutes for lunch, and any actor or actress who was foolish or unlucky enough to be a minute late was sorry afterward. Mr. Hare was peppery and irascible, and lost his temper easily.

Personally, I always got on well with my new manager, and I ought to be grateful to him, if only because he gave me the second great opportunity of my career — the part of Olivia in Wills' play from "The Vicar of Wakefield," which he commissioned Wills to write during the run of "The House of Darnley."

Real Tears in "Olivia"

I had known Wills before this through the Forbes-Robertsons. He was at one time engaged to one of the girls, but it was a good thing it ended in smoke. With all his charm, Wills was not cut out for a husband. He was Irish all over — the strangest mixture of the aristocrat and the sloven. He could eat a large raw onion every night like any peasant, yet his ideas were magnificent and instinct with refinement.

A true Bohemian in money matters, he made a great deal out of his plays — and never had a farthing to bless himself with!

In the theatre he was charming — from an actor's point of view. He interfered very little with the stage-management and did not care to sit in the stalls and criticise; but he would come quietly to me and tell me things which were most illuminating, and he paid me the compliment of weeping at the wing while I rehearsed "Olivia."

I was generally weeping, too; for Olivia, more than any part, touched me to the heart. I cried too much in it, just as I cried too much later on in the nunnery scene in "Hamlet" and in the last act of "Charles I." My real tears on the stage have astonished some people and been the envy of others, but they have often been a hindrance to me; I have had to *work* to restrain them.

Oddly enough, although "Olivia" was such a great success at the Court, it has never made much money since. The play could pack a tiny theatre; it could never appeal in a big way to the masses. In itself it had a sure message,— the love-story of an injured woman is one of the cards in the stage pack which it is always safe to play,— but against this there was a bad last act, one of the worst I have ever acted in. It was always being tinkered with, but patching and alteration only seemed to weaken it.

Mr. Hare produced "Olivia" perfectly. Marcus Stone designed the clothes, and I found my dresses — both faithful and charming as reproductions of the eighteenth-century spirit — stood the advance of time and the progress of ideas when I played the part later at the Lyceum. I had not to alter anything. Henry Irving discovered the same thing about the scenery and stage-management. They could not be improved upon. There was very little scenery at the Court, but a great deal of taste and care in selection.

Like all Hare's plays, it was perfectly cast. Where all were good, it will be admitted, I think, by every one who saw the production that Terriss was the best. "As you stand there, whipping your boot, you look the very picture of vain indifference," Olivia says to Squire Thornhill, in the first act; and never did I say it without thinking how absolutely *to the life* Terriss had got it!

At the Court, Terriss was still under thirty, but doing the best work of his life. He *never* did anything finer than Squire Thornhill, although he was cleverer as Henry VIII. His gravity as Flutter in "The Belle's Stratagem" was very fetching; as Bucklaw in "Ravenswood" he looked magnificent, and of course as the sailor hero in melodrama he was as good as could be. But it is as Thornhill that I like best to remember him. He was precisely the handsome, reckless, unworthy creature that good women are fools enough to love.

Young Norman Forbes-Robertson was the Moses of the original cast. He played the part again at the Lyceum.

In the Court production of "Olivia" both my children walked on to the stage for the first time. Teddy had such red cheeks that they made all the rouged cheeks look quite pale! Little Edy gave me a bunch of real flowers that she had picked in the country the day before.

Lily Langtry in the Early Eighties

Every one was Olivia-mad. The Olivia cap shared public favour with the Langtry bonnet. That most lovely and exquisite creature, Mrs. Langtry, could not go out anywhere, at the dawn of the eighties, without being the nucleus of a crowd. It was no rare thing to see the crowd, to ask its cause, to receive the answer, "Mrs. Langtry," and to look in vain for the nucleus!

This was all the more remarkable and honourable to public taste, too, because Mrs. Langtry's was not a showy beauty. Her hair was the colour that it had pleased God to make it; her complexion was her own; in evening dress she did not display nearly as much of her neck and arms as was the vogue, yet they outshone all other necks and arms through their own perfection.

"No worker has a right to criticise *publicly* the work of another in the same field," Henry Irving once said to me, and Heaven forbid that I should disregard advice so wise! I am aware that the professional critics and the public did not transfer to Mrs. Langtry the actress the homage that they had paid to Mrs. Langtry the beauty, but I can only speak of the simplicity with which she approached her work, of her industry and utter lack of vanity about her power. When she played Rosalind (which my daughter, the best critic of acting *I* know, tells me was in many respects admirable), she wrote to me:

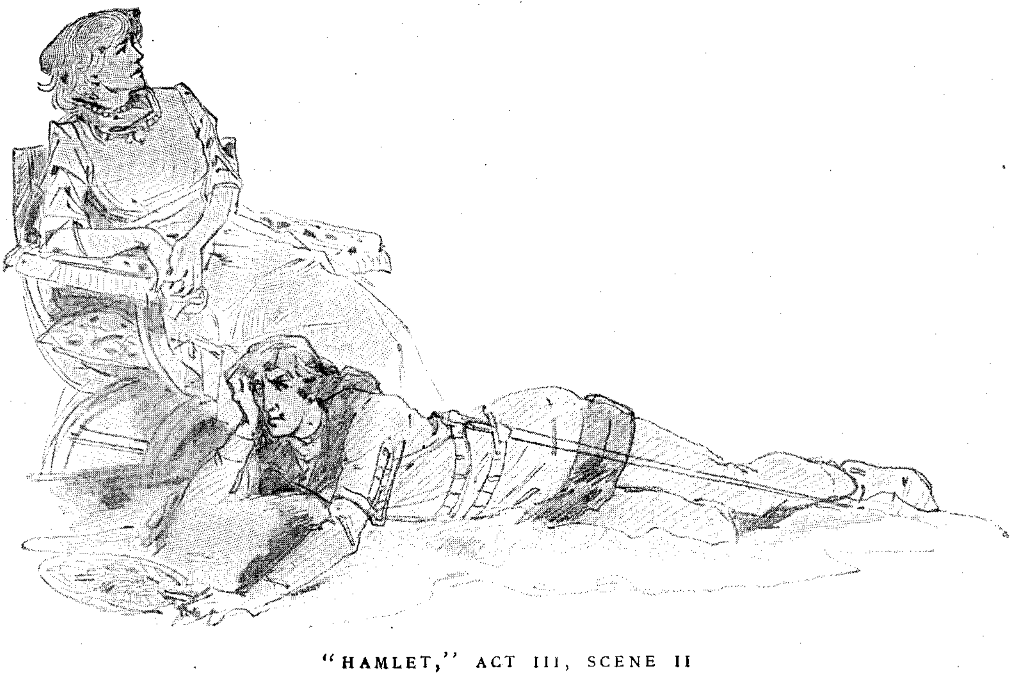
> DEAR NELLIE: I bungled through my part somehow last night, a disgraceful performance, and *no* waist-padding! Oh, what an impudent wretch you must think me to attempt such a part! I pinched my arm once or twice last night to see if it was really me. It was so sweet of you to write me such a nice letter, and then a telegram, too!
>
> Yours ever, dear Nell,
>
> LILY.
>
> P.S. I am rehearsing all day. "The Honeymoon" next week. I love the hard work, and the thinking and study.

Just at this time there was a great dearth on the stage of people with lovely diction; and Lily Langtry had it. I can imagine that she spoke Rosalind's lines beautifully, and that her clear grey eye and frank manner, too well bred to be hoydenish, must have been of great value.

III

MY FIRST APPEARANCE WITH IRVING IN "HAMLET"

IT was during the run of "Olivia" that Henry Irving became sole lessee of the Lyceum Theatre. For a long time he had been contemplating the step, but it was one of such magnitude that it could not be done in a hurry. I dare say he found it difficult to separate from Mrs. Bateman and from her daughter, who had for such a long time



"HAMLET," ACT III, SCENE II

been his "leading lady." He had to be a little cruel, not for the last time in a career devoted unremittingly and unrelentingly to his art and his ambition.

It was said by an idle tongue in later years that rich ladies financed Henry Irving's ventures. The only shadow of foundation for this statement is that at the beginning of his tenancy of the Lyceum the Baroness Burdett-Coutts lent him a certain sum of money, every farthing of which was repaid during the first few months of his management.

Irving Engages Me on Trust

The first letter that I ever received from Henry Irving was written on the 20th of July, 1878, from 15*a* Grafton Street, the house in which he lived during the entire period of his Lyceum management.

DEAR MISS TERRY: I look forward to the pleasure of calling upon you on Tuesday next at two o'clock.
With every good wish, believe me,
Yours sincerely,
HENRY IRVING.

The call was in reference to my engagement as Ophelia. Strangely characteristic I see it now to have been of Henry that he was content to take my powers as an actress more or less on trust. A mutual friend, Lady Pollock, had told him that I was the very person for him; that "all London" (a vile but convenient phrase) was talking of my Olivia; that I had acted well in Shakspere with the Bancrofts; that I should bring to the Lyceum Theatre what players call "a personal following." Henry chose his friends as carefully as he chose his company and his staff. He believed in Lady Pollock implicitly, and he did not—it is possible that he could not—come and see my Olivia for himself.

I was living in Longridge Road when Henry Irving came to see me. Not a word of our conversation about the engagement can I remember. I did notice, however, the great change that had taken place in the man since I had last met him in 1867. Then he was really very ordinary-looking—with a moustache, an unwrinkled face, and a sloping forehead. The only wonderful thing about him was his melancholy. When I was playing the piano, once, in the green-room at the Queen's Theatre, he came in and listened. I remember being made aware of his presence by his sigh — the deepest, profoundest, sincerest sigh I ever heard from any human being. He asked me if I would not play the piece again. The incident impressed itself on my mind, inseparably associated with a picture of him as he looked at thirty—a picture by no means pleasing. He looked conceited, and almost savagely proud of the isolation in which he lived. There was a touch of exaggeration in his appearance, a dash of Werther, with a few flourishes of Jingle! Nervously sensitive to ridicule, self-conscious, suffering deeply from his inability to express himself through his art, Henry Irving in 1867 was a very different person from the Henry Irving who called on me at Longridge Road in 1878. In ten years he had found himself, and so lost himself—lost, I mean, much of that stiff, ugly self-consciousness which had encased him as the shell encases the lobster. His forehead had become more massive, and the very outline of his features had altered. He was a man of the world, whose strenuous fighting now was to be done as a general—not, as hitherto, in the ranks. His manner was very quiet and gentle. "In quietness and confidence shall be your strength," says the psalmist. That was always like Henry Irving.

And here, perhaps, is the place to say that I, of all people, can perhaps appreciate Henry Irving least justly, although I was his associate on the stage for a quarter of a century, and was on terms of the closest friendship with him for almost as long a time. He had precisely the qualities that I never find likable.

Irving's Egotism

He was an egotist, an egotist of the great type, *never* "a mean egotist," as he was once slanderously described; and all his faults sprang from egotism, which is, after all, only another name for greatness. So much absorbed was he in his own achievement that he was unable or unwilling to appreciate the achievement of others. I never heard him speak in high terms of the great foreign actors and actresses who from time to time visited England. It would be easy to attribute this to jealousy, but the easy explanation is not the true one. He simply would not give himself up to appreciation. Perhaps appreciation is a *wasting* though a generous quality of the mind and heart, and best left to lookers-on who have plenty of time to develop it.

I was with him when he saw Sarah Bernhardt act for the first time. The play was "Ruy Blas," and it was one of Sarah's bad days. She was walking through the part listlessly, and I was angry that there should be any ground for Henry's indifference. The same thing happened years later when I took him to see Eleonora Duse. The play was "Locandiera," to which she was eminently unsuited, I think. He was surprised at my enthusiasm. There was an element of justice in his attitude toward the performance which infuriated me, but I doubt if he would have shown more enthusiasm if he had seen her at her best.

As the years went on he grew very much attached to Sarah Bernhardt, and admired her as a colleague whose managerial work in the theatre was as dignified as his own; but of her superb powers as an actress I don't believe he ever had a glimmering notion!

Perhaps it is not true, but, as I believe it to be true, I may as well state it: *It was never any pleasure to him to see the acting of other actors and actresses.* Salvini's Othello I know he thought magnificent, but he would not speak of it.

Irving's Simplicity of Character

How dangerous it is to write things that may not be understood! What I have written I have written merely to indicate the qualities in Henry Irving's nature which were unintelligible to me, perhaps because I have always been more woman than artist. He always put the theatre first. He lived in it, he died in it. He had none of my bourgeois qualities — the love of being in love, the love of a home, the dislike of solitude. I have always thought it hard to find my inferiors. He was sure of his high place. In some ways he was far simpler than I. He would talk, for instance, in such an ignorant way to painters and musicians that I blushed for him. But was not my blush far more unworthy than his freedom from all pretentiousness in matters of art?

He never pretended. One of his biographers has said that he posed as being a French scholar. Such a thing, and all things like it, were impossible to his nature. If it were necessary, in one of his plays, to say a few French words, he took infinite pains to learn them, and said them beautifully.

Henry once told me that in the early part of his career, before I knew him, he had been hooted because of his thin legs. The first service I did him was to tell him that they were beautiful, and to make him give up padding them. "What do you want with fat, podgy, prize-fighter legs!" I expostulated.

I brought help, too, in pictorial matters. Henry Irving had had little training in such matters; I had had a great deal. Judgment about colours, clothes, and lighting must be *trained.* I had learned from Mr. Watts, from Mr. Godwin, and from other artists, until a sense of decorative effect had become second nature to me.

Praise to some people at certain stages of their career is more developing than blame. I admired the very things in Henry for which other people criticised him. I hope this helped him a little.

MORNING IN THE NORTHWEST

BY ARTHUR STRINGER

GRAY countries and grim empires pass away
And all the pomp and glory of citied towers
Goes down to dust; and youth itself shall age.
But, oh, the splendor of this autumn dawn,
This passes not away! This dew-drenched range,
This infinite great width of open space,
This cool, keen wind that blows like God's own breath
On life's once drowsy coal, and thrills the blood,
This brooding sea of sun-washed solitude,
This virginal vast dome of open air —
These, these endure, and greater are than grief!
Still there is strength; and life, oh, life is good!
Still the horizon calls, the morrow lures;
Still hearts adventurous seek outward trails;
Still, still life holds its hope!
For here is air and God's good greenness spread!
Here youth audacious fronts the coming day!
Here are no huddled cities old in sin,
Where teem reptilious mirth and golden ease
And age on youth so mountainously lies!
Here life takes on a glory and a strength
Of things still primal, and goes plunging on!
And what care we for time-incrusted tombs?
What care we here for all the ceaseless drip
Of tears in countries old in tragedy?
What care we here for all earth's creeds outworn,
The dreams outlived, the hopes to ashes turned,
In that old East so dark with rain and doubt?
Here life swings glad and free and rude, and youth
Shall drink it to the full, and go content!

THE CANADIAN ACT

TO AID IN THE PREVENTION AND SETTLEMENT OF STRIKES AND LOCKOUTS IN MINES AND INDUSTRIES CONNECTED WITH PUBLIC UTILITIES

MARCH 22, 1907

BY CHARLES W. ELIOT

PRESIDENT OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY

THE short name for this Act is the Industrial Disputes Investigation Act, 1907, and this name correctly describes it, for it is an act whose purpose is, not arbitration, but conciliation, investigation, and publicity. The industries to which the Act applies are all mining properties and all agencies of transportation or communication, including railways, however operated, steamships, telegraph and telephone lines, gas, electric lights, water and power works. By Industrial Dispute is meant any dispute or difference between an employer and one or more of his employees, including disputes about wages or prices to be paid in respect to employment; hours and conditions of employment; refusals to employ any person or class of persons; preferences in employment for one class over another; allegations that materials are bad or unsuitable; customs or usages in any trade or district; and, finally, the interpretation of agreements or of particular clauses in an agreement.

The Minister of Labor for the Dominion of Canada has the general administration of the Act, and the Governor appoints a Registrar of Boards of Conciliation and Investigation, who conducts correspondence and keeps records of proceedings under the Act. Canada has an advantage over the United States in that the regulation of industries, and of all strifes which arise in industries, falls inevitably to the national administration, and not to the provincial; but the principles of this Act could be made to apply in the several States which constitute the United States.

The most striking feature of the Act is this: Whenever a dispute arises between an employer and any of his employees, and the parties thereto are unable to adjust it, *either* of the parties to the dispute may make application to the Minister for the appointment of a Board of Conciliation and Investigation, to which Board the dispute shall be referred under the provisions of this Act, if applicable. The Minister must, within fifteen days from the date at which an application is received, establish such a Board, if satisfied that the provisions of the Act apply. Every Board consists of three members, who are appointed by the Minister; but of these three members one must be appointed on the recommendation of the employer, one on the recommendation of the employees, and the third on the recommendation of the first two members. If either of the parties fails to nominate its representative within five days, the Minister must appoint a fit person to represent that party in the Board; if the two members fail to select a third member, the Minister must appoint a fit person to be the third member of the Board, and this third member is chairman of the Board. The Act, therefore, secures a public inquiry into any industrial dispute concerning mines or public utilities, provided one out of the two parties to the dispute asks for such an investigation. The Department of Labor is authorized to provide any Board of Conciliation and Investigation with a secretary, stenographer, and other necessary clerical assistance, in order to secure complete publicity for the inquiry.

In making application for the appointment of a Board, the party which desires the inquiry must set forth the parties to the dispute, the nature and cause of the dispute, including any claims or demands made by either party upon the other, an estimate of the number of persons likely to be affected, and the efforts made by the parties themselves to adjust the dispute.

The application must be accompanied by a declaration that, failing the adjustment of the dispute under the Act, to the best of the knowledge and belief of the declarant, a lockout or strike will ensue. The party making application for the appointment of a Board must transmit by sure means to the other party to the dispute a copy of the application, and of the accompanying statement and declaration.

The object of the Board, once constituted, is to endeavor to bring about a settlement of the dispute, and to this end the Board must proceed at once to inquire expeditiously and carefully into the dispute, and into all matters affecting the merits and right settlement thereof; but in the course of such inquiry the Board may use every means for inducing the parties to come to an amicable settlement, and may adjourn proceedings to allow the parties to agree upon terms of settlement. If such a settlement be arrived at before the Board's inquiry is completed, a memorandum of the settlement must be drawn up by the Board, signed by the parties, and forwarded to the Minister of Labor. If a settlement of the dispute is not arrived at during the operations of the Board, the Board must make a full report thereon to the Minister, setting forth the various proceedings taken by the Board for ascertaining the facts and circumstances of the disputes; and also setting forth such facts and circumstances, and its findings therefrom, including the Board's recommendation for the settlement of the dispute according to the merits of the case. This recommendation must state in plain terms what, in the Board's opinion, ought, or ought not, to be done by the parties concerned. This report is to be sent, free of charge, to the parties to the dispute and to the representative of any newspaper published in Canada who applies therefor, and the Minister is authorized to distribute copies of the report in such manner as to him seems most desirable as a means of securing a compliance with the Board's recommendation. Moreover, the report and recommendation of the Board, and any minority report, shall, without delay, be published in *The Labor Gazette*, monthly issued by the Canadian Department of Labor. Every Board of Conciliation and Investigation has all the powers of summoning witnesses, administering oaths, and of requiring witnesses to give evidence and to produce books and papers which are ordinarily vested in a court. Any party to the proceedings is competent, and may be compelled, to give evidence as a witness. In railroad cases, witnesses summoned by a Board are entitled to free transportation. The Board, or any member thereof, or any other person authorized in writing by the Board, may, without any other warrant than this Act, at any time, enter any building, mine, mine-workings, ship, vessel, factory, workshop, place or premises of any kind which has been the subject of a reference to the Board. The proceedings of the Board must be conducted in public, unless the Board itself direct that certain of its proceedings be conducted in private. The Board may, with the consent of the Minister, employ experts to examine the books or official reports of either party to a dispute, but shall not disclose the reports of such experts without the consent of both parties to the dispute. Members of a Board are paid a moderate per diem, and are prohibited from accepting any perquisite or gratuity of any kind from any corporation or individual interested in a matter brought, or about to be brought, before the Board.

Such being the method of organizing the Board, and its powers and duties when organized, the next interesting feature of this important Act relates to strikes or lockouts prior to, or pending, reference to a Board.

Under this Act, it is "unlawful for any employer to declare or cause a lockout, or for any employee to go on strike on account of any dispute prior to, or during, a reference of such dispute to a Board of Conciliation and Investigation." But nothing in the Act prohibits the discontinuance of any industry, or of the working of any persons therein, for any cause not constituting a lockout or strike, and nothing in the Act restrains any employer from declaring a lockout, or any employee from going on strike, in respect to any dispute which has been duly referred to a Board and dealt with thereby, through investigation, publicity, and recommendation of a just settlement. Ultimate freedom to strike or to lock out is therefore preserved under this Act, but only after investigation by a public authority which secures complete publicity for the causes of the dispute and the claims of the disputants, and makes its own recommendation of a just settlement. The Act also requires employers and employees to give at least thirty days' notice of an intended change affecting conditions of employment with respect to wages or hours; and in every case where a dispute has been referred to a Board, neither of the parties nor the employees affected shall alter the conditions of employment with respect to wages or hours, or be concerned in doing, directly or indirectly, anything in the nature of a lockout or strike until the dispute has been finally dealt with by the Board. It is provided, however, that "if, in the opinion of the Board, either party uses this, or any other, provision of this Act for the purpose of unjustly maintaining a given condition of affairs through delay, and the Board so reports to the Minister, such party shall be guilty of an offense," and be liable to fines. The penalties imposed by this Act are as follows: Any employer who declares or causes a lockout contrary to the provisions of the Act is liable to a fine of not less than $100 nor more than $1,000 a day while such lockout exists; any employee who goes on strike contrary to the provisions of this Act is liable to a fine of not less than $10 nor more than $50 a day while such employee is on strike; and any person who incites, encourages, or aids an unlawful lockout or strike is liable to a fine of not less than $50 nor more than $1,000. The procedure for enforcing these penalties is that described by Part 15 of the Canadian Criminal Code relating to summary convictions.

The main points covered by this Act are, therefore, no change in wages or hours without thirty days' notice; no lockout or strike without a previous investigation of causes and demands by an impartial public authority, which secures complete publicity; and therefore no lockout or strike unless it has been carefully considered by the parties most nearly concerned through a period which can hardly be less than two months, and has been publicly debated for a period which, under ordinary circumstances, will not be less than one month, and may easily be more. The Act applies directly only to certain specified industries, namely, mines and those connected with public utilities; but the Act further provides that in the event of a dispute arising in an industry or trade not expressly included under the provisions of the Act, and such dispute threatens to result, or has resulted, in a lockout or strike, either of the parties may agree in writing to allow such dispute to be referred to a Board of Conciliation and Investigation under the provisions of this Act; and this agreement having been communicated to the other party to the dispute, if that other party agrees in like manner to allow the dispute to be referred to a Board, the dispute may be so referred, and the Board constituted in the manner prescribed for mines and industries concerning public utilities. If a Board be constituted under the provisions of the Act, the lockout or strike, when in existence, shall forthwith cease.

This novel and prudent Act went into effect on the 22d of March last, and has therefore been in effect at the time of this writing (the 28th of August) a little over five months. Knowledge of the provisions of the Act, however, penetrated but slowly to the remoter or more isolated parts of Canada, and accordingly some strikes took place in the Dominion which were really unlawful, but were not entered upon by the strikers with knowledge that they had become unlawful.

The first application under the new Act was received by the Department of Labor on the 8th of April, on behalf of the Cumberland Railway and Coal Company of Spring Hill, Nova Scotia, the application bearing date of the 4th of April. The cause of the application by the Company was the demand of two lodges of the Provincial Workmen's Association (at Spring Hill) that all the employees of the company become members of this association, and, to enforce this demand, the men had struck work. On the day, however, on which the application was received, the following telegram was also received by the Minister of Labor from the management of the company: "I have pleasure in advising you that all the men at Spring Hill Collieries have returned to work, and no question was raised on their return as to open or closed shop. Under the circumstances it will not be necessary to take further steps on the application for reference submitted by Cumberland Railway and Coal Company." It subsequently appeared that the men, in suspending work in the mines at Spring Hill, had been under the impression that the new legislation did not apply to Nova Scotia. A few days after their return to work the non-Unionists were persuaded to join the Provincial Workmen's Association, and the object of the Unionists was thus attained.

The second case which arose under the Act was a dispute between the Western Coal Operators' Association and their employees, which took place during April of the present year, and involved about 3,500 employees. The Association had an agreement with their employees which expired on April 1, and in consequence the greater part of March was spent in endeavoring to arrive at a new joint agreement. These conferences, however, failed to achieve their purpose. The existence of the Industrial Disputes Investigation Act having become known to both parties of the dispute, no strike was declared on April 1, as would otherwise have been done. Since the Canadian Pacific and other railways operating in the Canadian West are largely dependent on these mines for their fuel,— as are also some of the mining and smelting companies in British Columbia,— a strike in these mines would have created widespread and serious embarrassment to the transportation and business interests of the country, and privation to thousands of families as well. On April 5 the employees of one of the companies represented in the Association asked, in proper form, for the appointment of a Board of Conciliation and Investigation, and applications to the same effect were soon after received from the employees of the other companies concerned. The employers at first protested against the statement of the case which the employees had made in applying for a Board, but shortly joined in the application for a Board, and named their representative on the Board. The members of the Board already appointed having failed to agree upon a third member, the Minister of Labor appointed the third member. Some of the companies belonging to the Association had, at the time of making their application for a Board, given notice of an intended reduction of wages, and this notice was posted at their mines. It was looked upon by some of the employees as a declaration of war, and in consequence work was discontinued at several of the collieries at various times between April 15 and April 21, so that by the 21st work had practically ceased at all the mines belonging to the companies comprising the Western Coal Operators' Association, and in consequence general and wide-spread alarm was occasioned throughout the community. The Boards of Trade of many localities made immediate and strenuous representations to the Minister of Labor, who thereupon despatched the Deputy Minister to Fernie, in the mining region, four days distant from Ottawa. He found on the ground two members of the Board appointed, but the chairman had not arrived. The Union officials unanimously represented to him that the men had quit work in ignorance of the provisions of the new Act and not in defiance thereof. They suggested that a mass-meeting of the miners should be called at which the Deputy Minister should explain fully the provisions of the law. Meantime, a conference was being held at Fernie between the operators and the Union officials, which conference it was hoped might result in an agreement. Two days were allowed for the continuance of this conference, which, however, suddenly terminated without an agreement. Thereupon a mass-meeting of the miners was called, at which the Deputy Minister explained the provisions of the law and its bearings on the existing situation. In the evening a meeting was held behind closed doors to vote on the question of whether or not work should be resumed pending the inquiry by the Board. Between the public meeting held in the afternoon and the meeting in the evening, the Deputy Minister received the following letter on behalf of the Western Coal Operators' Association:

> Dear Sir: We beg to inform you that we hereby agree to reinstate to their respective places immediately all employees who have suspended work since April 1, and agree that work shall be carried on under the prices, wages, and conditions of employment that were in existence in and around the various mines previous to April 1, 1907, and continue to work under these conditions until an investigation has been made by the Board of Conciliation and Investigation appointed under the Industrial Disputes Investigation Act as to the merits of the dispute between the several companies comprising the Western Coal Operators' Association and the employees of the said companies.
>
> Yours truly,
>
> The Western Coal Operators'
> Association.

In the evening the Fernie Union unanimously decided that the men should return to work and await the finding of a Board of Investigation. On the following day votes on the resumption of work were taken at the remaining mines of the district, with the unexpected result that the district as a whole was not in favor of immediate resumption of work. The camps within reach had been visited by Union officials who had attended the meetings at Fernie; but some of the camps were more than two hundred and fifty miles distant from Fernie, and telegrams were the only communications possible. In some of the camps a large proportion of the miners were foreigners, and until the day on which the vote was taken many of them were not aware of the existence of the Act. The judgment which the Deputy Minister formed at the time was that, had the existence and the provisions of the law been known and understood, there would have been no cessation of operations at the outset, and the vote on the resumption of work pending the investigation would not have resulted as it did. The Board of Investigation could not be fully organized before the 30th of April, because its designated chairman could not arrive until that day. In the meantime, the general alarm of the public throughout the entire district was becoming hourly more acute. The Deputy Minister, therefore, promptly undertook to effect a settlement of the differences in advance of the actual organization on the spot of the Board of Investigation. In two days of negotiation he brought about an agreement acceptable both to the Operators and to the United Mine Workers, and procured assent to this agreement from both parties. The Union officials, however, wished a vote to be taken in all the unions of the district on the acceptance of this agreement. By the 4th of May the favorable result of this vote was publicly announced, and the agreement was signed by the operators on the afternoon of that day. The Union officials promptly notified all the camps that an agreement had been concluded, and requested that work should be immediately resumed in all the mines. Accordingly work was promptly resumed. The agreement was for two years, and included the establishment of a permanent board, composed of representatives of both parties, before which disputes may be brought for final settlement. Important increases in wages were also provided for. The signed agreement contained no mention of the question of discrimination between Union and non-Union men; but it was distinctly understood between the parties that there should be no discrimination on the part of the companies against Union men, or on the part of Union men against non-Union employees. The appointed Board of Conciliation and Investigation first met on the 30th of April, after the real settlement of the disputes had been effected, but adjourned from time to time to await the action of the operators and the unions. On the 6th of May they recorded the settlement effected, and "did not deem it necessary to take the oath of office, or to further proceed with the matters referred to them."

The good effects of the new Act were thus strikingly illustrated in the second case which arose under it, and a great disaster for employers, employees, and the public alike was prevented.

The third request for the establishment of a Board of Conciliation and Investigation was received by the Acting Registrar at Ottawa on Saturday, April 20, on behalf of certain machinists in the employ of the Grand Trunk Railway Company, who wanted a collective agreement in accordance with the terms of a schedule they had submitted to the company, and the company had refused to concede. About four hundred men were affected by the dispute. The machinists, through their representatives, had endeavored to arrive at an arrangement with the company, but without avail. In this case a Board was promptly constituted, and, in accordance with the provisions of the Act, met in Montreal on May 16, 17, and 18, and concluded its deliberations on the evening of the last-named day by arriving at an agreement on all points comprised in the dispute, accepted and signed by both parties to the dispute, and good for the period of one year from May 1, 1907. The matters in dispute covered many common features of industrial strifes, including wages, hours (night and day work), overtime, classification of employees, number of apprentices, promotions, reinstatement of men on strike or lockout,— some of them had been out for over two years,— and the recognition of the Union. As the investigation proceeded, concessions were made, in turn, by employers and employees, and a settlement was eventually reached that received the cordial approval of both parties. In this case a complex labor dispute, which had existed in part for several years, was satisfactorily ended without the loss of a day's work to the men or a dollar to the company, and without injury to the business interests of the country or to the public. The award of the Board included the schedule of pay and the shop rules on the Grand Trunk Railway. The time required for the whole process from the application for the appointment of a Board to the giving of the award was one month. It is worthy of notice that the chairman of this Board was a professor of political economy at Queen's University.

On the 8th of May a lodge of the Provincial Workmen's Association, consisting of the employees of the Cumberland Railway and Coal Company, applied for a Board of Conciliation and Investigation, the application setting forth that two disputes existed between the said workmen and their employer, and that the number of persons likely to be affected was 1,700. A Board was quickly constituted under the provisions of the Act, and met at Spring Hill on the 23d of May, and sat again on May 24. Evidence was presented by both sides, and the Board adjourned to meet on May 29 at Truro. The subjects of the dispute were highly technical, relating to the terms of payment respectively for "level crossing work" and "local stone in pillar work"; so that the Board found itself unable to arrive at a conclusion without a further session and the hearing of additional evidence, and this further session was appointed for June 27. A full public investigation was ultimately made; but the Board was not unanimous in its decision, and the miners were unwilling to accept the findings of the majority. They subsequently struck, but not until the provisions of the Act had been fully complied with in every particular. Their right to strike after public investigation, if they were not satisfied with the award, is secured to them by the Act itself. These were the men who, on an earlier occasion, returned to work as soon as they found out that they had violated the Act in ignorance of its provisions.

The first prosecution instituted against employees under the Act was brought during the month of May at Marble Bay, Texada Island, B. C., it being alleged that the defendants, certain miners in the employ of the Texada Steel Company, had gone on strike prior to a reference of their dispute to a Board of Conciliation and Investigation. Proceedings were taken before a magistrate on the 30th of the month, both the company and the men being represented by counsel. The facts elicited before the magistrate clearly showed that there had been ignorance of the provisions of the Act and misunderstanding between the parties, and the case was adjourned to give opportunity for settlement. With the assistance of the magistrate and counsel, a settlement was effected, the prosecution dropped, and the strike declared at an end. The circumstances of this case were peculiar. A demand for higher wages had been made by the men on the 18th of March. On the 19th a telegram was sent from Tacoma from the office of the company to the manager at the mine, telling him to discontinue shipments temporarily because of a strike at the smelter in Tacoma. Some of the men were thereupon laid off on the 25th, whereupon all the employees struck — three days after the Industrial Disputes Act came into effect. There had been great heat on both sides during the dispute; the miners showed no fear of the result of the prosecution, and, on the other hand, the prosecution was equally sure of obtaining conviction. The case brings out clearly the great virtue of the Act in that it gives a fair and public opportunity for explanations and the clearing up of misunderstandings.

The Department of Labor received during May another application for a Board, which illustrates in a different way from any of the preceding cases the merits of the Act. The application was on behalf of the employees of the Alberta Railway and Irrigation Company, being miners, for the settlement of a dispute with the employing company. The company had refused to concede certain demands relating to wages and conditions of work, and the number of persons affected by the dispute was declared to be about four hundred miners, as well as the population of the two provinces of Alberta and Saskatchewan. The plan set forth by the miners included a joint agreement for a period commencing June 1, 1907, and terminating March 31, 1909, and the agreement covered full recognition of the United Mine Workers of Canada, the "check-off" system, eight hours from bank to bank, wages, and a scheme for the settlement of disputes during the life of the agreement. The Minister of Labor decided to establish a Board of Conciliation and Investigation, and so notified both parties to the dispute by telegraph. The company at first protested against the appointment of a Board; but the Minister insisted that the public interests required the immediate establishment of a Board. The company still objected; but the Minister pointed out that the appointment of a Board would in no way prevent the company from amicably discussing and arranging terms with its employees, and proceeded with the establishment of a Board. Only one member of the Board had been appointed when the following telegram was received at the Ministry from that member:

> Satisfactory agreement signed to-day with Alberta Railway and Irrigation Company. No need of Board now, thanks to Industrial Disputes Investigation Act. Congratulations.

This member was the miner who was nominated for membership on the Board by the applicants. It is evident that the prompt settlement of the dispute without the least disturbance of the industry involved was due to the influence of the Industrial Disputes Investigation Act. When the machinery provided by the Act was set in motion, the parties to the dispute came together and adjusted their differences.

One of the most important disputes during the month of May was that between the Shipping Federation of Canada and the Canadian Pacific Railway and Steamship Company, and the longshoremen of Montreal. This dispute concerned about 1,600 men, and was caused by a demand by the men for an increase of wages of five cents per hour. The application for a Board of Conciliation and Investigation came from the Shipping Federation of Canada, composed of fifteen different steamship lines, and was received by the Minister of Labor on the evening of May 14. The longshoremen decided to strike on the evening of May 13, and during the next few days a large number of longshoremen ceased to work, and some of the strikers interfered with and intimidated other men of the same class who were willing to work. The men had not only struck in violation of the Industrial Disputes Act, but also in violation of a written agreement then in force between the steamship lines and the longshoremen. The Minister decided to establish a Board at once; but, thinking that the newness of the Act had probably prevented the longshoremen of Montreal from becoming acquainted with its features, sent the Acting Deputy Minister to Montreal with instructions to explain the provisions of the Act, and to endeavor to persuade the men to conform to its requirements by resuming work pending the investigation before the Board to be established. The Deputy Minister discovered at once that the Act had been imperfectly understood by the men, but that it was going to be extremely difficult, in view of the existing crisis, to induce the men to return to work. He therefore thought it prudent to endeavor to effect an immediate settlement between the parties to the dispute. He succeeded in procuring a conference on May 16 between the committee of the men and the Shipping Federation, and a satisfactory basis of settlement seemed to be in view. In the meantime, on May 18, the Shipping Federation canceled all propositions to the men, and telegraphed the Minister of Labor withdrawing their application for a Board. Their reasons are stated concisely in the following extract from a letter of explanation dated May 22:

> In view of the situation, and more especially owing to the longshoremen not having returned to work, and being still on strike notwithstanding the provisions of the Industrial Disputes Investigation Act, 1907 [the men still declaring they were not on strike], and also owing to the two offers of the Shipping Federation and the Canadian Pacific Railway Company above mentioned [an immediate increase of two and a half cents per hour worked and the submission of the claim of a further increase of two and a half cents per hour to arbitration] having been refused by the longshoremen; and, further, owing to it having become necessary to employ other men, and to enter into arrangements to engage other men, it was decided to telegraph you and the Registrar, desisting from the application for a Board of Conciliation and Investigation.

On Sunday, May 19, the Local 373 of the International Longshoremen Marine and Transport Workers of Canada agreed to return to work on May 20 on the terms offered by the Shipping Federation; but the Shipping Federation answered that they could not take action on a communication signed on behalf of the Union. On May 21, in the afternoon, the Acting Deputy Minister was informed by representatives of the men that the men had decided to return to work at once, and, in view of withdrawal by the Shipping Federation of its application for the appointment of a Board, that they themselves would make application for the establishment of such a Board. In the meantime, the Federation had issued a new schedule of wages, offering an increase of two and a half cents per hour to all comers, and the men, in returning to work, were able to avail themselves of this increase of wages. The men accordingly returned to work on Tuesday evening, May 21, so far as employment could be found for them. The constitution of the Board was proceeded with immediately, and held its first session on June 11, the Archbishop of Montreal being the third member and chairman of the Board. They were in session for several days, morning and afternoon, the sessions of June 11, 12, and 13 being wholly given up to the hearing of evidence from the parties interested. On June 11 the Shipping Federation, fourteen steamship lines, and the Nova Scotia Steel and Coal Company notified the Minister of Labor that they agreed to be bound by the recommendation of the Board during the present season of St. Lawrence navigation (1907) as if the same were an award of arbitrators, as provided by Section 62 of the Industrial Disputes Investigation Act, provided that the applicants file forthwith with the Registrar an agreement in writing to be also bound in like manner. The Department thereupon sent letters to each of the parties to the dispute urging the desirability of each party agreeing to be bound by the award of the Board, and also suggesting that it would be greatly in the interest of both parties and of the port of Montreal that any agreement reached should cover a period of years. The longshoremen, however, declined to be bound by the award of the Board. The Board reported to the Minister the causes of the dispute and some of the prominent features of the situation, and recommended moderate increases of wages after July 1, 1907, and for the season of 1908, with an agreement that any change of wages affecting the future shall take place between the first day of December, 1908, and the first day of March, 1909, fifteen days' written notice to be given by either party to the other. A copy of this report was immediately forwarded by the Minister to each of the parties to the dispute, with a letter expressing the hope that the recommendations of the report would be accepted by the parties concerned. On June 25 the Department was notified that Local 373 of the International Longshoremen Marine and Transport Workers of Canada refused to accept the award, and on June 27 a communication was received from the shipping companies indicating that their attitude was dependent on that of the men. Subsequently the following notice was posted by the shipping companies:

> NOTICE TO LONGSHOREMEN OF THE
> PORT OF MONTREAL
>
> Commencing 1st July, 1907, in order to give present effect to the decision of the Board of Conciliation and Investigation on the question of the longshoremen's wages at the Port of Montreal. the undermentioned steamship lines, in addition to the present rates paid to longshoremen, will give such longshoremen as may register their names and addresses at the wharf office of the lines by which they are employed, and are prepared to work for the undersigned, when so requested to do, from 1st July until their last steamer of the season of 1907 leaves the port, a bonus of two and a half cents (2½) for each hour worked by them after 1st July to close of navigation, 1907, said bonus to be paid, on application, by the lines by which they were employed after the sailing of the last steamer, but prior to 5th December, 1907.

Early in the month of July the Department was informed by the Secretary of the Shipping Federation that between 500 and 600 men had so far registered their names under the conditions stated in the above notice, and that the remainder of the men were expected to do so.

It is worthy of notice that in this case, first, the men returned to work upon an understanding that the matter in dispute would be referred to a Board of Investigation under the Industrial Disputes Act; and, secondly, that they have been working since under an agreement which has secured for them an increase of wages and is good for another year. The longshoremen in New York were also out on strike last spring, with the result that they were deprived of employment for a considerable number of weeks, and gained nothing in the end.

A strike which took place at the silver-mines at Cobalt in July afforded no opportunity for observing the working of the Industrial Disputes Act, for neither the owners nor the men wished an inquiry, and, since the strike did not affect the public generally, an investigation was not pressed by the government. An officer of the Labor Department was sent to Cobalt to explain the working of the Industrial Disputes Act, and to report whether a further inquiry on the part of the Department of Labor was desirable. His report made it clear that no further investigation was necessary.

The Industrial Disputes Act has had a further good influence which is unquestionable, although it cannot be demonstrated through public official records. There is every reason to believe that strikes would have taken place in Canada during the last spring and summer in many other instances but for the existence of this measure compelling public inquiry. The newspapers of Toronto, for example, were filled with reports about two months ago of a long-drawn-out dispute and threatened strike, in which the Toronto Street Railway Company and its employees were concerned. The employees decided to ask for the appointment of a Board under the provisions of the Act, and a Board would have been promptly appointed had not an agreement been speedily effected between the company and its employees. In face of an inquiry under the Act, the company preferred a settlement with its men; but for the Act, the company might have preferred to endure a strike, relying on sympathy for the company created through the inconvenience caused the public by an interruption of its service.

A serious strike which would have tied up the Grand Trunk Railway system over a large portion of the Dominion was averted in June and July through the provisions of the Act, and a settlement was effected in August. This was a dispute between the Grand Trunk Company and its engineers. The negotiations between the parties had been broken off, and the strike would have been declared but for the provision of the Act requiring notice and investigation by a Board. A Board was appointed in the usual manner, and made a full report, which is not accessible at this writing; but the result was an agreement between the parties in regard to conditions of employment, an agreement which covered a period of three years. As in the previous case of the machinists, this result was effected without loss to employees or employers, and without any inconvenience whatever to the public.

It is probable that there would have been a sympathetic strike of telegraphers in Canada this summer but for the existence of this Industrial Disputes Act, which renders liable to punishment any persons who advocate a strike in this calling prior to a reference to a Board.

It is an interesting question how the penal clauses of the Act are to be enforced. It was never intended that the Government should take upon itself the duties of a public prosecutor in this connection. If the law is violated, it is the duty of the persons aggrieved to take action. The case of the miners at Texada Island, to which reference has already been made, shows how the penal clauses may be evoked with effect.

The advantages which this Canadian law has over any legislation existing in the United States may be briefly stated as follows:

(1) There is no arbitration in it, compulsory or other.
(2) It prevents sudden blows aimed by capital at labor or by labor at capital.
(3) It prevents the sudden cessation of industries which have to do with such necessaries of modern life as fuel, the means of transportation and communication, the lighting of towns and cities, and water and power supplies.
(4) It makes it necessary for the aggressor in an industrial dispute to have a well-considered case which will bear thorough publicity.
(5) It informs the public, which ultimately bears, in higher prices, the burden of all industrial warfare, about the causes and issues of every industrial dispute.
(6) At the same time it leaves unimpaired the right of any group of men to combine for mutual advantage, and to lock out, or strike, after full public inquiry.
(7) It tends to prevent or restrict secret machinations on the part of both employers and employees, because both know that publicity must come at last.
(8) It gives opportunity, through the intervention of an impartial public authority, for reasoning, conciliation, the removal of misunderstandings, and an amicable settlement.

All these favorable effects the Act produces without abridging the freedom of either employers or employees to maintain strong combinations; and to make joint agreements without any intervention by a third party.

Careful studies ought to be made at once for the introduction of the principles and methods of this Canadian Act into American legislation.

CHARLEY-F'OM-THE-ORPHUM-HOUSE

BY

AUGUSTA KORTRECHT

GUESS who is coming to-morrow to spend the day and stay for the party?" said mother, looking gravely at me and then smilingly at my brother.

"Father!" cried I, and "Mother!" cried Charce.

Of course we knew these answers were wrong, but it was a polite custom of ours to name our parents first when there was guessing to be done, and afterward to settle down to the real thinking. So next we called out in the very same breath: "Charley-f'om-the-Orphum-House." And mother said yes, it was *poor* Charley; and we must remember he had no parents of his own, and must be very kind to him. Ellen in particular must remember it. I was Ellen, and I had little love for the Orphum and his monthly visits to us. I felt perfectly sure he would spoil the party, as he always did everything else. I was not fond of parties, being too stout to dance easily, but I was to recite this time, and hoped to shine as conspicuously as if I were a blonde, doll-baby little girl instead of a fat child with straight black hair.

The party was to celebrate my brother's sixth birthday, and when poor Charley arrived, he speedily saw fit, all the powers being down-stairs making the festivities, to steer our craft from the quiet back-porch harbor into the troubled waters of the attic. I hated the attic, and dutifully reminded him that it was forbidden, but he only answered: "Aunt 'Mandy never told *me* so; least, not to-day she hasn't" (he had been in the house a scant five minutes, perhaps); and went on up the steep, narrow steps, Gypta-Cat squirming and miewing under one of his arms, his hands full of dress-up clothes he had sneaked from the cedar chest, and a dinner-bell he had brought along from the Orphum-House. Charce went next, silent as usual, the marble bust of Homer, which he loved, clasped to his heart; and last of all came I, poor, fat Ellen, moving fearfully and dizzily over places that the two boys danced across without a pang.

Only the front half of the attic was floored, and from the top of the stairs a single plank stretched over the rafters to this safety-spot. I sucked in my breath, and, remembering the invitation the Good-Lord had extended through Aunt 'Mandy, our colored nurse, to call on him in time of trouble, whispered, "Now I lay me down to sleep," and made the journey safely. I knew my hour of importance was at hand; I should be needed in the games, for, though Charley had a talent for upheaval, he was less good at construction; that was always my part.

And, sure enough, "What'll we do now?" he demanded.

I had it all planned. I had been to a school entertainment not long before, and lines from certain recitations had itched inside my head the whole time since.

"Less play Curf," I answered promptly,—"Curf, you shall not ring to-night. I bid to be Bessie. I'm going to fix a towel to hang down behind for long hair. And Charce can be Curf, 'cause he always hates to talk. And the dinner-bell's the very thing. Look-a-here, you-all."

"That's a girl-baby game," complained our guest, in high dudgeon. "Where do I come in? Get a move, Ellen, and cough up something for me to do."

"Why," said I hastily, "you're going to be England's son, you know, and you've got to sit down—right there on the slickery sofa; only mind out, 'cause it's broken and might dump you. England's son was slowly setting. Go down kinder slow, Charley."

"Then what do I do after that?" he paused half-way down to ask.

"You just get up again and slowly set and get up and set still till I think out some more," I instructed. "Charce, put Homer in the doll-bed and take the bell; and look as mad as you can. Curf, you old mean thing, you shall not ring to-night!"

My brother, an appealing picture of resignation, did as he was bid, and stood immovable in a far corner, while I turned my mind to Bessie. There was a filmy shawl among the dress-up clothes which delighted my soul; but before I had it fairly in my eager hands a threatening look on the face of England's son took my attention. He had "set" some half a dozen times, and I saw that pretty soon he would rise in righteous wrath and perhaps destroy me.

"I'll tell you, Charley," I cried; "you be two at oncet. When you get tired of setting, then you ride out of the West on the gold rocking-chair. 'Oh, young Locking Var has come out of the West; of all the wild boarders his speed was the best.' And maybe you can holler 'Excelsior!' sometimes, too. It's what dishes is packed in. Do you like that?" I finished anxiously.

He did like it; so much so that for the next minutes young Lochinvar galloped his steed about the attic floor, trying to see how near he could come to Charce's and my toes without really rocking on them, and making the roof ring with Excelsior war-whoops. It was very distracting, but the shawl was an absorbing idea, and I bent my mind to its arrangement. When its rosy folds were draped from my waist to drag the floor, and the towel-fringe hung comfortably across my back where I longed so for golden curls to flutter in the breezes, I was ready for the game in earnest.

"Now, come on, Charce," I commanded. "It's your turn. You're Curf. Curf, you shall not ring to-night. Ring, precious. Hurry up and ring!"

"You told me to not to ring," objected my brother, with the irritation of a gentle soul near done to death. He did not like these games. He preferred to sit quietly and think and think and think.

"But you've got to make out like you're going to ring," I said despairingly. "Make us mad and fuss at you. It won't be any fun at all unless you want to ring and we won't let you. Come on, now; ring for your Ellen, like a little man."

So Charce began soberly to ring, and then I could not stop him any more. He made himself comfortable on the slickery sofa, his eyes on the pictures of an old magazine he had found, and the dinner-bell swinging back and forth in a soft but steady ding-dong. He had put us and the game from his mind altogether.

Meantime Lochinvar flatly refused to subside again into England's prosaic son. He was having too much fun chasing poor Gypta-Cat. Up and down the small floored space ran the terrified animal, with the pursuing knight, astride a discarded gold chair, hopping hot behind her. And, pretty soon, up and down after the pair flopped I, made up for the rôle of love-sick Bessie, and staggering in the folds of my floating draperies. Not that I was deeply touched by our pet's plight; but I wanted the play to go on, and my practical mind jumped at once to removing the cause of delay.

On the fourth round Gypta-Cat swerved from the line of march and started across the narrow plank toward down-stairs. I did not realize that this in itself was victory for me, but darted out behind her with the one idea of speeding the departing guest. I forgot I was a stout little girl given to giddiness. I never thought of the Good-Lord nor his invitation. I reached out my hand toward the black tail, enlarged to a bristling brush on the owner's sleek body. I had it — I touched it! Then I was pushed rudely to one side. "Excelsior, Curf, you shall not ring to-night!" sounded in my ear, and the Orphum dashed past me. There was a crash; I heard the crack of breaking plaster and felt a queer sensation pass up my body.

I never knew where Aunt 'Mandy came from in such a hurry, but next minute she was there, and I was being pulled about by the shoulders in a way that hurt me cruelly in the pride and one leg.

"You Ellen Davidson Abercrombie," grumbled the old nurse, "you sholy do try de patience of all us saints! How kin you be a little lady and bust plumb thoo de nursery plasterin' at de same time? I'll be bound, yo' evil passions done rose ag'in. Now, ain't dey, honey?"

"No, they never, Aunt 'Mandy, honest they didn't," I began eagerly, and turned to Charley for confirmation; but our guest said sweetly, smoothing with a mother's tenderness the recaptured Gypta-Cat in his arms: "Poor pussy; she was scared stiff when Ellen chased her; yes, she was."

Then indeed something hot did rise within me, and as Aunt 'Mandy bore me away I raised myself and looked back over her shoulder to stick out my tongue its whole length, and squinched up my eyes their very ugliest.

Small troubles were healed in the nursery, but it appeared that this was a serious matter. There was a long scratch straight up the front of my leg, ending in a skinned place as big as a quarter, and with blood on it, real blood out of my own little veins. This was plainly a case to be treated in mother's own bed, and there I was accordingly put. My tears, which had begun to flow only when scoldings changed to pity, were dried with lemonade, very sweet, and applied, not outwardly to my sore leg, but by way of the stomach canal to my sore heart instead. Lying luxuriously in bed, while my only, only mother herself put court-plaster on my hurts, all of a sudden a dreadful thought came into my mind. I remembered that Cousin Mary, in far-away New York, had sent *socks*, short socks, for me to wear to the party.

"Mother," I cried, "mother, the blood will show when I wear my little pink socks. Oh, my Lordy, the nasty old blood and the sticky plaster will just show when I wear my socks to the party!'

Perhaps she felt sorry for me, for she never said a word about my lapse into a darky extravagance of speech, but only smoothed the hair back from my eyes and held my hands tight in one of hers.

"My little daughter must not think so much of looks," she said at last.

"But Cousin Mary thinks of it," I rebelled; "she wants me to be pretty. All the little girls are pretty; and Charce is beautiful as a little Stuart king. You said he was."

"Pretty is as pretty does," she told me.

I was silenced for the minute. To attain to beauty by that route had long been a dead hope with me, for I had with faith and yearning done lots of pretty things, and smart ones and good ones too, and my hair had yet kept its straightness and my legs their solid fatness; but I had no argument ready.

"Will you, of your own free will, lend your new things to your little friend?" she asked presently.

"Who is my little friend?" I faltered.

There was a new girl just moved into our neighborhood — a girl with long yellow curls and slender legs, who could dance everything. A sure instinct told me that mother spoke of her. If she was my little friend, I would rather die than have her wear my finery. I waited miserably for the name, and after a minute it came:

"Will you let Maribelle Mallory wear them this time? Because she was not prepared to come to a party to-day — and we must mortify our weakness, Ellen, and ——"

"No," I sobbed, "no; I don't want to mortify; I don't, I don't! I want to be pretty."

My vehemence quite overwhelmed her, and the mother tenderness mastered the mother desire for perfection.

"Ellen, little daughter," she remonstrated, "don't you understand? Pink ribbons are not becoming to you, dear; they make your skin look muddy. I have some lovely blue-and-white for you. And you can't wear socks now, anyway, since your knee is hurt."

My hungry soul drank in but one word. My head wriggled off the pillow and into her lap.

"Will I look lovely, mother?" I begged eagerly. "Will I be beautiful, like Maribelle Mallory and Effie and everybody, and Charce?"

But her moment of weakness was already past. "It distresses me to see you think so much of self, Ellen," she said, lifting my head back to the pillow. "I will not force you to give in about the socks; you may do as you like; only ——"

She was going to leave me! I clutched her dress and held her tight. My mother's periods of tenderness were rather rarer to me than to Charce, for she considered that father spoiled me, and was determined I should not lack the salt of discipline because of his short-sightedness. There was, inevitably, nothing I craved so much as her approval and her petting. I gulped back my tears and resolved to pay the price she seemed to demand.

"Maribelle can wear them — my socks and my sash and my ribbons," I cried, making full renunciation; "but I'm going to recite. Will I be pretty is as pretty does when Maribelle wears my Cousin Mary's presents? Will I, mother?"

"Yes," she said, and kissed my forehead.

"But only just once," I stipulated; "and when my knee is well I can wear them every day, 'most — if she only does not ruin them."

When I woke up, the delicious air of subdued excitement, which had hung for two days over the parlors and down-stairs, had penetrated to the very nursery itself. The party was upon us! I saw it in the faces about me and sniffed it in with every breath I drew.

Charce was already dressed, and sat, still as a mouse, in a large chair on top of a small table, out of the way of possible dirt and disaster.

But, if he was calm, Aunt 'Mandy was not. Charley-f'om-the-Orphum-House had disappeared. His gala garments lay ready; the warm bath, long since prepared, had cooled off; but none could find the young gentleman, although the cook's Yaller Ned had been offered a quarter for him, alive or dead — preferably the latter, from Aunt 'Mandy's point of view.

It was Miss Sallie Joy from across the street who whisked me out of bed and into my little lace-trimmed skirts. Miss Sallie was the sunshine of our world. She knew more about parties than any other living person, and as she put on my finishing touches she explained things to me. I was hostess, Miss Sallie said, receiving for Charce, and I must see to it that nothing marred the brightness of his pleasure, because he was my only brother and this his birthday. I must do all I could to help mother, for she did not feel very well and parties were a great undertaking. And I must make all the little girls and boys enjoy themselves, and must expect to have only a very poky time myself, in consequence.

"Well," I argued with her, "once I went to Effie Buckingham's party. I wasn't any hostess then, and she didn't make me have a good time. She cried for the doll I got off the Christmas tree, and bit my finger."

"She's a spoilt child," said Miss Sallie.

"Why can't I be a spoilt child, too?" I inquired feebly.

"Because you mustn't, that's why. Now, don't forget," she continued, turning me about and about until I was dizzy; "you must not dance until everybody else has partners, and you *must* dance with all the boys who can't dance. I'm thankful Charley's betaken himself off, and I hope he'll stay off. Heavens, child, don't twitch your eyes like that. If your hair-ribbon's too tight, you'll just have to stand it, that's all. If you want to be pretty and have people admire you, you must get used to being in pain. And,"—my mentor made a wry face,—"of course you must be as pleasant as a basket of chips to that Mallory girl, even if you hate her—which I know you do, although you mustn't. That's one thing you might as well learn, chicken. A real lady is always politest to the ones she really——"

I was quite dazed as the injunctions accumulated over me. Upon little Ellen Abercrombie's shoulders seemed to rest the burden of responsibility for all the world around her.

"I wish I didn't have to be a lady, Miss Sallie," I interrupted breathlessly, as she shook me up and down to make my skirts stand out.

She laughed and gave me a light push toward the door, then pulled me back and kissed me. "Do you know," she said, "you're not as fat as you used to be, and the way I've done your hair is just too sweet! And there is not a little girl in the whole United States who recites as well as you do. Remember that all the party through. Now, take Charce's hand, and off with you both, for I hear the first ones coming."

My brother and I walked, hand in hand, down the wide front stairs and into heaven. It seemed to be located where our parlors usually lay, but in no other way resembled them. The floors were covered with white stuff stretched very smooth, and the walls were lost in evergreens. The sound of tuning fiddles came from a platform in one corner. Pretty soon this heaven, empty at first except for a glorified mother in pearl silk, began to be peopled with the loveliest creatures one could imagine. They came in twos and threes and, yes, whole bunches of dazzling white and delicate tints, and black velvet with lace collars. These magnificent beings shook hands with us solemnly, and then, one by one, changed into the boys and girls I knew—but only the boys and girls I liked. A miracle had happened, and nobody disagreeable came to our party!

The first dances were over, and when the musicians stopped to rest, Miss Sallie Joy appeared with a new game to play. It consisted in our being blindfolded, one after the other, and striking with a long wand at the big balloon which hung by ribbons between the folding doors. It was very exciting. We were all positive that if the balloon could only be broken something splendid would shower down upon us from its insides, but we differed as to what the shower would be. Some said candy, some flakes of snow, and one optimistic little boy was sure it would be chunks of gold, or else pearls and rubies.

My turn came, and still no one had broken through the balloon. I stepped forward confidently and took the wand into my hand. The grown people had gathered around and were watching us in pleased amusement.

"She's a well-made child," I heard some one say.

"I hope she'll be the one to break the bag," added another voice.

Everybody was looking at me, and everybody seemed to like me and wish me well. I raised the wand as high as possible, for I had observed in what respect the others failed. The blow descended, the balloon was struck, but I had not used enough force. There were cries of "Good, try it again." In my second trial I would do it just right. I raised my arms again.

Suddenly out of the waiting quiet went up a chorus of ohs and ahs; but the voices sounded farther from me.

"Oh," said some one, "isn't that pretty?"

"Look; *look*, coming down the stairs!"

"Who is it? I never saw that child before. She's like an angel."

I tore the handkerchief from my eyes. The ladies had forgotten me. Even the children were staring out into the hall.

Very slowly, her every movement made with a studied grace, a small, airy figure was descending from the dressing-room above. None of us, in all our glory, looked like this.

Long golden curls floated behind her; her neck was bare, her arms were bare, her *knees* were bare. The vision held us in silent wonder for a moment — then:

"*Socks!*" wailed Mrs. Buckingham, in an awe-struck whisper; "she has on short socks. I read somewhere that all the New York children are wearing them, and I meant Effie to have the first ones here."

"What an exquisite pink!" commented another. "Even a dark child could wear that without looking muddy. It must be the newest shade this spring."

My mother took the wand from my hand and led me forward. "It is Maribelle Mallory," she said, as if the name were not already beating hard against my heart. "Go and meet her, dear. It makes her shy to see so many strangers looking at her."

I toiled half-way up the steps, and the newcomer greeted me by unfolding a tiny spangled fan and peering over its edges; but I did not believe she was shy; her eyes were bold when she stared at me from top to toe. We descended side by side, but, once on the floor, my companion was swept from me by the inrush of boys and girls, all eager for a nearer view of this fairy princess.

The balloon was forgotten. I went back and battered it with vicious blows of the wand, my eyes unbandaged. Bonbons rained down upon me, the kind I liked best and had begged mother to have at the party. But I did not care for them now; I left them on the floor, and was wandering off, when the musicians struck up the march for supper.

All the little boys wanted to take Maribelle — all but one; and the young lady, looking past her clamoring admirers, pointed to the single knight who had not noticed her, and asked languidly, "Who is that?" Somebody told her. "I will go to supper with him," she announced.

All the little girls looked on and listened in open-eyed astonishment. Who ever heard of a lady saying she would go to supper with a gentleman who had not asked her? And, besides, we all understood Charce Abercrombie; he never invited anybody except mother.

Miss Sallie Joy was arranging the order of march. "It is your party," she said to my brother. "You must lead, and you must choose a lady to go with you."

"Mother," said Charce, and we all smiled at each other, and looked at Maribelle Mallory to make sure she heard.

But Miss Sallie Joy shook her head and laughed. "Not mother this time," she said; "somebody else has chosen her first. Look at the little girls and invite one of them."

His eyes turned obediently in our direction. I knew he would say Ellen, and then I would — let me see — I would have Baby Austin take my place. Charce was always dreaming, and mother and I managed things for him. I made a sign, but he was too far away to see. He walked along, looking serenely into the wistful faces turned toward him. But soon he stopped, and the expression we loved flashed for a moment into his eyes.

"I want *her*," he said, and pointed definitely to his choice. The prince had spoken, and the princess was selected. It was she of the bare knees and the golden curls.

I gasped a little in my dismay; then a happy thought came to console me. The party could not be altogether ruined, for was not the recitation to come soon, and was not that the real event of the party? When everybody was playing games again in the parlor, I slipped off up-stairs to get my hair smoothed and to bring my crook, for I had a shepherd's crook for the occasion, a real one. Mother had told me the day before just when to get it, and how I was to come through the little side door and take my place on the fiddlers' platform, ready to have the screen moved quietly away.

But I was hardly inside the big, empty guest-room before the door opened again and somebody came in. "I can't find the nurse," said a soft but peevish voice, "and I've got to be looked over right now quick, and my ribbons fluffed out."

"Why?" I demanded. There had been unmistakable challenge in her tone.

"Oh, because I'm going to dance," she informed me airily, "the Highland fling on the platform. *You* shake out my sash," she proceeded after a minute. "I'm in such a hurry. Your mother begged me to dance, and they are all just crazy for me to begin."

I did not believe it; I knew she was telling a falsehood; and yet — had she not been right about Charce taking her out to supper?

I looked at her helplessly. I searched my mind for something blasting to say. At last I had it. I went closer to her, and spoke distinctly and with tense passion:

"*You've got on my socks!* Your mother *borrowed* them!"

The words sounded even more terrible than I had dreamed they would. Ladies never borrowed; Aunt 'Mandy had told me so time and time again. I trembled at my own harshness. Suppose she fainted, or never smiled again, like the poetry king.

But Maribelle only laughed. "Better hurry up," she said, "if you want to see me dance. Charce is waiting for me. And when I'm through, your mother says, you can say a piece. I'm not going to stay for that, and everybody else, nearly, is going early, I reckon."

I thought she was gone, but at the door she stopped.

"You play with *orphans*," she flung back at me, and ran out of the room.

I did not want to see her dance. I sat miserably in a corner, my real shepherd's crook clasped between my folded hands, and waited a long, long time. Then mother came in hurriedly.

"Why, Ellen," she said, "what are you doing here, child? Did the little Mallory girl tell you I wanted you to wait a little later about your recitation — it seems good manners, daughter. Have you seen her?"

"Yes, ma'am," I answered.

"Do you know where she is now, dear?"

"No, ma'am."

"She did not come back," and mother hurried away again.

Still I sat there. I thought wistfully of the fun down-stairs, and of all the boys and girls looking on at the Highland fling, when all at once my ear caught a new sound. Far off it was at first, but coming nearer; through the back porch, and into the hall, a regular tread as of soldiers marching. A boy's voice, in staccato chant, broke the stillness: "He'p! He'p! Belly full of beefsteak! He'p!"

I knew the voice. The words fascinated me, and I repeated them deliciously to myself. I ran to the door and looked out.

Charley-f'om-the-Orphum-House was marching through the hall toward the front and down-stairs. Achievement, successful achievement, breathed from every corner of him. Aloft he bore a broomstick, and from its top floated two small bits of pink. I looked closer. They were socks — pink silk socks. Twined about his hat and falling gracefully over the left eye was something soft and yellowy-gold. Again I looked closer. It was curls — long, shimmering curls.

Raising both voice and pennant higher in a rapt exultation, he reached the stairway and set foot upon it.

"He'p! He'p! Bim! bum! Beefsteak! He'p!"

I crept out behind him. I was glad. There would be no Highland fling to-day. I wanted to see his entry into the party below. Judgment had fallen upon the wicked; surely the godly might stand by and exult!

But the triumphant march met with a sudden check, for mother, anxious and troubled, appeared at the foot of the stairs. In the same moment Aunt 'Mandy waddled into the hall from the direction of the attic and bore down upon us. In her arms she carried a huddled figure which gave forth sobs. Its knees were bare, its very ankles and toes were bare. Its head was buried from the gaze of the curious.

A hunted look flashed across the Orphum's face. He cast a quick glance about him, and as his eyes met mine a question came into them. I remembered my wounded leg, and my heart hardened against him.

Then I caught the glint of the yellow curls dancing over his brow, and a great wave of feeling swept suddenly through me. It was warm feeling, but very chaste and pure; it was Christian feeling, and it melted me toward the Orphum. Was it not right to forgive your enemies and those who had done you hurt? Mother had taught me this, and Aunt 'Mandy said so, and the Good-Lord himself had printed it — the Good-Lord could not make writing letters — in our family Bible. And, besides, Charley was an orphan, and had no parents of his own.

I knew just what to do. I seized Charley's hand and pulled him into the unused company-room. Dumbly I pointed to the little stairway which, curiously enough, ran from there to the back parlor, and breathlessly I cluttered down in his wake. He dashed into the party, scattering the astonished children and overturning two tiny ones, who added their shrieks to the confusion. He sprang upon the fiddlers' platform, where no Highland fling would be flung this day, and for one brief moment struck an attitude of victory.

"Excelsior!" he shouted. "Bim! bum! Beefsteak! He'p!"

Aunt 'Mandy lumbered down the little stairway; mother arrived by one door and Miss Sallie Joy by another. But the Orphum was already gone. While they still searched for him, no one having seen him leave the house, I shut the door from the butler's pantry to the side porch, and furtively wiped my fingers on something I found lying before me. The door was dusty, being seldom used.

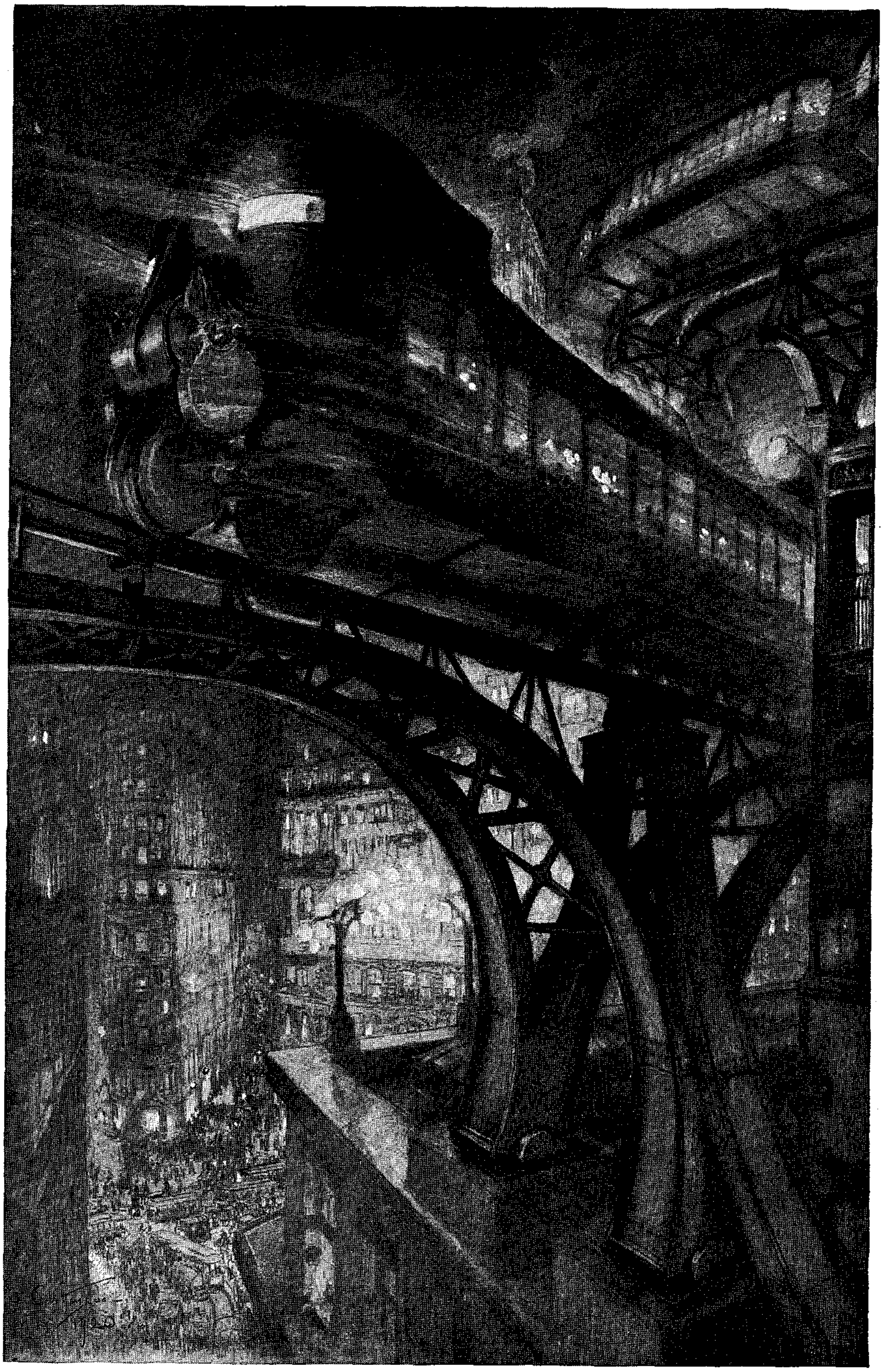
The three grown-ups met together to compare notes.

"He's a nuisance," said Miss Sallie Joy.

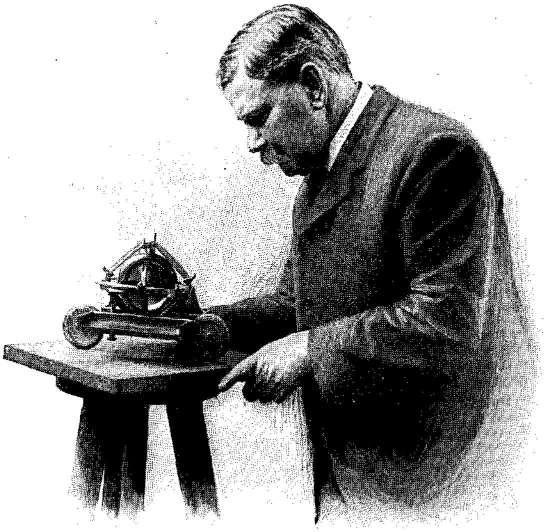
"I would not have believed it of him," sighed my gentle mother.

"Huh," snorted Aunt 'Mandy, "I lay I'll bust dat boy plumb open — ef I catches him."

But I looked at the little pink sock I had picked up from the floor, and I smiled to think that poor Charley-f'om-the-Orphum-House was well on his way toward home, and smiled again proudly to think that I could so generously forgive him his sins.



RAILROAD CROSSING OVER NEW YORK—THE "BOSTON-WASHINGTON LIMITED"



LOUIS BRENNAN

THE EDGE OF THE FUTURE IN SCIENCE

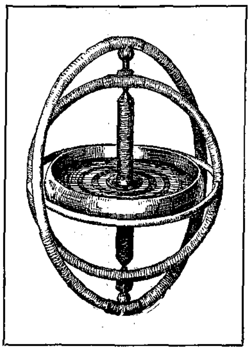
TRANSPORTATION AND THE GYROSCOPE

LOUIS BRENNAN'S MONO-RAIL CAR

BY CLEVELAND MOFFETT

AUTHOR OF "A KING IN RAGS," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS AND WITH DRAWINGS BY ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE



On the 8th of May, 1907, Mr. Louis Brennan exhibited, at a meeting of the Royal Society in London, a piece of mechanism which stirred the imagination of every beholder and, reported next morning by the newspapers, aroused the amazed interest of the world. This invention consists of a car that runs on a single rail, standing erect like a bicycle when in motion, but, unlike the bicycle, remaining equally stable when at rest. If a weight is placed on one edge of the car, that side rises higher instead of being lowered. If you push against the side with your hand, the mysterious creature — you feel that it must be endowed with life — is actually felt to push back as if resenting the affront. If the track on which it runs — consisting of an ordinary gas-pipe or a cable of wire — is curved, even very sharply, the car follows the curve without difficulty, and, in apparent defiance of ordinary laws of motion, actually leans inward, as a bicycle-rider leans, under the same circumstances, instead of careening outward, as one might expect.

It is a curious mechanism, this new car with its four wheels set in line, bicycle fashion, running steadily along; but strangest of all it seems when it stands poised and perfectly still on its tight-rope. As stably poised it stands there as if it had two rails beneath it instead of a single wire; and there is nothing about it to suggest an explanation of the miracle, except that there comes from within the car the murmur of whirling wheels.

The mysterious wheels in question would be found, if we could look within the structure of the car, to be two in number, arranged quite close together on either side of the center of the car. They are two small fly-wheels, in closed cases, revolving in opposite directions, each propelled by an electric motor. These are the wonder-workers. They constitute the two-lobed brain — or, if you prefer, the double-chambered heart — of the strange organism. All the world has learned to call them gyroscopes. The vehicle that they balance may conveniently be termed a gyro-car, a name that has the sanction of the inventor himself — Louis Brennan, already a man of international reputation as an inventor.

The Lifelong Dream of an Inventor

Mr. Brennan is an Irishman, born in Castlebar fifty-five years ago, although you would never believe it, for an active out-of-door life has kept him strong and young. As a child he had, what he has never lost, the power of wonder. He wondered at the vastness and mystery of the Australian bush when, at the age of fourteen, he journeyed through it. He fancied this vast silent region crowded with cities and busy with the activities of man; and he tried to conjecture by what means a great future population would be moved about over it easily and swiftly. As he grew older, Brennan puzzled more and more over transportation questions. How, he asked himself, when the whole world should be crowded with people, would they all be able to get from place to place? This question kept recurring to him through his boyhood and young manhood, and at last became the problem of his life. For his own peace of mind he had to answer it.

And, first, he saw clearly that the present system of railroads could not permanently satisfy the needs and desires of our advancing civilization. We must have something quite different from the narrow, pounding boxes in which we have been accustomed to travel — something much bigger and better. He soon decided that the trouble with existing cars and locomotives lay in the practical impossibility of making them run smoothly on two rails. One wears more than the other; one sags more; one spreads a little in, the other a little out, with the result that the right-hand wheels and the left-hand wheels of our modern railway-trains are constantly trying to go in different directions, and cars and locomotives are subjected to jolts and side-thrusts — partially relieved by springs, but nevertheless disturbing to the passenger's comfort, and often a menace to his safety. Any one who has ridden on a locomotive or a freight-car knows how violent these side-thrusts really are.

The Single Rail an Essential of Ideal Travel

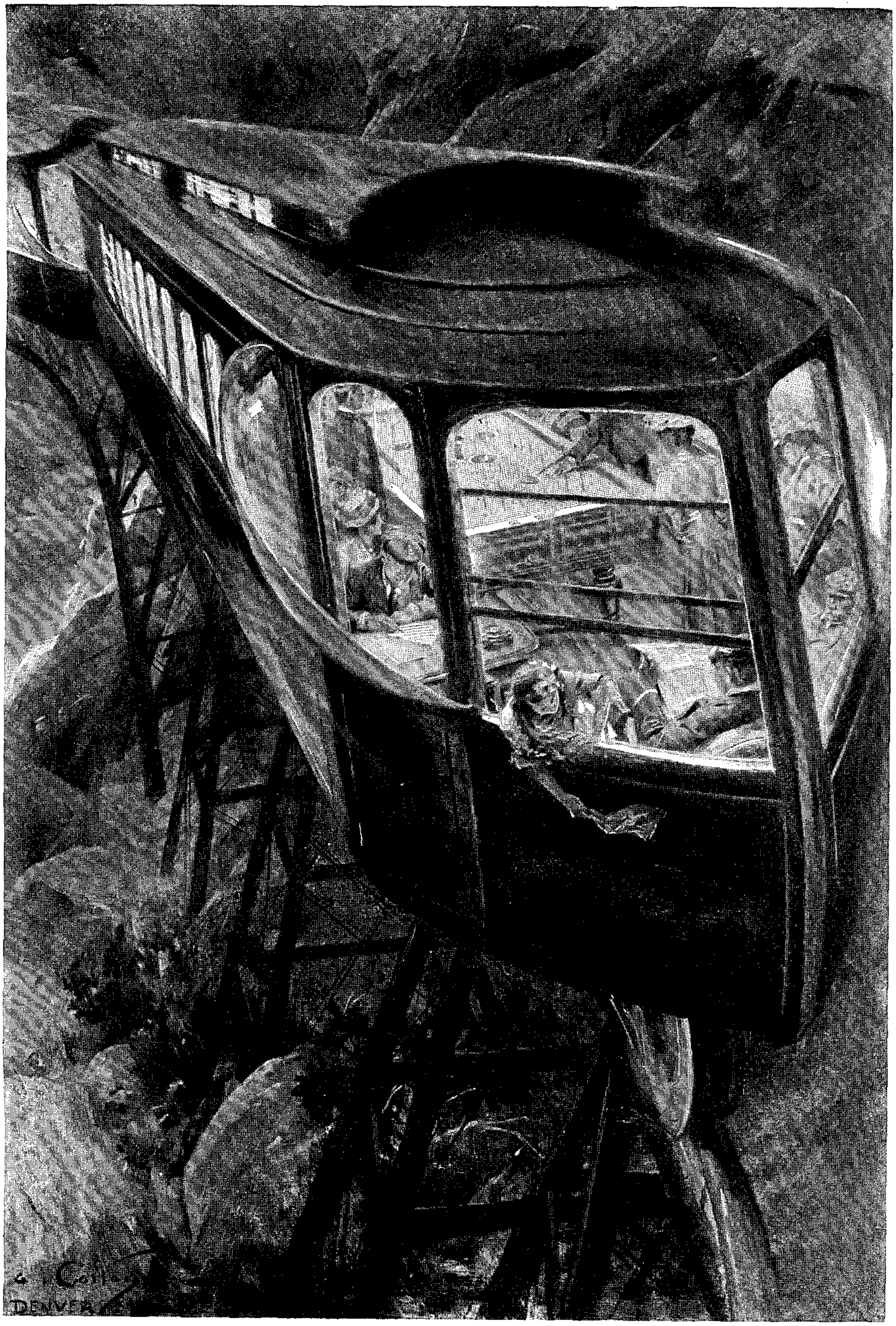
So, evidently, the ideal railway-train must run on one rail, not on two; Brennan came to this conclusion years ago, but the question was, how to make a train do this. For a long time he considered a single overhead rail with the train suspended from it; but he saw that such a system would require a continuous supporting structure, and, while it would doubtless solve the problem of smooth running, it could never come into general use, because of its prohibitive cost.

There remained, then, only the device of a single rail *under* the train; it must be that or nothing. But could a train be made to balance itself on a single rail? Tight-rope walkers balance themselves on ropes, men balance themselves on bicycles, but a locomotive on a single rail — it seemed like a foolish dream; yet, obstinately, Brennan's thoughts came back to it — year after year came back to it. There must be *some* way of doing this thing. The comfort of mankind required that a locomotive should balance itself on a single rail — yes, and draw a train after it.

Early in his life, Brennan thought about the ordinary spinning top, and noted that so long as it spins it has the very balancing power that he was seeking. He saw that if you kept a top spinning indefinitely (say by electricity) it would balance itself indefinitely on a point, and that this would be true even if you made the top large and heavy. Brennan bought various kinds of tops, and made new kinds, and experimented with them and puzzled over them for hours and weeks and years. One result of his puzzling was the steerable torpedo, the invention of which he sold some years ago to the British government for $550,000 — the largest sum of money ever paid by a government for any invention; for the steering-gear of this is based upon the principle of the revolving wheel.

The Laws of the Action of the Gyroscope

Now, according to a familiar law of physics, any body once set spinning persists with all its power in spinning in one plane. Tops, children's hoops, and all spinning wheels, of whatever sort, have made this law familiar to all civilized man-



ACROSS THE CAÑON ON A MID-TWENTIETH-CENTURY EXPRESS kind; the working of the law in astronomy is a part of the staple information of every man of education. This familiar law is the first principle of Brennan's invention.

From the top Brennan turned to study a more scientific instrument — the gyroscope. The gyroscope is simply a metal wheel, delicately poised within two metal rings, so placed that the wheel is free to turn in any direction as it spins. It is an invention made more than half a century ago for use in the study of the laws of revolving bodies. The most familiar law illustrated by it is the tendency of such bodies to continue spinning in the direction that has once been given them. A small brass gyroscope-wheel that you could move, while at rest, as easily as you move your watch, will develop, once it starts whirling, an amazing resistance to any effort you may make to change its plane of rotation. The little thing points obstinately in one direction, and if you press against it you feel it pressing back with almost human resentment, and with a strength like that of a powerful magnet — a strength out of all proportion to its size.

Now, Mr. Brennan found that if he fixed a gyroscope in a square metal frame, like a small picture-frame, and set the wheel turning in the plane of this frame, the gyroscopic persistency would hold the frame rigidly upright, although, with the wheel at rest, the frame would be quite unstable and fall at once to one side or the other. He also found that the frame would remain steadily upright even when resting on two legs filed to points as fine as needles; and if for such pointed legs there were substituted two small wheels, placed tandem, then still the gyroscope would hold the frame upright, even if it were rolled backward or forward.

IN THE PARLOR-CAR, WHILE FLYING TWO HUNDRED MILES AN HOUR

The Chief Problem — the Curve

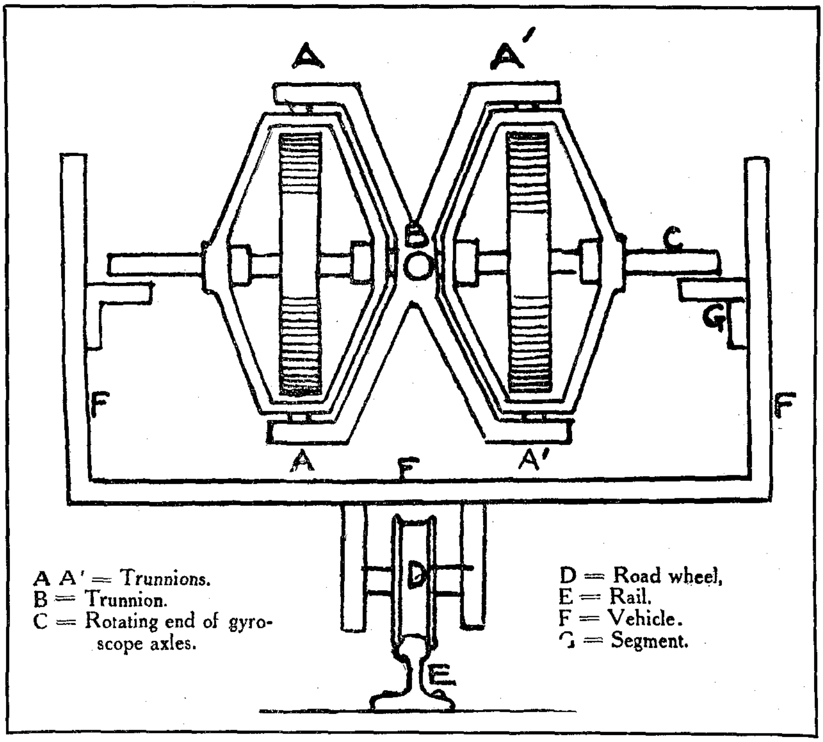
Here was the germ of Mr. Brennan's invention. A whirling balance-wheel would hold his crude little car upright, so long as the car moved straight away, exactly in the plane of the revolution of the wheel. The difficulty appeared at once. The car balanced perfectly moving on a straight track; it jumped the track at the first curve.

Brennan had a long, weary way to go before he solved his chief problem — the problem of the curve. It was a matter of twelve years' study and experiment and splendid persistence. Five times in succession through five years he filed preliminary patent specifications, only to find that something was wrong and the work was all to be done over again. It is good to know, however, that during this long period Brennan's case was by no means that of the ordinary struggling inventor; on the contrary, he was drawing a handsome salary as head of the government factory for the manufacture of his own torpedoes; he was living on the fruits of one big invention while he perfected a bigger one.

And at last, in 1903, came a flash of inspiration. Brennan had gone to the south of France for rest, but he could not keep his thoughts away from the old absorbing subject, and, while strolling about one morning, he bought a little gyroscope from a peddler and took it back to his hotel. It was a poor affair, this gyroscope, quite unworthy to stand beside the large and costly ones with their mountings of solid brass that filled his workshop in England; nevertheless it was this cheap plaything, and not the proud apparatus at home, that gave the inventor his clue.

The Automatic Balance-wheel

With this poor apparatus Brennan came all at once to the solution of the first step in his problem. Every one remembers that when, as a child, he threw down a top, it often struck so that it spun at first at an acute angle with the walk. Then it invariably righted itself. It forced itself upward — that is, away from the friction on one side of its point to the one



THE TWO BALANCE-WHEELS OF THE GYRO-CAR

The axle-end (C) corresponds to the point of the top. If, in turning a curve, the car-body (F) should commence to lean to the left, the projecting segment (G) would rise and touch the axle (C) of the right-hand balance-wheel. The balance-wheel would thereupon tend to rise at right angles with G, just as a top tends to rise at right angles with the surface on which it spins. This action would counteract the leaning tendency of the car-body and restore the equilibrium of the car.

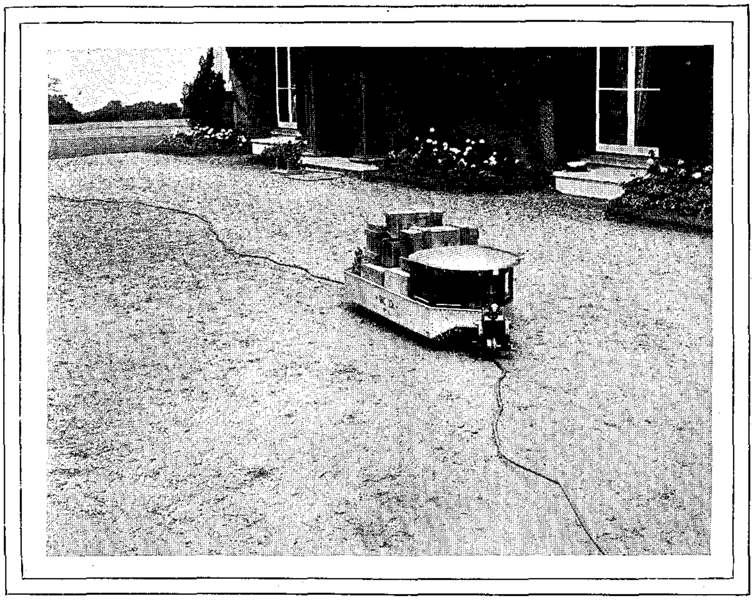
position where the friction was equal on all sides. In doing this it followed a familiar law of revolving bodies.

Brennan, when he remembered this, did a very ingenious thing. He practically made his revolving balance-wheel a top. The balance-wheel — standing vertically in the car — was incased in a frame fastened to the car-body. Through this frame he extended the wheel-axles on either side, leaving their ends free and unfastened. These axle-ends corresponded to the point of the top. Brennan then built out a projecting segment from each side of the car just below the end of each axle, to form a basis for the axle to spin on — that is, to correspond with the surface on which the top spins.

Now, when the car went about a curve, centrifugal action started to throw it outward from the track. As it did this, the car began to tip over, and the side of the car on the inside of the curve rose. This brought up the little projection on the car-body till it touched the end of the horizontal axle of the balance-wheel. Immediately the balance-wheel started — exactly as a top would do — to rise upright on the end of its axle, upon the surface of the projection. To do this it must lean toward the inside of the curve and, of course, exert its power to draw the car with it. In other words, the moment the car struck a curve, the balance-wheel caused it to lean inward instead of outward upon it.

This device overcame the familiar law of centrifugal force which tends to pull all railroad trains off the track at curves. But there remained a still greater problem. It was not only centrifugal force which tended to drag Brennan's car off the track upon a curve: it was his balance-wheel itself — the very thing which kept it on the straight track.

If you take a gyroscope, fasten one of its axles, and whirl it about at arm's length, one thing always occurs. The gyroscope-wheel starts to revolve in the plane of the greater circle described by your arm. This is another fixed law of revolving bodies; the most familiar example of it is seen in the revolution of the earth around the sun. Now, when Brennan's car came upon a curve, his revolving balance-wheel was, in effect, seized upon by a greater force and whirled about a greater circle. The



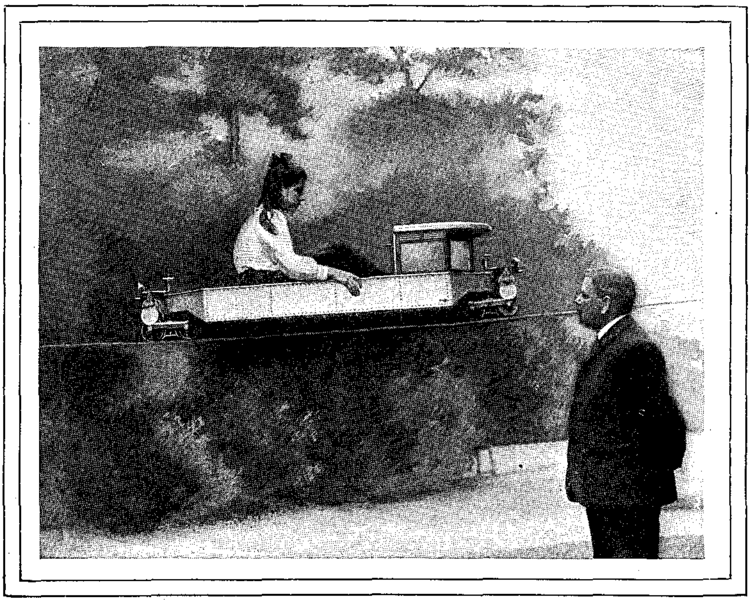
THE GYRO-CAR RUNNING ALONG A LENGTH OF CROOKED GAS-PIPE LAID LOOSELY UPON THE GROUND. THE WHEELS FOLLOW THE MOST IRREGULAR PART OF THE TRACK RAPIDLY AND WITHOUT A SLIP.

wheel could do but one thing: it must revolve in the plane of the greater circle; that is, as the balance-wheel of the car was spinning in an upright plane on the straight track, when it turned the curve, it tried with all its power to turn over into a horizontal plane — in other words, to throw the car over upon its side.

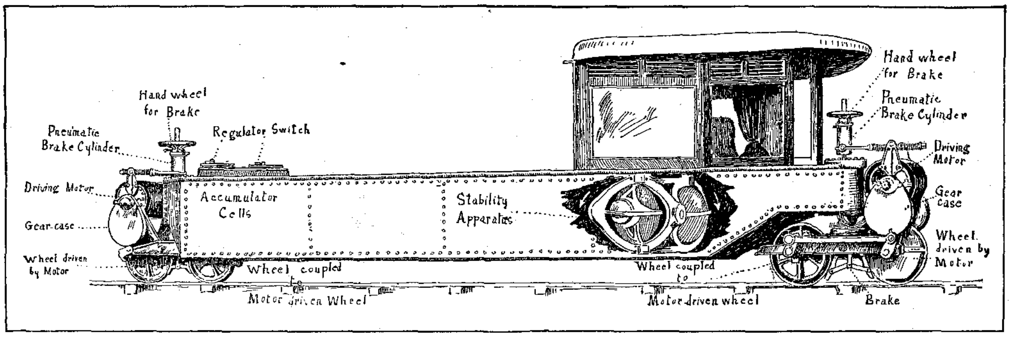
The Double Balance-wheels a Final Solution

After months of thought, the solution of this trouble came to Brennan in a flash. He used this law of a revolving body to defeat itself. To understand, you must understand the whole law. A revolving body forced into a greater circle not only must revolve in the same plane as this greater circle — it must always itself spin in the same direction as it is swung in that greater circle. That is, if it is being swung from right to left in the greater circle, it must itself spin from right to left — never from left to right. To get into this new path of rotation, the wheel takes the shortest possible way.

For example, if the balance-wheel of Brennan's car were revolving forward like an ordinary car-wheel, in the direction in which the car was moving along a straight track, and the car turned a right-hand curve, the balance-wheel would turn over toward the left, because in that way it would come to revolve in the same direction as it swung in the great circle of which the curve was a part. But if this balance-wheel were turning in the opposite direction when the car was on the straight track, that is, backward, it would turn over on this curve to the right. In other words, two wheels revolving in the same plane, but in opposite directions, turn over in exactly opposite directions when they are forced to revolve in the plane of a greater circle.



BALANCING ON A WIRE ROPE. EVEN WHEN THE MOTOR IS STOPPED, THE GYRO-CAR REMAINS PERFECTLY STEADY. IF THE ROPE IS SWAYED BACK AND FORTH, THE CAR RIGHTS ITSELF AUTOMATICALLY AT EVERY CHANGE OF ANGLE.



THE FULL MACHINERY OF THE GYRO-CAR

Brennan immediately applied this law. Instead of one balance-wheel, he put two into his car — each revolving in the opposite direction from the other, both, of course, along the plane of the track. The tendency of one wheel to turn over at a curve exactly counterbalanced that of the other to turn over in the opposite direction.

Brennan's car would now move or stand still upon a single rail under all conditions. The two balance-wheels held it upright on a straight track; on the curves each neutralized the side pull of the other. But on the curves the first device — the adaptation of the action familiar in a top — still operated on the balance-wheel nearer the inside of the curve, and this wheel tended to draw the car inward.

The Resistance to a Sudden Weight

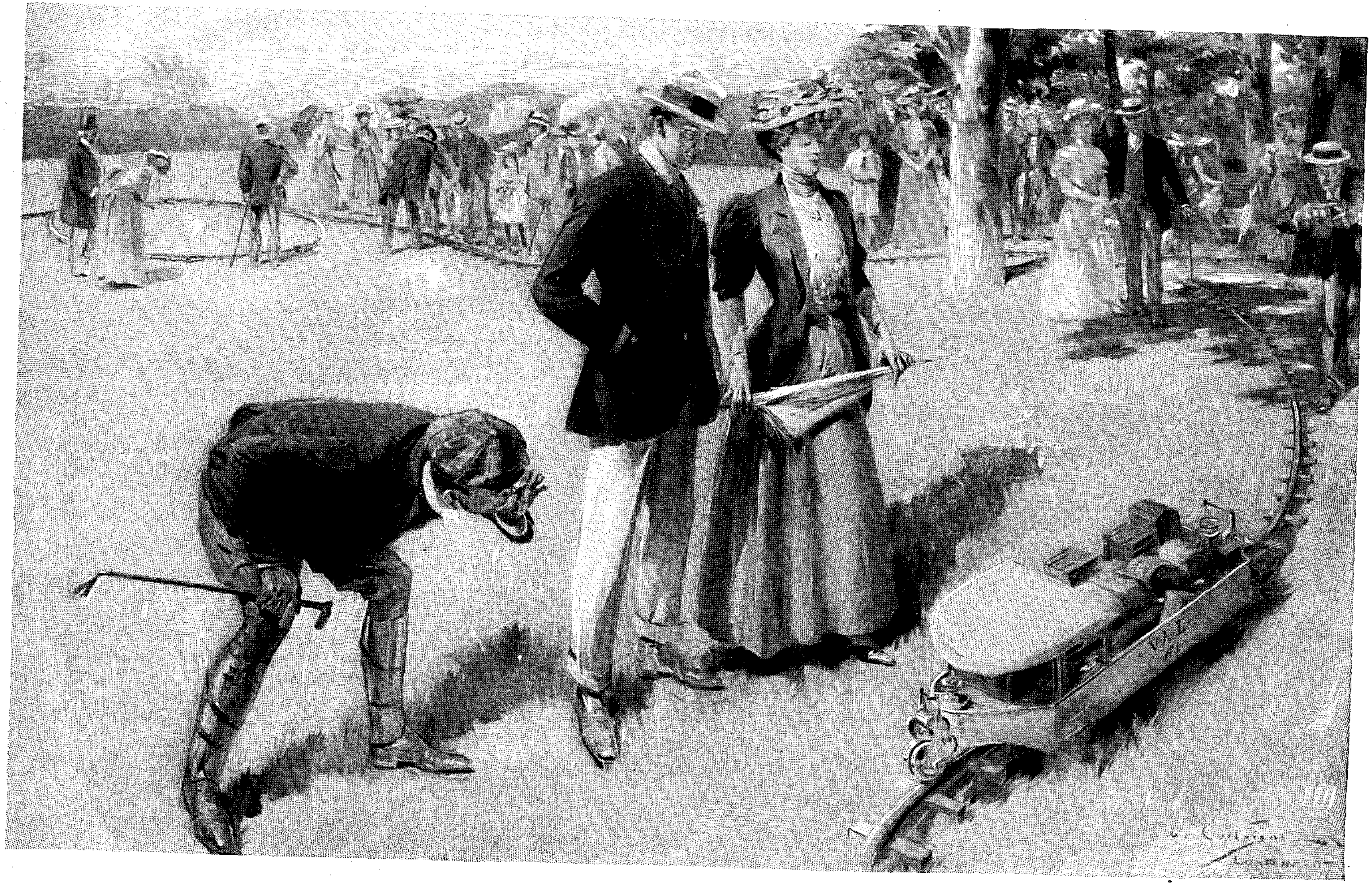
It did more than that, this latter device: it was an arrangement by which, when weight was shifted unevenly in the car, the force of the gyroscope rose up immediately to meet it. A weight on one side of the car presses that side down. As it does this, the opposite side is raised, and the projection strikes the end of the axle of the balance-wheel. Again the friction on the end of this axle works like the friction on the point of the leaning top. The balance-wheel rises and leans away from the side on which the weight is placed. The gyroscope becomes an automatic balancing-machine, continually alert, quicker than human thought. At last, after twelve years of groping and waiting and fighting, the gyro-car on its mono-rail had been born into the world.

In the last few months Mr. Brennan has shown his model gyro-car on several occasions, besides his exhibition before the Royal Society on the evening of May 8, 1907; and demonstrations on a large scale have been made at the inventor's country place near Chatham, where he has laid single-rail tracks over his spacious grounds, with grades, curves, bridges, in fact, a diminutive reproduction of ordinary railroad conditions and some extraordinary ones.

The Recognition of High Authorities

The impression made by these demonstrations on the scientific and mechanical world has been marked. The foremost engineering authorities of England — such men as Sir John Wolfe Wolfe-Barry, builder of the famous Tower Bridge, and Professor John Perry of the Royal College of Science, South Kensington — have made a careful study of this invention and have reported favorably on it; the British War Office — a cold-blooded body not at all inclined to give up money easily — has recently, on the advice of its experts, appropriated for Mr. Brennan the sum of six thousand pounds to enable him to build a large mono-rail car on the plan of his present small model, and has offered him the use of the government torpedo-factory at Chatham for the pursuit of his mono-rail experiments, in which he will have imported military assistance.

Not only is the War Office actively supporting the inventor with a view to using his mono-rail system for military purposes, but the great railroad managers of South Africa have been quick to appreciate the importance of one-rail lines in the vast and sparsely settled regions of the Dark Continent. As a single instance, the assistant chief engineer of the Central South African Railways, after studying the workings of Mr. Brennan's single-rail car, wrote to him on May 11, 1907, saying: "I was so much impressed with the possibilities of your invention that in my report to the general manager I stated that your invention would in the near future revolutionize traveling. I suggested an overland (mono-rail) route from the Rand, starting from Johannesburg and running in a northwest direction to Victoria Falls through the Kongo Free State, skirting Lake Chad, then



A DEMONSTRATION AT CHATHAM

traversing Morocco to Tangiers. . . . The journey from the Rand to London could thus be easily made in six days instead of twenty-one, as now in force."

A Picture of the Model Car

Before describing a typical demonstration, I may explain that the model gyro-car is about five feet long and a foot and a half wide. It is pointed at the two ends like a torpedo, and rests on two trucks fore and aft, with wheels placed tandem and grooved to run over a single track of gas-pipe or wire rope. The model is beautifully made of aluminium with brass trimmings, and weighs one hundred and seventy-five pounds without any load. At the forward end are the balance-wheels, in a neat observation-room fitted with glass windows and mahogany frame; at the rear end are batteries to propel the car and turn the wheels. The rest of the space is used for the load, either iron ballast or an actual human passenger. Two letters stand out on the shining side of the car—"W. D." (War Department).

A Demonstration on the Inventor's Lawn

And now for the test. A dozen of us are waiting on the lawn of Mr. Brennan's home—railroad men from South Africa, financial men from London, and others. We have had the invention explained to us in a general way, and at last we are to see it.

"Let her go," says the inventor to one of his assistants, and straightway from beyond the trees a strange little object shoots out and comes gliding toward us. It makes no noise; it shows neither smoke nor steam; it does not bump, it does not sway; it simply comes straight along on its little track over the grass, very smoothly, and flashing in the sun. It is the gyro-car on its mono-rail!

As she comes closer we hear the low hum of her hidden gyroscopes (they will be quite noiseless in the larger model), and are struck by the car's remarkable width in proportion to her length. She suggests a trim little ferry-boat, and is utterly unlike any known form of railway car. Now the track curves sharply to the right; she takes the turn with the greatest ease, and leans slightly toward the curve. Now the track turns again, and she glides behind the bushes. Coming out on the other side, she enters bravely on the approach to a mono-rail suspension-bridge, a wire rope stretched over the valley that falls away between two small hills—seventy-odd feet of tight-rope-walking for the little car. Straight across she runs from side to side,—no wavering, no tipping,—and then straight back again as the assistant reverses her; then out to the middle of the rope, where they stop her, and there she stands quite still and true, while the gyroscopes hold her. This is something never yet seen in the world—a mass of dead matter, weighing as much as a man, balancing itself unaided on a wire!

Weird Feats of Balancing

Now Mr. Brennan catches hold of the rope and sways it back and forth with the car on it. And at each change of angle she rights herself easily, automatically. The inventor draws back his arm and strikes the car a hard blow on its polished side with his open palm. And the car holds quite steady; she neither sways nor trembles.

"That represents the greatest force of the wind," he tells us. "There is no hurricane strong enough to blow one of my trains off a track like that."

Then he lifts one of the weights from the car and bids us note what happens.

"These weights are all measured to a scale, and this one—really about fourteen pounds—represents three tons on a full-sized car; I mean it has the same effect on this small car that three tons would have on a large one. Now, look!"

As he spoke he dropped the weight on the very edge of the little model, and the car *rose slightly* on that side under the sudden load.

"That," he continued, "was exactly as if forty or fifty passengers in a large mono-rail car had jumped at the same moment from the middle of the car to the extreme edge of it. As you saw, the car simply rose to meet the shock, which is what she would always do—speaking, of course, within the limits of safe loading and safe construction."

To impress us further with the steadiness and safety of the little car, Mr. Brennan ran it back to solid ground and, seating his little daughter in it, he sent her forth upon the rope, ran her across and back, and finally brought her to rest in the middle, with a drop of six or seven feet beneath her. There she sat as calmly and steadily as if it were the most natural thing in the world for young ladies to take the garden air balanced on wire ropes.

After this the assistants switched the car on to a length of gas-pipe lying loose upon the ground, so crooked and full of kinks and sharp bends that it seemed absurd to expect wheels to run over it. But run over it they did, and rapidly, too, picking their way from right to left, up and down, following the crookedest part of the pipe with almost human intelligence, and never making a slip.

"That represents the worst possible railroad-track," laughed Mr. Brennan, "and you see how the car follows it."

Next the assistants produced a frame of heavy timbers across which a wire rope had been stretched so that, when the frame was held upright, the rope was parallel to the ground and three or four feet above it. On this rope the car was placed and left to balance itself at rest. Then the assistants, one at either end, moved the frame back and forth, so that the car was first far to one side of the perpendicular and then far to the other side — in other words, so that it had to perform a delicate feat of balancing and self-adjustment or else crash to the ground. And the car did what was expected of it, thanks to the whirling balance-wheels, without the slightest difficulty.

These were the most impressive features of the demonstration, although the car did various other things: it climbed difficult grades of one in five; it ran along the side of a steep hill on a track laid over driven piles; it patiently and accurately followed all manner of turns and curves; it stood still obediently at any point and allowed its heavy load to be shifted as desired. In short, it did more tricks in advanced railroading than any train in the world ever dreamed of, or than any railroad manager would believe possible unless he knew about these Brennan miracles.

After the test Mr. Brennan answered the different questions put to him touching his invention and spoke of its future.

The Size and Revolutions of the Balance-wheels

"How fast do your gyroscope-wheels turn?" inquired one gentleman.

"In the present small car about seven thousand times a minute," he replied, "but in the full-sized car of commerce I calculate that three thousand revolutions a minute will insure absolute steadiness. You understand that the two gyroscopes are geared together with teeth, so that they *must* work in phase — that is, at the same rate of precessional rotation."

"What will be the dimensions of a full-sized car?" I asked.

"Its length will be about two hundred feet and its breadth about thirty feet," answered the inventor, while our looks of wonder grew.

"And its weight?"

"Perhaps a hundred tons."

"Without a load?"

"Yes."

"I suppose there will be several such cars in a train?"

"Yes, five or six."

"And you think you can balance five or six cars weighing a hundred tons each without passengers or freight, on a single rail?" put in a South African official.

"I know I can. You have seen what the model does. Well, the full-sized cars will do the same, only better. I am now building, with government aid, a trial car, forty-five feet by twelve, that will carry two hundred passengers with absolute ease and steadiness."

"What will be the size of the gyroscope-wheels in your full-sized cars?" questioned another gentleman.

"About four and one half feet in diameter."

"And their weight?"

"They will weigh about two tons each, or four per cent. of the car's total mass, which is allowing a wide margin of safety. I think one or two per cent. will ultimately prove sufficient. And this weight of the gyroscope-wheels will be more than saved by lightness of construction made possible by lessened strain on the cars."

Suppose the Wheels Should Stop!

Mr. Brennan then dwelt on the enormous advantages of a single-rail system in the matter of lessened friction and side-thrusts and the consequent superiority in speed and smooth running — all of which was readily granted by the railway experts, who also agreed that a train would run securely on a single rail so long as the gyroscope-wheels kept turning. But suppose something happened to these? Suppose one of them stopped or both of them stopped? Then what would become of a hundred-ton car poised on a single rail and suddenly deprived of its balancing power?

"As you may well suppose," replied Mr. Brennan, "that is a matter that I have considered carefully. Suppose the electric power that drives these wheels were suddenly cut off. Do you know what would happen? Nothing. Because the wheels revolve in a vacuum, and on such perfectly poised bearings, with such ideal lubrication, that — even with the driving power cut off — they would continue to turn, by their own momentum, *for two or three days*, and for two or three hours they would turn with sufficient energy to hold the car safely balanced. That is, they would turn long enough of themselves to provide for any reasonable emergency."

"Then each car in a train would be balanced by its own balance-wheels?" asked some one.

"Of course."

"Suppose something went wrong with your lubricating-device?" suggested an engineer.

"I have provided an automatic signal to warn the engineer of such danger, at notice of which he would at once run the train into a safety siding. There would be many of such sidings with dwarf walls to support the cars, or the sides of the cars might slightly overlap the walls."

"That is all very well," persisted the South African, "but suppose one of the gyroscope-wheels *did* absolutely stop — broke loose from its bearings, or anything you like; suppose it stopped instantly before the train could possibly reach a siding. Then what?"

"Unless the car chanced to be on a curve at that precise moment, the other wheel would hold it steady."

"But suppose the car *was* on a curve? Or suppose both wheels stopped suddenly?"

Mr. Brennan smiled.

"Then there would certainly be an accident, just as there is when a boiler bursts or an elevator falls or an automobile gets in a smash-up. I do not claim that my mono-rail system does away with danger. I only claim that through lessened friction and lessened strain, which means lessened chance of accident and derailment, my system involves less danger than our present methods of railway transportation."

There followed some talk, more or less technical, about the actual construction of a mono-railroad, with details as to the weight of rails, the length of ties, the best way of laying tracks along a stony mountain-side, and much about grades and pile-driving and concrete foundations. The South Africans were becoming practical; and they were interested to know how these mono-rail cars would come to rest in vast, sparsely settled regions, where they might be used for pioneer or military work, and where there would certainly be no safety sidings to support them. Mr. Brennan explained that, in such cases, the cars would be provided with adjustable legs that could be let down on either side when the gyroscopes were not in use.

Finally, the hour having advanced, the company departed for London, deeply impressed with what they had seen and heard. I, however, was honored with an invitation to stay for further talk, and, in the course of the evening, Mr. Brennan pictured for me the wonderful things that are to result from his invention.

And here I asked many questions. Would all of his cars be pointed fore and aft like the model? Oh, no; only the front and rear cars would be pointed; the others would be oblong, but vestibuled together, so that the train would look like a great transatlantic liner, without masts or smoke-stacks. And the cars would be built of enameled steel, with windows flush with the sides, and all the surfaces free from projections and smooth as a bird's wing, so as to give the least possible resistance to the air in swift flight.

"Six cars two hundred feet long," I reflected. "That makes a length of twelve hundred feet for your vestibuled train?"

"Exactly."

"And a width of thirty feet?"

"About that."

"And a weight of a thousand tons — counting the load?"

"At least."

"All balanced on a single rail?"

"Yes."

I was silent awhile. What could one say to a picture like that?

"What power will drive these great trains?" I finally asked.

"Any power you like — steam, electricity, gasolene. The gyroscopes will balance the train as well with one as another."

"And such trains will cross wide rivers like the Hudson and the Mississippi?"

"Of course, if bridges are there."

"How about speed?"

"In speed we shall surpass all that the world has known; for with friction reduced to a minimum and side-thrusts practically eliminated, there is no reason why our mono-rail trains should not make one hundred and twenty, one hundred and fifty, or even two hundred miles an hour with absolute steadiness and far more safety than is possible on existing trains. I may add that ideal smooth running will be secured by having a continuous line of wheels under each car, a single line, of course, so that the whole train will rest on a solid chain of wheels."

To San Francisco in a Day

"Two hundred miles an hour!" I said. "That will mean the run from New York to San Francisco in a single day?"

"Easily. And pleasantly, too; for you must bear in mind that these cars will be different from any cars thus far known. They will not be cars at all, but great, beautiful parlors, where we shall travel almost without knowing that we are traveling; where we shall find the comforts and luxuries of a first-class hotel, brilliant dining-rooms like saloons on the best ocean liners, spacious libraries and smoking-rooms, entertainment-rooms for music or dancing, and, of course, large, well-ventilated sleeping-rooms instead of the wretched bunks behind dusty curtains."

"All that," I reflected, "because these trains will be wide and not narrow, as a train must be that runs on two rails."

"Exactly. You see, the gyroscope will balance a wide train as well as a narrow one, and what we gain by that fact in comfort of passengers and facilities for carrying large quantities of freight is beyond calculation. Our trains will have all the advantages of a great steamship and none of the disadvantages."

"On a single rail," I added.

"Yes," said he.

THE GYROSCOPE AND OCEAN TRAVEL

BY HENRY SMITH WILLIAMS

It must not be supposed that Mr. Louis Brennan's remarkable mono-rail car affords the first illustration of an attempt to make practical use of the principles of gyroscopic action. The fact is quite otherwise. Mr. Brennan himself gained fame some years ago by his invention and sale to the British government of a torpedo, the steering mechanism of which consists of the gyroscope; and scarcely less important than the successful demonstrations of his railroad car are the experiments made within the past few years to give stability to ships at sea on these principles of the gyroscope.

The idea of giving steadiness to such instruments as telescopes and compasses on shipboard originated half a century ago, and was put into fairly successful operation by Professor Piazzi Smyth (in 1856). More than a century earlier than that, even (in 1744), an effort was made to aid the navigator, by the use of a spinning top with a polished upper surface, to give an artificial horizon at sea, that observations might be made when the actual horizon was hidden by clouds or fog. The inventor himself, Serson by name, was sent out by the British Admiralty to test the apparatus, and was lost in the wreck of the ship *Victory*. His top seemed not to have commended itself to his compatriots, but it has been in use more or less ever since, particularly among French navigators.

Bessemer's Costly Experiment

These first attempts to use the gyroscope at sea were of a technical character, and could have no great popular interest. But about twenty-five years ago an attempt was made to utilize the principle of the spinning top in a way that would directly concern the personal comfort of a large number of voyagers. It was nothing less than the effort to give stability to a room on a steamship, in order that the fortunate occupant might avoid the evils of seasickness. The man who stood sponsor for the idea, and who expended sums variously estimated at from fifty thousand to more than a million dollars in the futile attempt to carry it into execution, was the famous Sir Henry Bessemer, famed for his revolutionary innovations in the steel industry. It would appear that Bessemer's first intention was to make a movable room to be balanced by mechanism worked by hand. But after his project was under way his attention was called to the possibility of utilizing gyroscopic forces to the same end. As the story goes, he chanced to purchase a top for sixpence, and that small beginning led him ultimately to expend more than a million dollars in playing with larger tops. His expensive toy passed into history as the "Bessemer chamber." It was actually constructed on a Channel steamer; but the would-be inventor, practical engineer though he was, did not find a way properly to apply the principle, and his experiment ended in utter failure.

With this, the idea that the gyroscope-wheel could ever aid in steadying a ship at sea seemed to be proved a mere vagary unworthy the attention of engineers. But not all experimenters were disheartened, and since the day of Sir Henry Bessemer's fiasco a number of workers have given thought to the problem — with the object, however, of applying the powers of the revolving wheel not merely to a single room but to an entire ship. I have personal knowledge of at least one inventor, quite unknown to fame, who believed that he had solved the problem, but who died before he could put his invention to a practical test. It remained for a German engineer, Dr. Otto Schlick, to put before the world, first as a theory and then as a demonstration, the practical utility of the revolving wheel in preventing a ship from rolling.

Dr. Schlick's Successful Experiment

In the year 1904 Dr. Schlick elaborated his theory before the Society of Naval Architects in London. His paper aroused much interest in technical circles, but most of his hearers believed that it represented a theory that would never be made a tangible reality. Fortunately, however, Dr. Schlick was enabled to make a practical test, by constructing a wheel and installing it on a small ship — a torpedo-boat called the *Sea-bar*, discarded from the German navy. The vessel is one hundred and sixteen feet in length and of a little over fifty-six tons displacement. The device employed consists of a fly-wheel one meter in diameter, weighing just over eleven hundred pounds and operated by a turbine mechanism capable of giving it a maximum velocity of sixteen hundred revolutions per minute. This powerful fly-wheel was installed in the hull of the *Sea-bar* on a vertical axis, whereas the Brennan gyroscope operates on a horizontal axis. So installed, the Schlick gyroscope does not interfere in the least with the steering or with the ordinary progression of the ship. Its sole design is to prevent the ship from rolling.

The expectations of its inventor were fully realized. On a certain day in July, 1906, with a sea so rough that the ship rolled through an arc of thirty degrees, when the balance-wheel was not in revolution, the arc of rolling was reduced to one degree when the great top was set spinning and its secondary bearings released. In other words, it practically abolished the rolling motion of the craft, causing its decks to remain substantially level, while the ship as a whole heaved up and down with the waves. These remarkable results, with more in kind, were recorded in the paper which Sir William White read before the Institution of Naval Architects in London last April. He himself had witnessed tests of the Schlick gyroscope, and, in common with his colleagues, he accepted the demonstrations as unequivocal.

The Principle of the Schlick Gyroscope

Fully to understand the action of Dr. Schlick's invention, one must know that it is not a mere wheel on the single pivot, but a wheel adjusted in such a fashion that it can oscillate longitudinally while revolving on its vertical axis. In other words, it is precisely as if one of the two gyroscope-wheels used in the Brennan car (greatly enlarged) were so placed that its main axis was vertical, its secondary axis, or axis of oscillation, being horizontal and at right angles to the ship's length. Thus, while spinning on its vertical axis the body of the top is able to oscillate, pendulumlike, lengthwise of the ship.

In principle the action of this wheel is not different from that of an ordinary top on your table which wabbles to the right or to the left when you push its axis straight away from you. Yet to the untechnical observer it seems as if the Schlick gyroscope were a living thing, governed by almost human motives. If you apply a brake to prevent the longitudinal oscillations of the gyroscope, the effect, even though the fly-wheel still revolves at full speed, is precisely as if you pinioned the arms of a strong man, so that he saw the futility of resistance and made no struggle to free himself. Under such circumstances the gyroscope — though it continues to spin as hard as ever — has no effect whatever in preventing the rolling of the ship; it stands there, like the strong man bound, expressing its discontent with an angry groan.

But if you release the brake so that the entire mechanism is free to oscillate lengthwise of the ship, all is changed. It is as if you cut the cords that bound the strong man's arms. Instantly the mechanism springs into action. It will no longer allow itself to be swung with each roll of the ship; it will resist and prove which is master. Its mighty mass, pivoted on the lateral trunnions, lunges forward and backward with terrific force, as if it would tear loose from its bearings and dash the entire ship into pieces. It causes the ship to pitch a trifle fore and aft as it does so; but meantime its axis stands rigidly erect in the lateral plane, though the waves push against the sides of the ship as before. The decks of the vessel, that were tipping from side to side, so that loose objects slid from one rail to the other, are now held rigidly at a level, scarcely permitted to deviate to the extent of a violent tremor. The gyroscope has won the contest. To maintain its victory it must continue its backward and forward plunging; but from side to side its axis will not swerve.

Did Gyroscopic Action Wreck the "Viper"?

It was the failure to understand that a gyroscope-wheel, to work effectively, must be given opportunity to oscillate in this secondary fashion that led Sir Henry Bessemer to spend an enormous sum in a vain effort to accomplish on a small scale what Dr. Schlick's gyroscope accomplishes for the entire ship. Now it is clearly understood that a marine gyroscope on an absolutely fixed shaft cannot exercise its full action; but there is still a good deal of difference of opinion among engineers as to just how much a spinning body must be permitted to oscillate in order to make its gyroscopic effects noticeable. The discussion that has taken place over the loss of the torpedo-boat *Viper* furnishes a case in point.

Some critics contend that the loss of the boat was due to the gyroscopic action of its turbine-engines. They believed that the turbine at the stern of the little ship held that portion of the craft in a rigid plane, while the anterior portion of the ship, caught in the trough of a wave, broke away. That the ship broke in two is certain; but competent engineers have denied that gyroscopic turbines could have had any share in its destruction. According to their view, the turbines of a ship are powerless to exert the gyroscopic action in question, because their axes are fixed and they thus have not the opportunity for secondary oscillation to which I have referred. Meanwhile there are other equally competent mechanicians who believe that the vibration or oscillation of the body of the ship itself may suffice, under certain circumstances, to give the turbine precisely such freedom of motion as will enable it to exercise a powerful gyroscopic effect. Dr. Schlick himself contends, and seems with the aid of models to demonstrate, that such a gyroscopic action is exercised by the wheels of a side-wheel steamer, which revolve on a shaft no less fixed than that of a turbine. If such is the case, there would seem to be no reason why a turbine-engine may not at times exercise the power of a tremendous gyroscope, such as it obviously constitutes. The question must find practical solution at the hands of the naval architects of the immediate future, as turbine-engines are now in use in several of the largest steamships afloat, and others are being installed in craft of all descriptions.

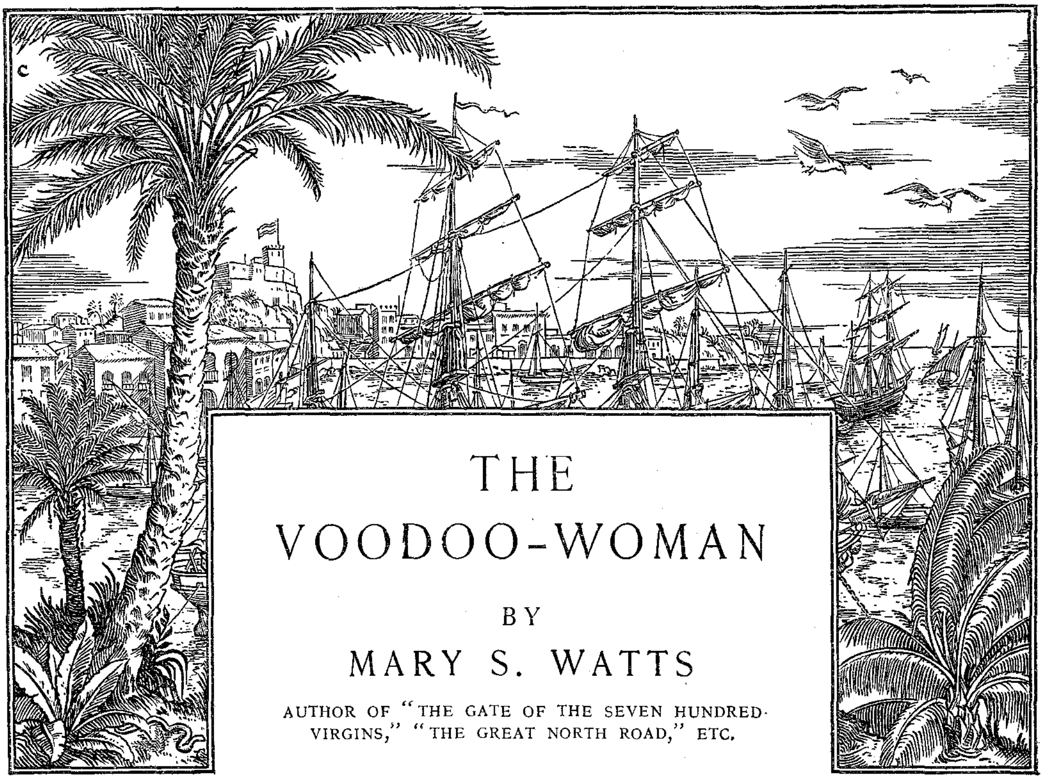
Theoretical Dangers of the Gyroscope

It should be said that engineers disagree as to the practical utility of the Schlick gyroscope. No one questions that it steadies the ship, but some critics think that its use may not be unattended with danger. It has been suggested that under certain circumstances—for example, the sudden disturbance of equilibrium due to a tremendous wave — the gyroscope might increase the oscillation of the ship to a dangerous extent, though ordinarily having the opposite effect.

The danger from this source is probably remote. There is, however, another danger that cannot be overlooked, and which marine architects must take into constant account. What we have already seen has made it clear that the revolving wheel of the Schlick gyroscope, to be effective, must bear an appreciable relation to the mass of the entire ship. Such a weight, revolving at a terrific speed and oscillating like a tremendous pendulum, obviously represents an enormous store of energy. It was estimated by Professor Lambert that a gyroscope of sufficient size to render even a Channel steamer stable would represent energy equal to fifty thousand foot-pounds — making it comparable, therefore, to an enormous projectile. Should such a gyroscope in action break loose from its trunnions, it would go through the ship with all the devastating effect of a monster cannon-ball.

The possibility of such a catastrophe is perhaps the one thing that will cause naval architects to go slowly in the adoption of the new device. We can hardly suppose that the difficulties represented are insuperable, but undoubtedly a long series of experiments will be necessary before the Schlick gyroscope will come into general use. The apparatus is being tested, however, on a German coast steamer. It may not be very many months, should these tests prove satisfactory, before craft of the size of Channel steamers and boats that go to Cuba and the Bermudas are equipped with the device. Naturally enough, this prospect excites the liveliest popular interest. Visions of pleasant ocean voyages come before the mind's eye of many a voyager who hitherto has dreaded the sea.

But, whatever the future of the gyroscope as applied to pleasure-craft, there can be little doubt about its utility as applied to vessels of war. I think it is a safe enough prediction that all battle-ships will be supplied with this mechanism in the near future. Amid the maze of engines of destruction on war-vessels, one more will not appal the builder; while the advantage of being able to fling a storm of projectiles from a stable deck must be inestimable.



THE VOODOO-WOMAN

BY

MARY S. WATTS

AUTHOR OF "THE GATE OF THE SEVEN HUNDRED VIRGINS," "THE GREAT NORTH ROAD," ETC.

TEN or twelve years ago I spent a summer on an island of the Maine coast which I shall here call Northport. It was an isolated place; I must reach it from the mainland by cat-boat, with my trunk nicely adjusted in the midst—a fashion of travel that seemed to me then in the last degree adventurous. One can hardly overstate the wonder and delight with which a landward-dwelling person makes the acquaintance of the sea. I passed whole days exploring my island, in a continual foolish beatific surprise at this altered face of Nature,—the vast, dominant water, the tides coming and going with an ordered mystery. There was a sharp fragrance in the Northern woods; I liked the clean, weedless forest-floor and the austere pines marching on either hand. It was not a luxuriant soil,—Northport is as near solid rock, I think, as any land can be,—yet it was covered with a lean and sober vegetation. Blueberries grew in the uplands, and I sometimes made a show of picking them, carrying a tin pail with a book in the bottom of it; but the bushes can have suffered little by me, for I believe a more deliberate and conscienceless idler never existed.

These pursuits must have made me pretty unsociable, for I do not remember exchanging a word with any one, except my hosts at the farm-house where I lodged, until the day, a fortnight or so after my arrival, when I fell in with Cap'n Jonathan Starr. I found him comfortably disposed upon a natural bench of stone commanding a wide view from the summit of one of Northport's many headlands; this and its twin slanted to the sea by long and noble reaches, to inclose a bay fit for the galleys of Aeneas; and the grave trees collected on its shore might very well figure the sacred grove, dark with an awful shadow. There was a sky of steadfast blue; white clouds, white sails, went to and fro along the horizon; the picture did not lack a classic outline—always excepting, that is, the singularly ill-assorted detail of Cap'n Jonathan Starr callously chewing tobacco in the foreground. The old man had been convoyed thither in my sight by a little brisk, acid granddaughter; I had heard her shrilling orders at him as I drew near.

"Now, Gran'pa, here's your tobacco. Here's your cane. Here's your cushion. Now I'm going to pick berries; and don't you stir till I come back, hear?"

After which she whisked out a pan from

somewhere, fell on her knees beside the nearest bush, and in a twinkle the berries were bounding against the tin.

"Is this Christmas Cove?" I asked of this queer travesty of Little Nell.

She tilted her chin, appraised me in one brief glance, and returned to her task, flinging a "yes" at me over her shoulder. Her grandfather was more lenient.

"Fine day, ain't it?" he said amiably, and made room for me beside him on the bench. He was a small, stoop-shouldered mariner, with mild blue eyes and that arrangement of beard behind, not on, the chin that makes one think of a halo in the wrong place. He was not garrulous, but showed a pleasant willingness to talk as soon as the berry-picker, of whom he plainly stood in some awe, had, going from bush to bush, picked herself out of sight.

"Literary, ain't ye?" he asked, after we had exchanged names, glancing at the book in my lap. "I read a good deal myself, off and on. It's about all I'm good for, now." His eyes wandered to the sea with a wistfulness I found rather touching.

"You've always been a sailor, Cap'n Starr?"

"Man and boy, sixty-odd years." He shifted his quid and spat thoughtfully. "But I'm done now. I've made my last v'y'ge — till I clear for up yonder, that is,— maybe I ought to say *down* yonder. Person kind of sails under sealed orders, that trip."

"You must have started out young."

"Rising thirteen, I was. Seems like yesterday sometimes, and then again like ever such a long time. I'm fond of sitting here and watching the boats go out, and thinking of old days. Lord! what a man sees going up and down the almighty waters for sixty years!" He shook his head. "'He bringeth 'em to their desired haven,'" he quoted, with a perfect unabashed reverence. Doubtless he had fared hard on many a rigorous cruise, and fronted death a thousand times; doubtless, too, he had spent his pay in devious ways, and lived the life of Jack ashore — but I think I have seldom seen old age wear a face at once so brave and so simple.

"How did you happen to go to sea, Cap'n Starr?"

"Why, I ran away, like more than one boy before and since," he answered. "And a strange trip it was, too. You'd have thought I'd not care to go again. But I did. That's the way with the sea; it takes hold of you, and it won't let go. I tried school-teaching once — but I couldn't stick to it. Not but what I was a pretty good teacher; you wouldn't think it to hear me now, but I was."

I told him I had noticed he spoke like an educated man; an awkward speech, but I believe it gratified him.

"Travel's a good schoolmaster," said he. "I've been lots of places."

"Yes? Tell me about your first voyage, Cap'n Starr; you said it was a queer one."

"There ain't much to tell," he said, with a careful pretense of disinclination to talk, although I could see the question pleased him mightily. "I stowed away on the bark *Laughing Sallie*, out o' here for the Wind'ard Isles, Cap'n Jed Slocum. They found me along the second day, when I couldn't hold out any longer. I'll bet I was the sickest boy this side the Horn — and Slocum the maddest man. He gen'ally knew pretty well what he wanted, and if there was one thing on earth he *didn't* want, it was me. However, there I was, and there I had to stay. He hadn't any notion of putting in somewhere and landing me — couldn't take all that trouble for a boy, you know. He said he guessed my folks would make it lively for me when I got home, but, in case they didn't, he'd take care of *his* end of the job, anyhow. And he did. He was a hard man.

"Slocum owned the *Laughing Sallie*, and worked her himself, trading to the islands. Lots of men did that in those days. He'd take down a cargo of rosin, pitch, salt fish, turpentine, hides, tallow,— anything and everything that they didn't grow down there,— and come back loaded up with sugar and coffee and spices, and sometimes mahogany logs, but not often, because the bark wasn't built to carry lumber. The *Laughing Sallie* was named after Slocum's wife, they said. If he was the same kind of man ashore that he was afloat, I guess she didn't have much to laugh at. A hard man he was, Jed Slocum, and he came to a hard end.

"He always had trouble shipping a crew, partly, of course, because his vessel had the name of being a regular floating he — excuse me, ma'am — for hard work, hard words, and poor feed; but largely because, though he was accounted a good seaman, he was so tarnation reckless. He'd crowd on in the face of a gale fit to blow the teeth down your throat; he was always in a blind, stampeding fury to get where he was going. He wouldn't be beat by wind nor weather; say 'shorten sail' to him and get a black eye. The *Laughing Sallie* never was known to come home with all hands; and right at the beginning of this very cruise, off Hatteras in a storm, one of the starboard watch went overboard. I remember his name was Charlie Mason, and he'd lost two fingers of his left hand, cut off by pirates in the China Seas, he said. But he was spry aloft as any ten-fingered man you ever saw. As if that wasn't enough, within a day's sail of the Bahamas we were made to lay to, with a shot across our bows, by the British line-frigate *Scorpion*, forty-eight guns. She sent a lieutenant and some marines aboard us and took off three men. Stood us down they were British deserters — and I do believe one of 'em was; but, of the others, one was a Glo'ster man that had been with Slocum two cruises, and the other Ned Morris, that we all knew and had grown up with right here around Northport and Boothbay. The English used to do that way in the old days before the war, you know. Losing four men left us so short-handed we were all nearly worked to death — Slocum, too; I'll give him his due, he pitched in with the rest. It didn't improve his temper any. Fortunately, the weather held on good, or I don't know where we'd have been. About three days later we spoke the brig *Dolly Madison*, four weeks out from New Bedford for Valparaiso, with a cargo of rum. Slocum knew her skipper, and had a boat lowered to make him a call and see if he couldn't borrow a hand. But it turned out the *Dolly Madison* wasn't any better off than ourselves, for the *Scorpion* had held her up, too; I think they had lost two men. The *Madison's* captain advised Slocum to put into Port Barrancos, because it was plain the bark couldn't be handled in comfort, the fix we were in. 'And,' says he, 'there's always scores and scores of seamen hanging round Barrancos looking for berths. You can't do better.' 'I can't do worse,' says Slocum, grumbling, but he gave in after a while, when the *Madison's* skipper (his name, I think, was McDermott, or maybe McDonough) said that was what *he* meant to do. They were in the same box together, and misery loves company.

"You see, Port Barrancos was what they call nowadays 'wide open.' There was nothing much to the island except the grand, big harbor; it was the largest of a little group, some of 'em just points of rock sticking up out of the water, with a bunch of palm-trees on top, that sailors used to call the Hen-and-Chickens — on the charts they put it down Barrancos Cays. It was a place of call for ships from all over the world — not the little outlying islands, where only a few fishermen and such lived, although I've touched there to get fresh fruit and turtle-eggs, but Port Barrancos itself. It belonged to Spain then, and there was a big town, all low houses, white and many-colored, and a fortress — built, I guess, in Diego Columbus' time — at the entrance to the harbor; and what with the sugar trade, and slaves, and ships calling in from every quarter of the globe, I tell you, Port Barrancos was a stirring place in those days. I'll bet it had more liquor-shops and dance-halls and pawnbrokers and gambling-dives to the square yard than any other town of equal size on the face of the earth — every one of 'em jammed to the doors with sailormen, mostly drunk and raising he — excuse me, ma'am. There was all the tongues of the Tower o' Babel to be heard there, and you might take your choice of complexions, ranging from coal-black to pink-and-white with blue eyes. The natives are kind of coffee-colored, with straight hair — not like negroes, you know. As for law and order, why, the fellow with the most money got it, and the rest had to shift for themselves, every man for his own hand, and Somebody take the hindmost!

"Take it altogether, you can see why a sober, steady man like Slocum wasn't very keen to turn what men he had loose in Port Barrancos; but, in the pinch, he couldn't help himself. We made the island next day, and came to anchor just inside the lower tip of the crescent (that's the shape of the bay), under the guns of the Morro. The *Dolly Madison* was berthed a little farther along, as I remember, near a dock where there was a big sugar warehouse. Of course, I was about crazy to go ashore, and they let me without any fuss, although all but the two men that rowed Slocum's gig were expressly forbid to stir off the vessel. Nobody was caring much about me, you know; boys are cheap and plentiful, and I hadn't been wanted, in the first place.

"I've been in Port Barrancos since many times, but it never looked so wonderful and interesting to me again after that first day. I dawdled along the streets, staring and listening like an idiot, I guess, until I came to the market-house. It was built over a whole square, with two streets through, crossing in the middle. The people had dozens of little hole-in-the-wall stalls where they sold their stuff, dickering and screeching — you never heard the beat of it! By and by I came to the fruit-stands, and then my mouth surely did begin to water. There were pineapples and oranges, and hunks of sugar-cane, and round, potato-looking things they call sapodillas, which I afterwards found out ain't all they're cracked up to be — but it all looked good to me then. I hadn't any money, so I just must take it out in looking. After a while I noticed a young colored woman in one of the booths eying me pretty hard, and then making believe to be busy with her fruit, and then sizing me up again. She saw I had caught her at it, and sung out: 'Leetle boy-ee! Come-a here, leetle boy-ee!'

"I went up, and she reached around behind her and brought out a basket of figs and held it toward me.

"'You lak' feeg, eh?' says she, talking like that.

"Boylike, I wasn't going to acknowledge I hadn't any money, so I said, 'Thank ye, ma'am, I never eat 'em,' aching for a taste all the while.

"She began to laugh. 'You got no money, eh? You tak' heem, so,' and she shoved the basket into my hands.

"I wondered how on earth she knew I hadn't, and what she meant by making me a present of the fruit. But in a minute she said, 'You nice-a leetle boy-ee — pretty leetle boy-ee. I lak' you. You stop here?' and handed out a stool.

"Now, I wasn't particular about being called a 'nice-a leetle boy-ee'— that kind of talk 'most always makes a boy uncomfortable,— but I thought she meant well in her outlandish fashion, so I answered, 'Much obliged, ma'am,' and sat down, and she showed me how to peel the figs, which, of course, I didn't know anything about. I took a good look at her. She was very tall and slim, quick as a fish in her movements, and had on a neat blue cotton dress, and a turban of pale-yellow muslin wound about her head, and long gold ear-rings. She was a real pretty, light, tawny shade, and was always nodding and smiling with her big black eyes, and showing her white, shiny, pointed teeth like a cat's. But what gave me a sort of turn was when all at once she pulled out her left arm from under the folds of her skirt, where she had kept it all this time, doing everything skilfully with her right, and I saw she hadn't any hand on it! She must have been born that way, for there was no mark of its being cut off; her arm was round and smooth over the end like a broom-handle, with just one or two little folds or pleats in the skin.

"You wouldn't think it, but, ma'am, the thing had a kind of creepiness about it; I hated to look at it, but couldn't help myself, somehow. She saw me and didn't seem to mind; she got out a piece of thin paper and some tobacco, and rolled a cigarette and began to smoke, looking sideways at me and laughing. Then she leaned over and blew a cloud of the warm smoke around my head, and says she: 'You come-a with me, leetle boy-ee, eh?'

"I tried to answer and tell her I must go back to the ship, but I only mumbled something; I felt dazed and wanted to lie down somewhere and go to sleep. But when presently she got up and said in her cool, soft voice, 'You follow, leetle boy-ee,' I got up, too, and trailed after her, as you do in dreams.

"I didn't know how far we walked or which way, but, in a little, we got down to the waterside and found a boat, and got in, nobody paying any attention to us. She made me sit in the bow, and rowed herself, handily as a man, with her stump-wrist stuck through a thong of leather on one of the oars — she went fast, too. After a while she began to sing in time to her stroke, and then either I fell asleep or lost consciousness some other way, for the next thing I knew, the keel of the boat was bumping on shingle, and she was getting out with the painter in her hand and pulling us up on a beach. I sat up and rubbed my eyes. We were in a kind of harbor, where a little river came down, widening to the sea; in places the palms and green tropic stuff grew almost into the water; the tide was coming in; there was a great long arm of land stretching out that made what you might call a natural breakwater, and I could hear the surf humming outside of it, and, where it narrowed and flattened, see the clouds of spray roll up, and hang, and fall. There were two big palms, as like as twins, standing at the very point, shaking about in the wind.

"That was the noisiest place to be so lonesome I ever saw. The breakers thumped outside the bar; the huge wind whistled among the trees; all kinds of birds squawked and chittered overhead in the jungle, and underfoot it seemed to be alive with creeping and rustling things.

"'Where is this?' says I, staring around and beginning to be uneasy. 'I want to go back to the ship.'

"'Dis nice-a place,' said the woman, in her gibberish. 'You come-a see my house. Look, Barrancos, look!' She pointed, and, sure enough, a long way off, I could just make out a little dim spot on the sky-line that might have been Port Barrancos or Port Anything-you-please, for all I could tell.

"'I want to go back,' says I, cruelly scared, but fighting it down the best I could. There was something in that clamorous, empty shore, the sea shouting and flinging on the bar, not another human being in sight (not even a sail) except the tall yellow woman — there was something in it, I say, that chilled the heart. 'Won't you please take me back, ma'am?' says I.

"'You go back, one leetle time,' says she; 'follow now.' She started off into the woods, and I behind her like a dog.

"If it was noisy on the beach, it was ten times worse inland. There was some kind of bird that shrieked and laughed like a madman in the trees. I saw I couldn't tell you how many big, fat snakes curled up on logs, and one hanging down from a tree like a curtain-tassel, with a flat head shaped like a spade. They never offered to move — just watched us with their dull, fixed eyes. The ground was a bog of tepid black slime; there were long vines that caught you around the neck and ankles; and it was dark and stunk foully, like a sick man's breath.

"All at once we came to a clearing where there was a shack such as the natives put up, thatched with banana-leaves, without any windows, and a blanket hanging in front of a hole in one side for a door. Outside there was a kettle swung on three sticks over a dead fire. The woman turned around and says, 'You mak' fire now,' and went inside the hut and pulled the blanket to. So I got to work with a pile of leaves and sticks, and pretty soon had a good blaze going. Once I peeped into the pot; it was about half full of stuff like grayish jelly — it quivered when I joggled it. All this while — only a few minutes — I could hear the woman gabbling fast in a low voice; once or twice I thought I heard some one else speak, but that may have been fancy. Anyway, she came out at last and took me by the hand and pulled me inside. There wasn't anything there; only the four bare walls and dirt floor, and in one corner a live black chicken that sat without moving. 'You look here,' said the woman, and picked up a dirty rag off the floor. There was a hole about two feet square and I don't know how deep, full to the brim of gold and silver coins; I never saw so much money together before nor since — and the queer thing is, I was too much of a boy and too frightened to care anything about it!

"'My, that's real pretty, ma'am,' I said at last, seeing she expected me to say something.

"'You no want some, leetle boy-ee? You tak' some, eh?'

"'Thank ye kindly, ma'am, I don't care for any,' says I — and I meant it. I'd always been brought up to think it was kind of low to take money you hadn't earned from any one.

"'Oh, yes; you tak' some,' she said eagerly. And with that she thrust her stump in among the coins up to the elbow and churned them all about, then grabbed out a big handful. 'You tak' heem,' she said, and stuffed them into my pockets in spite of me. 'Now, not say no more; hush now.' She laid her finger on her lip, took the black cock under her arm, and went outside, where the fire was burning strong and the kettle bubbling. She pulled me over to it, and suddenly, before my eyes, plumped the chicken, live as it was, into the boiling mess. It came once to the top, with a horrid croak; and, before I could gather myself together, she had me by the wrist, holding it over the pot and sawing at it with a knife. The blood spurted and ran down. I cried out — I struggled like a rat — and saw a big black man standing grinning with little red eyes the other side of the fire!

"And that's the last I knew, ma'am. The whole thing wheeled around me into blackness, in a muck of fire and blood, and my own screams ringing in my ears!

"When I came to, I was lying across a couple of barrels in the broiling sun on the water-front at Port Barrancos. I sat up. I felt a little weak and giddy, but otherwise as good as ever. At first I was in a kind of maze, not remembering where I was nor what had happened; and when, little by little, it all came back to me, I thought I'd been having a bad dream. Then, as I stretched and gaped, I felt a hot twinge of pain in my wrist, and, looking, saw it was bound up in a bit of rag. That brought me up all standing. I took the rag off, and there was the cut, but not a real bad one. I studied a good while over it, gave it up at last, started along the quay, and, by good luck, fell in with a man peddling oranges out of a boat, and persuaded him to set me across to the *Laughing Sallie*. As we came near, one of the men was leaning over the side, so I hailed him. He stared at me for a minute without answering; then, 'Why, Johnny,' says he, 'where you been all day and all night? We made sure you were drowned or knocked on the head.'

"'I ain't been away all day and night,' says I. 'I don't know what you're talking about.' Then the orange-man struck in and said he wanted something for putting me over; so the seaman (his name was Matthew Friend), knowing I never had any money, good-naturedly went down into his pocket and gave him some small silver. 'I wouldn't wonder if you'd had a touch o' sun, my lad,' says he, eying me; 'you look kind of peaked. Where'd you go yesterday?'

"'Nowhere, I tell you,' says I, puzzled. 'How could I? I went ashore this morning.'

"There was an old sailor aboard, named Cobb, that came up and looked me over. 'This is Wednesday, Johnny,' said he; 'what day was it you left the ship?'

"It was Tuesday morning! Where had I been all that time? I, for one, never knew.

"'Take him below, Matt,' says old Cobb, seeing how frightened and bewildered I was; 'no need for skipper to see him yet awhile.' So Friend heaved me up in his arms, and, lo and behold, a handful of gold and silver dropped out of my jacket pocket and rolled all about the decks!

"The men were hardly more thunderstruck than I. I had forgotten all that part of my adventure. The mate and another seaman came running at the sound, and everybody stood staring. No one moved to touch it for a minute, they were all so surprised. Then Matthew Friend set me down roughly, and says he, 'Why, ye limb, did you have all that and let me pay your boat-hire? I'll ——'

"'Hold on, hold on, Matt,' says the mate, who was a hatchet-faced, keen sort of fellow. 'Maybe it ain't good.'

"Old Cobb stooped down and picked up a piece, bit it pretty hard, and rang it on the deck. 'That's gold, for sure, Mr. Cannon,' said he. 'I guess it's Spanish money; I never saw any like it before.'

"'It's what they call a piece-of-eight,' said Mr. Cannon, squinting his eyes to examine it. 'It's dated 1612 — they don't coin 'em any more.' Then he wheeled round on me. 'Where'd you get this? Did you steal it? Where've you been?'

"'Speak up and tell the truth, Johnny,' said another man.

"'Or I'll take a rope to you,' added Friend, by way of encouragement.

"So I told them the whole story then and there, not being at all unwilling, but certain that no one would believe me.

"At first no one did. They asked all manner of questions, at which the mate, especially, was very artful, to trap me; but when I stuck to the same tale, without altering it or contradicting myself, first one and then another began to trust me — the more as it wasn't to be believed that I would cut my own wrist, or that I could invent such a yarn, anyhow. And one thing fell out very strangely to confirm me, as it were. When I described the place where the woman had taken me, one of the seamen cried out that he knew the spot, and that it was on an island called Dos Hermanos (on account of the twin palms), ten or twelve miles south-east by south from Barrancos, and that he had landed there to take turtles. 'I could find my way to it blindfold,' said he. 'They do say the bucaneers used that harbor in old days to dock and repair their ships.'

"'To be sure,' said Mr. Cannon; 'that would account for Johnny's treasure — likely they buried it there. They were great hands to bury money.'

"Old Cobb shook his head. 'How d'ye account for the nigger wench?' said he. 'I'll tell you what *I* b'lieve. Whether that treasure was stowed away by pirates or not, she come at it by foul means, and you may lay to it, she's a voodoo.'

"'What's that?' said I, who didn't know a voodoo from a lobster-pot.

"'Why, a witch, sonny. They're always looking out for children, and when they catch 'em, nobody ever hears of 'em again. They want 'em to kill and eat, or else to use in their spells somehow — maybe to raise the devil. I guess that's what she wanted of you, only her magic didn't work for once.'

"'Don't see why,' said Friend, surveying me. 'Johnny ain't no angel.'

"'Yes; but he didn't want to take her money, d'ye see? Maybe that kept her charms from working.'

"'But, look here, didn't the boy say he saw a black man? Maybe that *was* the devil, shipmates.'

"'More like some big buck nigger come home to dinner,' said Mr. Cannon, and they all laughed. Nevertheless I could see my story had made a kind of stir in the men's minds. I was about the most important person in the ship that day; every man, at one time or another, took me aside and made me tell him about it all over again, and asked to see the money, and offered to take care of it for me. Next to me in popularity was Abel Harper, the man that knew where the island was. And as soon as Slocum returned, which he did at noon, in a biting bad temper, not having been able to sign on anybody, they had me aft into the cabin.

"My, my, money's a queer thing! Here it had gone and turned a lot of as honest sailormen as ever were seen into no better than a ship-load of pirates. However the mulatto woman had come by her holeful of treasure in the beginning, it was hers now — but nobody gave that a second thought. From that minute no man trusted his fellow or spoke his thought outright — and the secret seemed to level away all distinctions between captain and crew. Yes, ma'am, there wasn't much discipline left on board the *Laughing*

Sallie when the treasure-hunting fever took 'em all. I called it a secret, because when the skipper of the *Dolly Madison* came aboard for a sociable time that evening, word was passed for'ard that nothing was to be said about me or my adventure. But a seaman don't naturally hold in a secret any more than a sieve does water, and I am certain some of ours must have let something leak out, by what happened afterwards. Of course, I knew that something was in the wind, but not just what it was until we stood out of Barrancos harbor the next morning at the turn of the tide. There wasn't any grumbling about being short-handed, either, you may be sure — the shorter the better, everybody thought, and worked with a will. We fetched the island about midday, and one of the men gave me a hand up into the rigging to take a look at it.

"'Is that the place, Johnny?' he asked.

"At first I didn't recognize it, but by and by, when we opened the bay and saw the two palms standing where the spray blew over them, I knew it, and dropped down on the deck, shaking. You see, I thought maybe they'd want me to go ashore and guide 'em to the shack. And, let alone the fact that I had been too scared and stupefied to take any marks of the road to it, the mere notion of going back there put me in a cold sweat. But, as it turned out, nothing was further from their minds. They wanted no boys along. Abel Harper said the island was small, and that you could go all over it in an hour, although he himself had never been away from the shore. Slocum anchored inside the bar, feeling his way with the line, at a place Harper pointed out, about three hundred yards from the river's mouth. Then, while the men were clearing away our long-boat, what does he do but call me to help him lug out a lot of muskets, cutlasses, and ammunition from the lazaret — pretty nearly all vessels carried arms of some kind in those days.

"Now, ain't money a queer thing? As if any amount of powder and shot could do any damage to devils and witches! However, the skipper called all hands aft, dealt out the weapons, and then made a short speech, winding up with: 'My lads, for my part, I don't take any stock in devils, or voodoos either, and would be willing to meet the whole bilin' of 'em just as I am. But in case we find other company here, which I think very likely, I propose to make it as pleasant for them as they will for us. What I want to say, in particular, is this: one man must stay here to watch the ship, and you may decide that by lot amongst yourselves, the man that stays getting an equal share with the rest. I can't say fairer than that.'

"Well, there was a good deal of growling over this among the four seamen — for the skipper and mate were out of the drawing, and nobody disputed for a moment that *they* were to go. But at last they all wrote their names on bits of paper and made me draw one out of a hat with my eyes shut. The lot fell to Matthew Friend; he took it good-natured enough, only, as they shoved off, he called out, 'It's share and share alike, ain't it, Cap'n, without any difference 'twixt officers and men?' Slocum grunted out that we'd see about that, which was all the satisfaction Friend got out of him. We watched 'em land and haul the boat up above high tide; then, after some looking around and arguing, they struck a path into the jungle, and in a little were out of sight. They went in single file, Harper leading, then the skipper, then Cobb, then a young seaman whose name I don't remember on account of our always calling him 'Harelip' (he had one), and Mr. Cannon bringing up the rear with a cutlass in his hand. After they had disappeared, Friend says to me coolly: 'Well, Johnny, I guess I'll be leaving you directly.'

"'Why,' says I, 'what are you going to do? You ain't going, too?'

"'Ain't I, though?' says Matthew Friend. 'Wait and see. I ain't any notion of staying here and twiddling my thumbs. The ship's as safe as Noah's Ark, and, even if she wasn't, what could one man do? I'm going to swim ashore, and you can come, too, if you like.'

"'It's mutiny,' says I.

"'Mutiny be — something!' said he. 'If you come to that, what are we doing here, anyhow? Whose money is that, hey? 'Tain't ours. And what d'ye call taking money that ain't yours? All I'm sure of is, I'm going to have my share.'

"This was the only time I ever heard one of them doubtful about the rights of the case. Friend took off his coat and shirt and made a bundle of them with a pistol wrapped up in the middle, and tied it on top of his head to keep it dry; then he took his knife between his teeth, and dropped over the side. He swam, I should judge, two thirds of the way, and then, all at once, while I was hanging over the rail, sniffling, for I was frightened and lonesome — on a sudden, I say, he gave a short cry, threw his hands up, struggled a minute, and went under!

"I was nigh about crazy. I remember I ran up and down screaming and beating my hands together. Then I thought maybe he was fooling, and shouted to him to drop it. Then I sat down and watched the spot until my eyes all but dropped out of my head. He never came up, so I knew he was gone for good — poor Matt Friend, that was always so jolly and kind and didn't knock me around as much as the rest. I began to cry and act wild again out of sheer terror and helplessness. I never knew whether he had cramps or whether a shark took him — he would have acted the same in either case. At last I got kind of exhausted, and crawled into the shade of the deck-house and went to sleep.

"I waked up, not knowing what time of day it was, and cried some more. I watched the beach for a long while, but nothing was to be seen except some big turtles; then I felt hungry and went down and got a biscuit. There was nobody to forbid me, so I wandered all over the ship. In the captain's cabin I found the log, and read it up, just out of boy's curiosity, you know. Slocum was a methodical man; the last entry was that very morning. "April 1st: Latitude so-and-so — Longitude so-and-so. When —" There it ended in a great blot of black stain. It was blood, and I remembered he had gashed his thumb cutting a pen, and was binding it up in a rag when he came on deck to look at the island. All Fools' Day — queer, when you come to think it over.

"As I was looking at the book, I thought I heard a step on deck, and flew out of there in a panic, though I'd have almost been willing to take a flogging to see them come back. But it wasn't anybody. I found a telescope in the mate's berth, and played with that awhile, watching the shore; then I got hungry again, and ate some more biscuit and some cheese and fruit I found in the galley. It was while I was doing this I heard two pistol- or gun-shots, far away but perfectly distinct, and ran to look. There was nothing in sight, but, after a great while, I heard three more, and none after that, though I watched and listened until it was too dark and coming on to blow too hard for me to see or hear anything. I was afraid to go below, because I'd got a horrid kind of feeling that some one was peeking at me through the skylights. It was cooking hot in the fo'c'sle, anyhow. I got a blanket out of my bunk and curled up behind the fore-hatch; I went to sleep and slept sound, all but a dream I had that Matt Friend was coming over the side with his drowned eyes staring and his wet hands clutching. It waked me up, and I threw out my hand and, sure enough, touched something deadly cold! I gave a screech fit to raise the dead in good earnest; and then I saw 'twasn't anything but a coil of chain-cable!

"In the morning the wind had gone down some, but the decks were blown full of leaves and rubbish, and by the foot of the main-mast I found a dead bird. I swept everything up clean, and started a fire in the galley and put the kettle on. 'The men'll want something hot, they'll be so tired,' says I to myself, watching the beach. But they never came, and I had to eat breakfast alone, after all. That was the longest day I ever put through. I kept the spy-glass by me and watched the sea as well as land, for it came into my head maybe that voodoo-woman might come along, in case she wasn't at home already. I went and got a musket and some powder and shot, and laid them ready to my hand — though what I expected to do it would be hard to say. She never came, though, nor anybody else. There I stayed alone, with the flat glare of water all around, and the everlasting noisy solitude of the land — and the morning and the evening was the second day, as the Book says. As hot and shadeless as it was, I remember how afraid I was of the coming night, and how it came at last all at once, black and sudden, the way it does in the tropics, while I was still straining my eyes landward and hoping against hope. You see, by that time I felt pretty sure the devils had got Slocum and his men, in spite of their guns. What else could have happened? If there'd been other men on the island, and the skipper's party had had a fight, it stood to reason they couldn't all have killed one another. Somebody ought to have turned up before now. And what was going to become of *me?* I slept on deck again, but not very sound, and when the first peep of light came, I was up and searching the shore with my glass; there wasn't a sign of life. Then I took a squint seaward,— being still on the lookout for the voodoo,— and there was a sail!

"It was a good-sized ship, slipping through the water at a lively gait What was more, by the way she tacked and veered, I could see she was making for the island. I could have cried for joy. I didn't know who she was or what she was, and I didn't care; I would have welcomed the *Flying Dutchman,* if she would have taken me away from that awful island. But when she got near enough I recognized her lines and rigging. It was the *Dolly Madison.* She must have seen us lying inside the bar, but whether her skipper suspected something was up, from the strange, still, unpeopled look of us, or was getting ready for trouble on his own hook, I can't say; anyway, he hove to about a quarter of a mile off shore, and directly I saw them lowering a boat. The men plainly had their instructions, for they came on very slow, half a dozen pulling, as many more armed to the teeth, the same way Slocum's party had been. They made the harbor-entrance without any trouble, and, coming to a standstill, one stood up in the stern and hailed us: 'Ho, the bark ahoy!'

"I flourished my arm by way of answer, and the man, whom I took for one of the mates, bawled again: 'Ho, the *Laughin' Sallie!* Anything the matter?'

"I screamed out to him to come on board, please, sir, and after a pause, during which the men all turned around to point and stare, talking together, he gave an order, and they rowed up under our stern, still very wary, however. I went aft and waited for 'em, hanging over the rail; the men gaped up at the ship and me for a minute in silence. At last, 'Where's Cap'n Slocum, sonny?' asked the mate.

"'He's gone ashore.'

"'Well, then, where's your crew?'

"'They're gone, too, all except Matt Friend, and he's drowned,' says I, wiping my eyes on my sleeve.

"'D'ye mean to say you're all alone?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'When did the cap'n and crew leave you?'

"I told him. The mate, after some further hesitation, came over the side, with the armed men after him.

"'Now, look here, sonny,' said he, taking me by the shoulder. 'Tell us all about it from the beginning. What did Cap'n Slocum go ashore for? And what's happened since?'

"I told him that, too, faithfully. When I came to the treasure part, the men exchanged glances. After I had finished, the mate of the *Madison* stood silent, scowling to himself. Then he beckoned to one of the sailors.

"'What d'ye make of it, Isr'l?'

"Isr'l scratched his head, looked around aloft, walked to the side and spat deliberately, then says he: 'Boy's lyin'.'

"'I ain't,' says I, as mad as hops. The mate believed me, anyhow. After some more thinking, he made me tumble into his boat along with the rest, and, leaving the *Laughing Sallie* to mind herself for a while, ordered the men to pull for the beach. We made a landing as near the other boat as we could, and found it lying on the sand, just as it had been left, with the oars in the bottom. The mate told off a couple of men to stand by with guns and watch the beach, while the rest searched the island; I was to go with them, much against my will. The weapons they carried gave me no confidence; Slocum had been armed, too.

"We started into the jungle at the same place Slocum and his party had entered. They had made quite a distinct path. It wound about a good deal, and we judged they must have got confused somehow, for the path crossed on itself several times. The sailors kept asking me, 'Do you remember this place, Johnny?' 'Did you see that when you were here before?' but I was as much at a loss as any one.

"At last we came to an open space, where a great tribe of carrion-crows got up with a *whuzz-z-z* and settled in the trees all around. There was a man lying on his back in the middle — he hadn't any face or hands left, but, by his clothes, I knew him for that young fellow we called Harelip. The men turned him over; there were no marks of violence on him. It was awful, the hot, still, murky forest, the mutilated corpse, and the crows sitting around eying us, impatient to begin again. It looked bad — bad. 'We'll come back and bury him,' says the mate at length, in a low voice. 'Come on, men.' They fixed up a scarecrow with a shirt on two sticks to keep the birds away from the poor fellow's body, and left him.

"A few hundred yards more brought us, unexpectedly, to the beach, and we found that we had got clear across the island. There was a strip of smooth sand, all over foot marks going every which way, but not a vestige of human life otherwise. We shouted, and even fired off a gun or two, but nobody answered. I think the men were pretty near as uneasy as I by this time; they kept close together, and we all talked in whispers.

"We turned back into the jungle and followed the track a ways without anything happening, until we were brought up sudden by hearing a voice off to the right. It was mumbling something in a rapid and hurried undertone, every now and then going up in a screech. The mate called out, and it stopped for a minute, then began again. When we got to the spot, we found that sailor I told you about, Abel Harper, kneeling on the ground, scratching it with a stick, like he wanted to dig a hole and bury something, and talking to himself all the time. 'Cover it up, cover it up, cover it up!' he kept saying. He was stark mad and just not quite dead, as we could see, from hunger and thirst. We tried every way we knew to get something sensible out of him, but he wouldn't say a word except that: 'Cover it up, cover it up, cover it up!' Abel Harper never did get back his mind, nor could tell anything of what had happened. He had to be put in an asylum, and lived to be an old man. I used to go and see him when I came off a cruise.

"It wasn't far from there that we at last found the rest. The place looked to me like the clearing where the voodoo-woman's shack had stood, but there was nothing but a pile of charred sticks and ashes there; and the ground around all mummicked up with footprints, some of boots, some of bare feet, and some like cattle-hoofs. The bodies of old Cobb and Mr. Cannon were lying to one side across each other; they hadn't any wounds on 'em, as far as we could make out, but they must have been dead the whole two days, and were pretty far gone.

"We found Slocum sitting bolt upright, dead, with his back against a tree, and his gun rested on a forked twig, pointing to the front; it had been fired. The men said by signs about the body he must have outlasted the others; they thought he hadn't been dead but a few hours. His face was horribly distorted, as if he had died in great pain, but somehow he didn't look frightened — not he! Game to the last, he was. His whole body was as rigid as a handspike; he had such a grip of the gun they couldn't unbend his dead fingers; so they dug a prodigious deep hole, and buried him just as he was. There, on that cursed island, sits Jed Slocum, with his gun across his knee, waiting for the judgment-day."

Cap'n Starr was silent; and, glancing around, I saw Little Nell returning with a burden of berries that might have been the entire annual output of Northport Island. My companion made certain small movements suggestive of the private in the front rank who suddenly encounters the eye of his drill-sergeant fixed upon him.

"There comes Nellie!" said he.

Nellie! Here was an absurd coincidence. The youngster came toward us, rigidly leaning her little body aslant from the weight of the pail, her mouth primly compressed. I was conscious of a great desire to stand well with Nellie.

"You've got ever so many berries — it's wonderful, for such a little girl," I said, in abject propitiation.

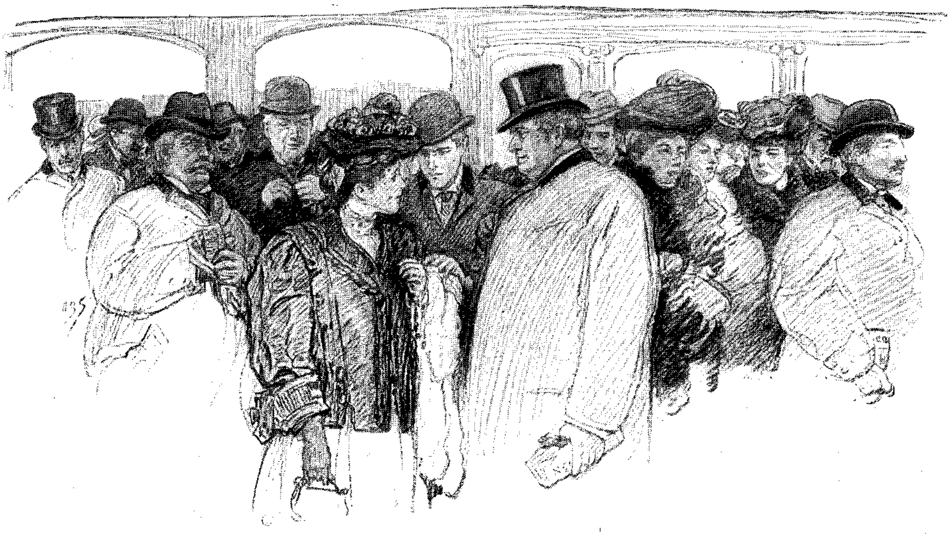
She looked at me. "That's what I went for," she said — and the conversation was left without a leg to stand on! I thought I detected a glint of friendly and appreciative amusement in Cap'n Starr's gentle blue eyes.

"You boarding with Cap'n Pearce?" the child asked, with unexpected interest. I meekly acknowledged that I was.

"They have supper at five o'clock," remarked Little Nell abstractedly. "I guess it's 'most five now. Cap'n Pearce's awful particular about folks being on time to their meals." Her grandfather and I rose to our feet with a machine-like unanimity.

"I'd like to come again and sit with you awhile, Cap'n Starr," I said, "and hear the rest of your story — for I'm sure there's more of it. I'd like to know what became of the *Laughing Sallie;* and did no one ever go back there and try again for the treasure?"

"The *Laughing Sallie?*" said he. "Well, to be sure, that would be a long story all by itself. A lot of cruising that old hooker did, and many a port she touched at before she ripped the bottom-boards out of her at last on a reef down toward Salt Cay Bank. I'll tell you about her some day. But the treasure — no, I never heard of anybody offering to meddle with *that* again. For all I know, it's down there still on Barrancos Cay."



THE WAYFARERS

BY

MARY STEWART CUTTING

AUTHOR OF "LITTLE STORIES OF COURTSHIP," "LITTLE STORIES OF MARRIED LIFE," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALICE BARBER STEPHENS

THERE is no sight more uninspiring than a ferry-boat crowded with human beings at a quarter of six o'clock in the evening, when the great homeward rush from the offices and commercial houses sets in. At that time, although there are some returning shoppers and women type-writers and clerks, the larger number of the passengers are men, sitting in slanting rows to catch the light on the evening paper, or wedged in an upright mass at the forward end of the boat. It is noticeable that, with a few exceptions, those who have gone forth in the morning distinct individuals, well dressed, freshly shaven, with clean linen, an animated manner, a brisk step, and an eager-eyed disposition toward the labors of the day, seem, as they return at night, to be only component parts of a shabby crowd in indistinguishable apparel, and worn to a uniform dullness not only of appearance but of attitude and expression. The hard day's work is over, but the rest is not yet attained. We all know that between the darkness and the dawn comes the period when vitality is at its lowest ebb, and in all transition periods there is a subtle withdrawing of the old force before the new fills its place. In that temporary collapse in the daily adjustment between two lives, the business and the domestic, many a man with overwrought brain and tired body feels that what he has been looking forward to as a happy rest appears to him now momentarily as an unavoidable and wearying need for further effort. The demand upon him varies in kind, but it is still there.

Men in a mass are neither beautiful nor impressive to look at in the modern black or sad-colored raiment of every-day custom, and it is difficult, as the eyes rest on the faces in these commonplace rows, to realize the space which love inevitably fills in these lives, so far apart from romance do they seem, forgetful as we are of the worn truth that romance is a flowering weed which grows in any soil. For three fourths of these men some woman waits. Those dull eyes can gleam, those set lips can kiss; these be heroes, handsome men, arbiters of destiny! There is positive grotesqueness in the idea, seen in this obliterating haze of fatigue that so maliciously dwarfs and slurs. That man over there with the long upper lip and closed lids, now, has an episode in his middle-aged existence to match any in the annals of fiction. That other beside him, short, fat, with kind eyes and a stubby brown beard, is the sum of all that is good and beautiful to the wife for whom his home-coming continues to be the poignant event of the day. This man with the long, thin face is a modern martyr working himself to death for his family. This one was in the newspapers last week in a connection best not remembered. This one — you would pick him out at once from among the rest — is to be married to-morrow. This man, and this, and this, while presently unconscious of the great law, are still living under it. Not only to youth is the promise given: it becomes a larger and more vital thing as the opportunities of life increase, further spreading in its fostering of good or evil — a thread so deeply interwoven on the under side of the fabric that we forget to look for it.

In every case is a character to be made or marred, not only by the large molding, but by the infinitesimal touches of that love whose influence we conventionally limit to young and unmarried persons — while knowing, whether we acknowledge it or not, that it is the one eternally powerful element in life.

Even in a far-off reflex action, this is shown on the ferry-boat in the fact that when one of this blended concourse of men meets a woman he instantly regains an individuality. He pulls himself together, his eyes become bright, his manner concentrated, his clothes set well on him. He is no longer one of the crowd, but himself. Tireless youth may achieve the same individual effect, or unusual personal beauty, or great happiness, or the possession of a dominant idea.

Many people, as they came forward on the boat, turned to look back at two men sitting by the narrow passageway, who in the midst of the general indifference were talking in a low tone, with obviously intense earnestness. Those who looked once usually turned a second time to gaze on the face of one.

Many a man who has an upright nature and a good disposition fails to show these facts patently to the casual observer. To Justin Alexander had been given the grace of a singularly attractive countenance. He was of a fair complexion, with light hair, a good nose slightly aquiline, and a well-shaped mouth and chin. But his charm was irrespective of feature. No one could look at him and not know him to be a man of sweet and fine honor. The gaze of his keen blue eyes — clear, though not very large — carried conviction to whomsoever it rested on that a clean and honest soul dwelt therein. Although he did not in the least realize it, this had been one of the greatest factors in any success that he had ever had, joined as it was to good judgment and great physical energy. Every one liked him, not for what he said or did, but for what he was, and for the encouragement of his bright glance, which had a convincing and magnetic quality in it. He talked intelligently and well, although not a great deal, and among the many people who were drawn toward him a corresponding liking on his part was easily inferred. Yet he was, in fact, innately although dumbly critical. A reticent man as to his own thoughts and opinions, he took an inward measurement of persons and circumstances often the very reverse of what was supposed. This attitude of his was in no sense of the word hypocritical: it came, instead, from a constitutional dislike of voicing his innermost feelings. It somehow hurt him to acknowledge defects in others, and he had also an impersonal sense of justice which allowed for good qualities in those who were uncongenial to him. He did not really like the man who sat beside him, and with whom he had the prospect of being intimately associated, but even his wife had hardly divined this. Certainly Joseph Leverich himself, large, jovial, and shrewd-eyed, would have been the last to suspect it.

"The gist of the matter is this, Alexander," he was saying, as he hit one hand heavily with the large forefinger of the other. "We want a man capable not only of overseeing the works,— Harker understands that pretty well,— but of managing the real business of the factory and representing it with business men. Neither Foster nor I can attend to it — Great Scott, I wish we could! We haven't the time. We bought the whole outfit a couple of years ago. It's only one of twenty other irons we have in the fire."

"I know that your interests are large," said Alexander, as Leverich paused.

"The great drawback to having large interests is that you have to delegate so much of the management to others. When we took up this, it ran itself, after a fashion; but since that a dozen other people are making the same thing — of course, with slight variations, but practically the same thing. Patents don't really protect you much. Now we want our machine pushed; but neither Foster nor I, for different reasons, can do this. The fact is, we don't want to appear at all. And we've had our eye on you for some time."

"This is news to me," said Alexander.

"Now the control of the factory has to be settled suddenly, out of hand. Somebody has got to take hold. So we make you the offer. We will deposit fifty thousand to your credit, to be used as working capital — you can't branch out with less; you've got to be able to work to advantage. The days have gone when a business could be set going on a couple of thousand and worked up with industry and frugality, as the copy-books say, into the millions. Small concerns nowadays go to the wall — and serve 'em right, I say: only fools believe in success without money. We'll see to your backing! Of course, the interest will be paid out of the business; you don't undertake it individually. At the end of two years more we ought to have a big thing."

"And if we don't?" said Alexander.

The other's dim gooseberry eyes suddenly flashed. "If you think we will not, you are not the man we want. He's got to have the courage of his convictions to be worth his salt. But you can't put me off this way — I know *you*. Take up the project or leave it. I say this, but in reality you can't leave it, and you know it. A man doesn't get a chance like this twice. Hamilton came to us the other day for the position, and we refused him, although he had capital and we wouldn't have had to advance a cent of the money we're willing to put up for you."

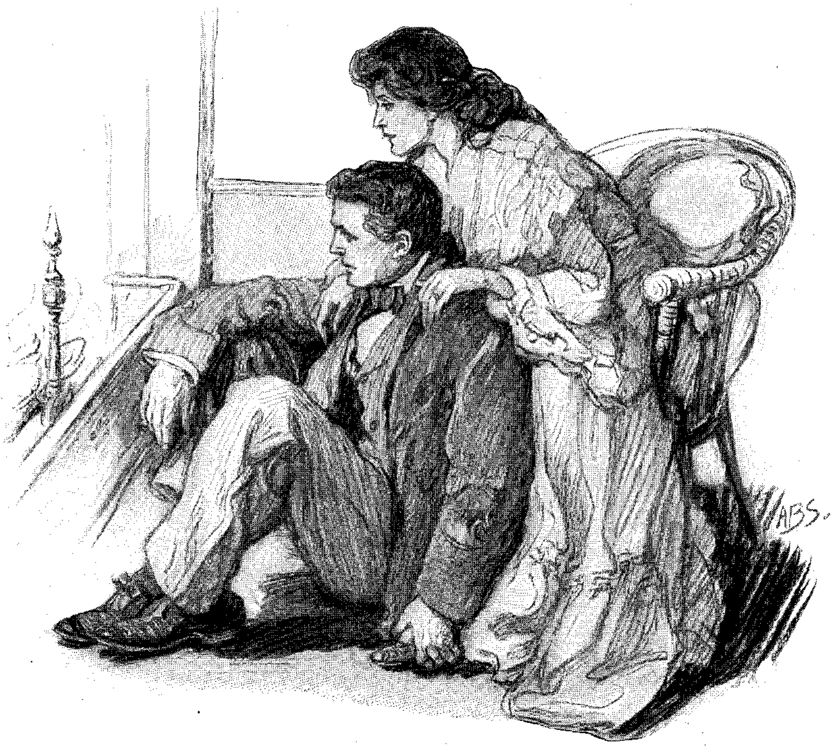
"But why are you willing to?" Justin looked with his bright eyes at the other.

"Because you are the man we want!" Leverich leaned forward eagerly, and shifted his large frame so as to put each muscle into an easier position. "Don't let's go over that old ground again. You've had just the experience in the old company that we need. But it's your wide acquaintance that tells, and it's that that we're willing to buy. We believe you can make a market for our goods."

"It is an important step," said the other thoughtfully, "to leave a certainty for an uncertainty — not that I should regard it as an uncertainty if I took it," he added, with a smile.

"I know; it's hard to break away and start out for yourself when you have a family. Lots of men go all their lives in a rut because they haven't the courage to take the plunge. But you don't want to work for somebody else all your life — you don't want to feel that you're wasting all your best years. By and by it will be too late. And a growing family takes more money each year, instead of less — you've got to think of that, too. It's a terrible thing to be always cramped, and know there's no way out of it in this world."

"You don't need to tell me all this, Leverich," said Justin coolly.



"THEY BOTH SAT DREAMILY WATCHING THE BLUE PINNACLES OF FLAME"

"No, I know I don't; but I want you to realize that you have your chance now—one in a million. I'm sorry to hurry you, but you see the way we're fixed. Say the word now! Get it off your mind and you'll sleep easier. I know what your word is—as good as your bond. *I'd* take it! You can give any formal decision later."

Justin still smiled, but he shook his head. He was capable of quick decision when necessary, yet it was impossible to hurry him. His actions in every case depended on his own thought, and gained no volition from outside influences, which might indeed retard but could never compel. Virtually he had concluded to accept Leverich's offer, but he would take his own time about saying so. He felt the haste of the other man to be somewhat of an offense against decency.

"Well!" Leverich shrugged his heavy shoulders at the bright impenetrableness that was like a shining armor. "We said we'd give you until Wednesday, so of course we will. We will bring the books around to-night anyway, and go over them, as we planned—you can't afford to lose any time. And talk to your wife about it; she's a sensible woman—and one who longs, like all the rest of 'em, for more than she's got," he added to himself, with cynical satisfaction.

"Foster is watching us now," he continued, waving his hand over toward the other side of the boat, where a slight, insignificant-looking man with small features and a large, bulging forehead lifted his hand in an answering gesture. "You'd never think, to look at him, that he was what he is. He has more brains in his little finger than I have in my whole head." He spoke with evident sincerity. "I'm just a plain man of business, but Foster's a genius. He fixed on you from the start. Hello, we're 'most in already."

The crowd from the rear cabin had begun to push through the narrow passageway and surge to the front of the boat, which was still some distance from the dock. The man next them folded up his paper, and Justin and Leverich rose mechanically and stood amid the throng, which became more and more compact every moment.

Suddenly both men started as they looked back at the fresh accessions to the crowd, and pushed sideways, falling behind a little to get in line with a tall and slender young woman with pink roses in a black hat, and a dotted veil that emphasized her rich coloring. She raised her head as a voice beside her said:

"Good evening, Mrs. Alexander!"

"Oh, is that you, Mr. Leverich? How do you do? I haven't seen a soul I knew on the boat until this moment, and now I see six. Oh, Justin!" She had faced around as a hand was laid on her arm, and now stood looking up at him with happily surprised eyes, while he smiled back at her with a slight flush on his own cheek. "I was looking for you all the time," she said.

The sudden and unexpected meeting of husband and wife has a singular element in it: it is somewhat like unconsciously approaching a mirror in which one views a stranger who turns out to be one's self. That swift and impersonal view gives an impression as a whole that can be reached in no other way. Lois Alexander noticed at once that her husband's clothes needed brushing, and that the velvet collar of his overcoat was worn at the edges—she had hardly seen the coat this year except as he was putting it on or taking it off. It gave her a slight shock to see that the tired lines around his eyes made his face look older than she was accustomed to think of it. He, for his part, experienced the same slight shock in looking at her. He saw the little imperfections in her face, and the roses in her hat appeared to him perhaps too pink and girlish. Yet through all this there was an indescribable thrill of happy possession and loving admiration of each other, touchingly sweet, and all the tenderer for the hint of passing years. Among all the men around, Justin was the king; among all women, she was the most desirable.

After the expected sensations of the usual home greeting and the accustomed kiss, it gave a spice to intimacy to meet perforce as strangers. She leaned partly against him as she talked to Mr. Leverich, and he pressed her arm with his strong fingers under cover of her cloak and made the color come and go in her cheek. Her eyes mutely implored him to stop, and he enjoyed her confusion. Husband and wife looked well together, in a certain vitality of movement and expression common to both which made others instinctively turn to observe them.

"I have been trying to discover my husband all the way across," she complained to Leverich. "I was sure that he was on this boat. Why didn't you look out for me, Justin?"

"You didn't say you were going in town to-day," he expostulated.

"How often have I told you to look out for me? I am liable to go in at any time. I had to get some things for the children. Have you—have you seen any one to-day?" She spoke disconnectedly, as conscious as a girl of the disconcerting pressure on her arm.

"No—oh, yes; I saw Kenneth this morning."

"Did he say when Lillian would be out?"

"No."

"Did you ask him?"

"No. The fact is, Lois, I only saw him for a moment, and I never thought about Lillian. I suppose she'll send you word."

"Oh, yes, of course. It doesn't make any difference. I only wanted to know on account of Theodosia. I've had a letter, and she's coming. We are going to have a young lady as a visitor this winter," she added formally in explanation to Mr. Leverich, who still stood at her elbow. "She's coming up North to study music. She's very pretty, I believe, and clever."

"A relation?" hazarded Mr. Leverich.

"Yes; she's a young cousin of mine—I haven't seen her since she was a child. It will be so pleasant to have a girl in the house."

"You like company," he returned approvingly. "My wife does, too; we always have a houseful. She says I show off better when we have visitors—can't let my angry passions rise. By the way, Alexander, what time shall I bring the books over to-night?"

Lois Alexander's startled, questioning glance sought her husband's, and his gave a gravely confidential assent before he answered:

"Any time you say."

"Will eight o'clock be too early? We'll need plenty of time."

"No, that will be all right."

"Well, good-by!" He took off his hat in farewell to Lois, and disappeared in the crowd. as his broad shoulders forced a sinuous passage through the throng.

"How are the children?" Justin asked his wife.

"They're all right." She paused, and then said: "If you are to look over those books, I suppose we can't go to the Callenders' to-night."

"No." The dark line of the pier struck athwart the dusky light and divided the windows in two. "At least, I cannot, but there's no reason why you shouldn't go."

"You know that I will not go without you."

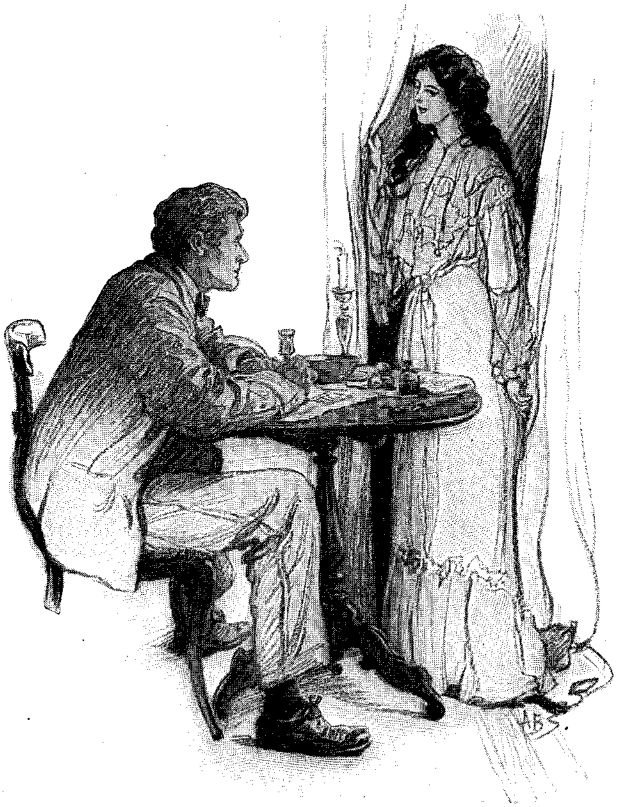
"Other women do."

"Well, *I* will not."

"What a foolish girl!" His tone was fond. Then—"Take care!" The boat had bumped into the dock. In the struggling press of the stampeding crowd, Lois clung to her husband's arm and he strove to ward off the crush from her. When they were at last over the gang-plank, joining in the hurrying, straggling procession toward the train, he looked at her with tender solicitude.

"You shouldn't come out on the boat so late as this. Was it too much for you?"

"Oh, no, no! I do this alone lots of times." She felt so vividly happy that her breathlessness was hardly an annoyance as they dodged in front of the incoming drays of another boat and waved aside the impeding newsboys crying the evening papers.



"LOIS' PENSIVE EYES WERE FULL OF A WISTFUL QUESTION AS SHE LEFT THE ROOM"

She foresaw that they would be separated in the train, and found voice enough to whisper to him:

"Are you to decide to-night?"

"I have virtually decided now."

"To accept?"

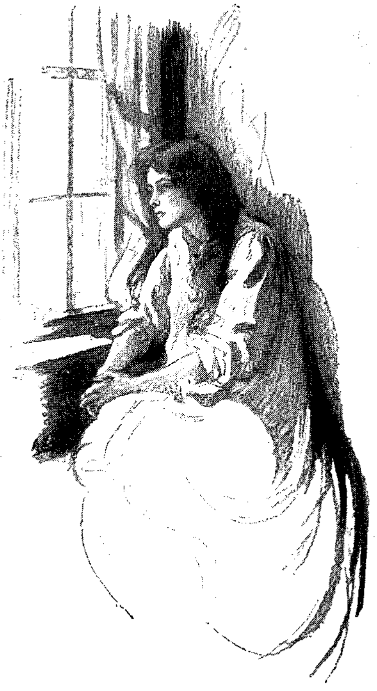
"Yes."

Her breath came suddenly. With the monosyllable an electric wave had set the pulses of both tingling. The spoken word had not failed of its wonted power. It had at this moment opened a gate hitherto closed. Both husband and wife felt their feet at last set on the great highroad of modern romance, the road to wealth, along which ride daily, as of old, knights in armor, duly caparisoned, with shield and spear, bent, not on deeds of chivalry, but on one glittering quest — a grim pathway, veiled by a golden haze.

II

It was a mighty hour. Justin, sitting by the open window with his head upon his hand, looking out into the night, saw but dimly the pale shining of the familiar stars, in the search for the rising star of his own future. It was far on in the small hours, and he had not yet slept, although he had come up-stairs at twelve o'clock with the firm intention of undressing and going to bed at once. He had, instead, dropped down into the wicker chair in the unlighted sitting-room to think for a few moments — and a few moments — and a few moments more.

The dining-table which he had left was filled with sheets of paper covered with fine figures, and his mind at first continually reverted to them, multiplying, subtracting, and correcting with keen facility, and with infinitesimal changes in the final result, which he knew, notwithstanding, could be only approximate, no matter how painstakingly his fancy strove to render it exact.



"DOSIA SAT IN THE WINDOW OF HER SHELVING ATTIC ROOM"

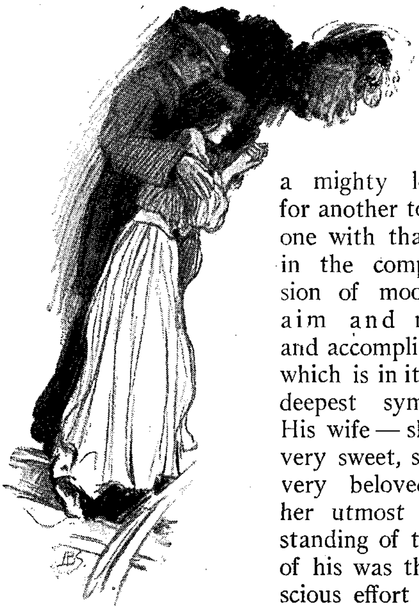
After a while, however, other thoughts asserted themselves. The vast influences of the night were around him as from the deep places of the universe — the depth of dusky gloom, the depth of silence. The window looked out over a garden, but in this dusky gloom it had lost the semblance of earth and seemed, instead, but the under part of an enveloping cloud in which he was the only breathing human life. The vague dark branches of the trees waving across the lesser darkness spoke of even deeper mystery in their mute witness to that breath from the unseen which moved them.

It was not the problem of the universe of which all this spoke to Justin Alexander, though as such it had been part and parcel of his questioning youth. The days when he might have sung with Omar were gone with those speculative midnight hours, the foregathering with death, the conscious search for higher meanings, the effort to solve the unknowable. Whatever philosophy was evolved from those journeys into the dark was labeled and put away on a remote shelf, where the mind occasionally reverted to it with a sigh of thoughtful possession, but for which there was no longer any daily use. There was even a chance that on bringing the precious package out into the modern daylight it might be found to have changed its color entirely.

The problem of his own life was what this hour held in its shifting hold for Justin. The wavering veiled outlines on which he gazed seemed to prefigure the uncertain boundaries of his own future. To a man who has a family, the leaving of a certain occupation for an uncertain one, even though it promises much, is like taking a leap off into space.

The opportunity for which he had been longing indefinitely any time for six years back had come at last, but it had brought with it at this moment a strange and unanticipated sadness, after the absorbing calculations of the evening. The natural buoyancy of a mind pleased with a new undertaking and eager for power had given place to a weight of responsibility and foreboding. How much, and how much, and yet how much, depended on his efforts! He must not, could not, fail; and yet, when he had succeeded, what would success bring him individually that he had not now? Where would be his real and vital compensation? The toil of years piled up before him, with the pain of satisfied ambition at the end of it.

In the loneliness of the hour the loneliness of his soul stood confessed before him. He yearned at the moment unutterably, and with



"'WE MUSTN'T FALL BEHIND. HOLD MY HAND FAST'"

a mighty longing, for another to be as one with that soul, in the comprehension of mood and aim and means and accomplishment which is in itself the deepest sympathy. His wife — she was very sweet, she was very beloved, but her utmost understanding of this life of his was the conscious effort of one who lived in an alien sphere. His children—he loved them fondly, but the responsibility of their future years weighed upon him; as long as he could foresee, the eyes of all would still wait upon him in his rôle of provider — neither in body nor in spirit could he ever again have the rest of freedom.

Then there came to him, swiftly and inexplicably, and in spite of the inner knowledge of true love for the bonds that held him, a wild desire for the untrammeled liberty of his boyish days. If he could take his fishing-rod and line and tramp off through the woods by himself, or lie on a bank under the green trees and dabble his bare feet in the brown pools of the brook that flowed beneath the bank, with none to look for him or question why, and have neither yesterday nor to-morrow to hamper him, but only the joy of living! To saunter back to the house late in the warm afternoon with a string of fish over his shoulder and a book under his arm! He knew how the cold draught of buttermilk tasted after the long and dusty walk, when he dipped it up with a china cup out of the stone crock on the wooden bench in the cool cellar. Oh, the happy, careless day!

The primeval, savage spirit of man awoke now and grew uppermost in him to escape from civilization and wander as he would upon the brown earth, without let or hindrance! In those far-off wilds where men tracked beasts to their lair he might leave his footsteps in the hot sands also, and joy in the fierce delight of killing. He had lost all connection now with his environment. The air that blew down from the hills and touched his cheek might have come over the burning desert, or have been freighted with the warm salt spray from wide tropical seas on which he sailed, never to return. Dark and darker thoughts possessed him now. His roaming fancy——

"Are you up still?"

Justin started — it was the voice of his wife. He came back to the familiar region of warm human love with a glad bound of relief so instantaneous that he had not even shame for his abnormal wanderings; they became already as though they had never been as he answered:

"Yes; I couldn't have slept if I had gone to bed."

"But you're all cold sitting by that window, with the night air blowing in on you!"

Her hands had found out that fact in the darkness as they closed around his neck.

"Shut the window at once! You're so imprudent. You must remember that it isn't summer now."

She lent herself to his embrace for a moment.

"Do you know how late it is?"

"No, and I don't want to. Let's sit here together for a little while. I'm unspeakably wide awake. I'll make up a little fire for a few minutes and we'll have a midnight talk."

She laughed with evident pleasure. "Well!"

He took a match out of his pocket and, kneeling down on the hearth, lighted the small pine logs which were piled up there. A sudden flame brought into bold relief his sinewy frame and clear-cut features as he leaned forward — the light, waving hair pushed upward, and the strong set of mouth and chin. His wife drew a low chair forward by him and put out her bare feet in their pink Turkish slippers to catch the warmth. When he turned, the flame had caught her also in its flaring light, and rose and wavered and fell around her.

It used to be the fashion in the old story-books to represent the parents of even the youngest infant as people of mature age and didactic wisdom. To be a mother was to be removed forever from the precincts of social vanities or young and active living. One can find in the books of fifty years ago the picture of a woman, austerely middle-aged, with banded hair, a cap, a long nose, and a kerchief, dispensing advice to abnormally small children in trousers and pinafores who cluster at her knees. Lois Alexander would have been a revelation to that epoch. With her white lace-frilled draperies wrapped around her and her pink-slippered feet, she might have served as a distinctly modern illustration of youthful motherhood.

She was not very tall, but gave the effect of height in her bearing. Her form was beautifully rounded and her throat and neck were of a soft whiteness peculiarly their own. Everything about her was richly colored — her lips, her cheeks, her blue eyes, which had a certain rayed starriness in them, and her brown hair, which, when it lay, as now, unfastened, fell in large loose curls upon her bosom. Her usual expression was somewhat pensive and absorbed, as if she were thinking of herself; but when she smiled she seemed to think only of you.

She put a soft detaining hand on his shoulder as he bent forward watching the blaze in a new absorption.

"I know you're thinking of the new venture."

"Yes; it's a good deal to think of."

"I should say so!" She caught her breath admiringly. "I listened to you and those men talking to-night until I couldn't stand it a moment longer. I should think those figures would drive you crazy!"

"They won't drive me crazy if I can make them come out as I wish," said Justin emphatically.

"But I thought it was all settled that you *could!*"

"Oh, yes — on paper. Everything looks all right there — and it shall be, too! But when you get to working things out in real life you must allow for differences. I know the machine is good — I don't take any chances on that, as I told you before; but there are new machines put on the market all the time to compete with; we haven't a monopoly."

"Well, you can make your prices lower than the others," she suggested brightly.

"Oh, yes, of course," he explained with patience. "But if we put prices too low there's no profit. We may have to do it for a while, though; we've got to be seen doing business, even if it's at a loss. That's what the fifty thousand's for — to tide us over just such a time."

"It is a great deal to have to pay back," she said anxiously, leaning forward to throw a small log on the fire. "I don't like you to saddle yourself with such a debt. I don't like it!"

What weighed on him most — the personal care and responsibility — made no impression on her; she had a loyal and wifely faith in his large ability. But the thought of the money, which filled him only with the exhilaration of sufficient capital, made her uneasy. She had all a woman's horror of debt. What is to a man a very usual and legitimate business resource seemed to her almost a disgrace.

"I wish you could get along without the money."

"I'm glad enough to have it," he replied. "Rest assured, Lois, if they didn't think me worth it they wouldn't lend it to me — they expect big interest on their investment."

"And is our living to come out of it, too?"

"Oh, yes — until there's an income."

"How much will you take?"

"Oh, no fixed sum — just as little as we can get along with at present. We'll go slowly, Lois, and economize all we can, until we get on our feet."

"Indeed, I'll economize!" She clasped her hands earnestly. "There are only a few things to be bought first — things, you know, that we can't do without. After that we'll need next to nothing. This rug, for instance — it's in rags; I'm ashamed to bring any one up here: but that won't cost much. And we've *got* to get one for the front hall; it isn't decent. And I'll have to buy the children's winter clothing before it gets too cold. Zaidee needs a new coat. She has such long legs, her last year's coat looks like a ruffle."

"Oh, of course, get what is needed," said the father resignedly. "Some money will have to be spent, necessarily; but make it as little as you can."

She felt the cessation of interest in his tone, and tried to get back her lost ground.

"Ah, don't let's leave the fire yet," she pleaded, as he made a motion to rise. "I want to sit here a few minutes more, and it's going to blaze up so beautifully! It's so seldom that we ever really get a chance to talk together. It seems so wonderful that everything is to change in this way. I've hated so to think of you tied to that old treadmill — a man with your capabilities! I knew that if it had not been for the children and for me you would have left the place long ago."

"If it were not for the children and for you I might not be leaving it now," he answered gently.

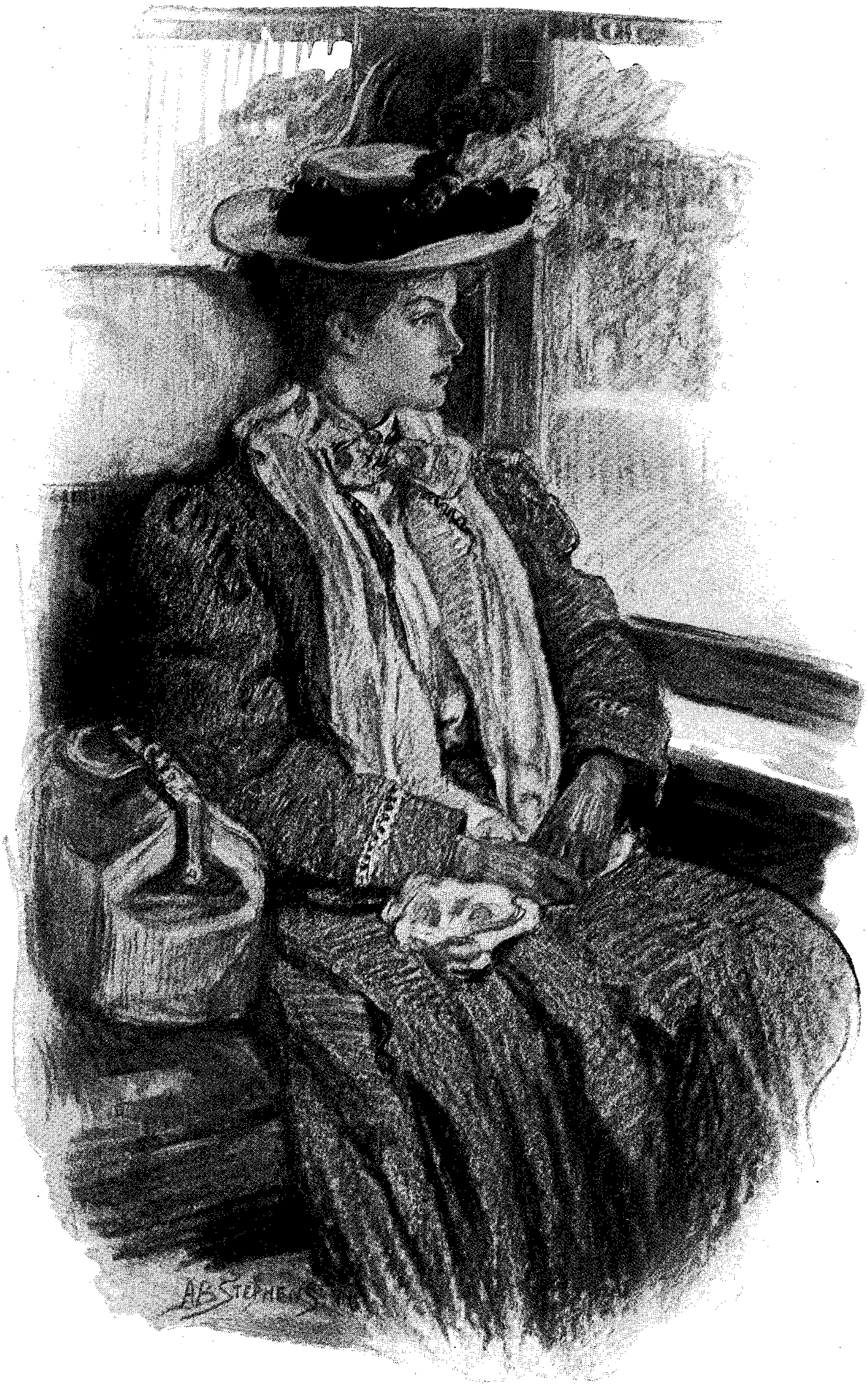
"Yes, I know. It's been dreadfully hard to make both ends meet lately. I've seen how worried you were. Dear, I don't want to be a drag; I want to be an inspiration. Promise to let me help you all I can."

"You always help me."

"Ah, no, I don't. *I* feel it, though you may not." She paused, and went on again with a tremulous note in her voice: "Justin, I miss you so much sometimes; there are days and days when I feel as if I hadn't seen you at all!"

"You see all there is of me," said Justin tersely. "How many times a year do I go out of an evening without you?"

"Yes, I know that; but when I am alone all day with the children and the servants, I think of so many things that I want to say to you


A. B. STEPHENS

THEODOSIA

when you come home; and then you are tired, or sleepy, or want to read, and I don't get any chance at all. You *never* ask me anything, or notice when I don't feel well. Yesterday I had such a headache I could hardly sit up, and you never noticed. Do you think, Justin, that you could feel ill and I not know it?"

"No, I suppose not," said Justin. "But I'm afraid you'll have another headache to-morrow if you sit up any longer, Lois."

"No, I will not!" She tossed her head gaily, and also tossed away a bright tear that was ready to fall. Her husband hated to see her cry; it filled him with a cold and unreasoning wrath at which she blindly wondered but was forced to accept as a fact. She knew that she had broken up many happy hours by weeping inopportunely.

She tried to speak evenly as she said: "I didn't mean that to sound as if I were complaining. I think and think how I can make things — different."

She pushed her white, blue-veined feet, in their pink slippers, nearer to the blaze, and he put his hand over them protectingly. Although she had been married for nearly eight years, she had not lost a certain girlish trick of modesty, and blushed sweetly at his action and his gaze.

It was a remarkable thing that while marriage after any term of years seemed as though it could be only an antique and commonplace thing, it still held for them the essence of novelty. They were only beginning to act in the great drama, and not at all sure of their parts in it yet. To live one's own life is a matter of such poignant and absorbing interest that it insensibly creates an individual atmosphere which obscures the large known phenomena of nature.

Lois remembered once looking upon a man who had lost his wife after ten years of wedded happiness, and rather wondering at the pity bestowed upon him. Ten years! Why, it seemed like half a century. Life must be nearly over, anyway. She was beginning to realize now, with a sort of wonder, that, as the years lengthened, one's inner limit of youth lengthened also. Even after a decade they might still think of themselves as young married people with a future all to come.

The tender proprietorship of Justin's caress was more comforting to Lois than words. They both sat dreamily watching the blue pinnacles of flame as they rose from the red heart of the fire, her arms across his shoulders as he leaned backward, together, yet each with a mind preoccupied with divergent claims.

The fitful light revealed a tiny apartment, half sitting-room, half nursery, crowded with many things, the overflow of a small household. It was not in the least as Lois would have liked it to be, but she always felt that it was only a temporary arrangement. There was hardly room to walk between the wicker chairs, the sewing-table, and the covered box by the window that served both as a seat and as a receptacle for toys — a doll's cradle and a horse on wheels taking up two of the corners of the room. Across the back of one chair hung a pair of diminutive stockings, and a basket filled with work stood on the table. The utter domesticity of the room was hardly relieved by an unframed engraving of the Madonna della Sedia over the wooden mantelpiece, with a heterogeneous collection of china ornaments, nursery properties, and a silent white clock below it. The other pictures were photographs, more or less the worse for wear, and two colored lithographs pinned to the wall, one of a horse carrying a boy on his back, and the other of a bright blue-and-yellow child feeding ducks. Lying on table and floor were picture-books and a fashion magazine. There was nothing to speak of the spirit but the beautiful flame, a mysterious power which the hand of man had wrested ignorantly from the elements, to burn and leap and soar upon his hearthstone.

Lois had married her husband because of the bright honor and force of character which attracted others, and because of his conquering love for her. She would have felt it impossible for any girl in her senses not to have loved Justin if he wanted her to, although he was the most unconscious of men as to his powers in that way. She had exulted in the thought that when other women were satisfied with mere half-men, her lover was a Saul among his brethren; and she was not deceived in her estimate of him — the honor, the sweetness, the force, the nobility of disposition which made it a pain for him to make note of the defects of those he liked, the love of her — all were there; but she was beginning gradually to find out, after all these years, that inside that shining outer circle of character was a whole world of thought and feeling and preference and habit of which she knew nothing: only as time went on did she begin to perceive the extent of it.

Those disappointing moments when they were not in accord — whole days sometimes dropped out of the week — left a void which no caresses filled. It hurts a woman to be forgotten both before and after she is kissed. Lois had discovered with resentful surprise that her husband was one of those men to whom women, in spite of the companionship of wedlock, are a thing apart, to be mentally left and returned to. Those disappointing moments and days were not the intimation of a transitory feeling, but evidences of a permanent quality that grew instead of lessening. She could hardly believe this, although she felt it, and was continually seeking for disclaimers of what she knew. Barred indefinitely from some larger interest, her efforts to reach her husband on the known lines became more and more trivial, more and more futile. The first years had held a certain floridity of living, of affection, in which one was always striving in some way to keep up the first feelings. Everything was more or less upsetting,— marriage, babies, sickness, housekeeping,— years when domestic situations changed their shape daily, an evening together depending on whether the baby slept or waked; an entertainment abroad depending not only on that, but on the event of the servants being in or out, or on the event of having any at all. There were summer afternoons when Lois had wept because her husband had gone to "the games" without her, and days when she had gone with him, after elaborately arranging babies and household matters to that end, when she had kept him waiting while she dressed, and they had gone off heated and asunder in the broiling sun to something which she did not enjoy after all, and had kept him from enjoying. It was strange to find that the profession of a wife and mother seemed to imply a contradiction to everything that she had ever been before.

The meeting on the boat had brought a dear delight with it, a revivifying warmth which here, in this intimate stillness of the night, was lacking.

When she spoke again it was to say: "When do you take the new place?"

"Next month."

"I am so glad you will be your own master at last! Will you go in on a later train in the mornings, dear?"

"I'll take an earlier one."

"But then you'll come out sooner in the afternoon?"

"I'll come out much later."

"Oh, oh!" she sighed, with the prevision of long hours of loneliness for herself.

"At least, you can take more than that miserable two weeks' holiday in the summer."

"My dear girl, I shall probably have no vacation at all. You don't understand — I've got to work."

There was another pause. The fire was burning low, and the room had sunk into partial obscurity. She was the first to speak, as before, conquering anew the tremulousness in her voice:

"Did you hear me say that Theodosia is coming next month?"

"Yes. How long is she to stay?"

"For all winter. She's to study music, you remember?"

"For all winter!" He sat up straight with the emphasis of his words. "Why, where will you put her?"

"Oh, I'll manage that. But I do wish we had a larger house; this is maddening sometimes."

"Perhaps we'll be able to build some day."

"Oh, if we could really have our own house!"

She paused, her imagination leaping forward to that future, which is the summit of good to suburban dwellers, when the contracted space of a rented house can be changed for a roomy one honeycombed with impossible closets and lined with hard-wood floors throughout.

"I know exactly how I should furnish it; I saw the loveliest things to-day in town."

Already the thought of brass and mahogany and Oriental rugs, rich in texture and delicious in coloring, filled her mind.

To Lois, an intelligent and practical woman, the possession of money meant the opportunity to buy; the possession of yet more money would mean more opportunity to buy. To Justin, on the other hand, it meant the ability to pay; the comfort of being able to accede, with ease and promptness, to the demands upon him. Like most American husbands in his station, the sum spent upon house and family far exceeded in ratio his own personal expenses. There were a few luxuries which he casually looked forward to enjoying, but beyond this money represented to him preeminently further business possibilities, the power to play competently in the great game, with the result of a sufficient provision for his wife and children in case of his death. His heart leaped now at the thought of taking a front rank among the players. If in this next year——

"Do you think I had better buy the new rug when I go to town Friday, or wait until next month?" asked Lois suddenly.

"You had better wait," said Justin, with decision. He rose, and added: "You must go to bed, Lois."

She rose also, in obedience, and he kissed her officially.

"Good night."

"You are not going to sit up later!"

"Just a minute. I want to light the candle and look for something in this paper I forgot to notice earlier."

He loved his wife, but felt, without owning it, that he must stay for a brief space beyond the sound of her voice.

"Now, don't wait another moment, or you'll get cold." He spoke authoritatively. "The fire's almost out."

He had already turned from her, and was sitting down by the dim flicker of the newly lighted candle, absorbed once more in figures, with the newspaper before him. The midnight hour had failed of its inspiration. Both experienced the spiritual dearth and fatigue which followed time-worn and trivial conversation.

Lois' pensive eyes were full of a wistful question as she left the room. But after a slight interval she returned with a gliding step and softly placed a fresh log upon the dull red embers of the dying fire, and fanned them noiselessly until a flame leaped out again, holding her white draperies to one side the while, with one long curl falling across her bosom. As her husband looked up, her beautiful self-forgetting smile shone out and became a part of the light around him before she vanished once more through the doorway.

III

Theodosia Linden sat in the high-backed, plush-covered seat of the sleeping-car, with her hands folded in her lap, looking out of the window at the flat landscape as it sped past her. The long green rows of cotton-plants were interspersed with tracts of scrub-oak and pine, dotted here and there with gray cabins, around which negroes, little and big, in scanty garments were grouped to watch the train go by. Occasionally it whizzed past a small station, a mere shed set on a wooden platform reached by a flight of steps, and graced by no name for the aid of the traveler, except the cabalistic legend, "Southern Express Company," on a swinging board at one end. It was before these ultimate days when factories are springing up all over the new South, and she had not yet reached the scattered few that upraised their staring yellow frames by the side of the muddy streams. Only the cotton-fields and the scrub-oaks ran along by the train, with the view of the blue mountains here and there, and a blue sky above all. Dosia thought that she had never seen anything so beautiful or inspiring: it was the world outside of her home.

There is no discontent so deep, so wearying, so soul-embracing, as that of the girl who is supposed to be contented with the little rounds of household life. Dosia's mother had died when she was a small child, but so much love and care had been given her by relatives and by her father, a gentle and good man, and a professor in a small college, that she had never felt the loss. When she was twelve years old her father married again, and, on account of his health, they moved from their home in the West to the South, where Mr. Linden hoped, with the small income which he already possessed, to engage in some industry suitable to his powers; but in the enervating climate he gradually lost all ambition and business habits. He became yellow in complexion and slouching as to appearance and walk; but he was even more gentle than before, and gave the benefit of much good advice to the loungers around the village store or the new people from the North who came to learn the methods pertaining to cotton-raising; for he always knew how everything should be done.

He was a kind, affectionate husband and father, always placid and amiable, and only regretting, as he continually affirmed, that he could not provide for the family as he should. The children, of whom there were four by this second marriage, adored their father, as did his wife, who was a pretty woman, and as gentle, as incompetent, and almost as self-regretful as himself. The little stepmother had from the first attached herself to Dosia, whom she treated even at that early stage of life less as a child than as a friend, to be depended on in all emergencies.

Dosia could not have told at just exactly what period in her existence the unthinking content of childhood had left her. It was natural to live in the small, poorly built house, surrounded by an unkempt yard with broken fences, with small children to dress and care for and a baby to be tended, and a dinner-table that was set at sixes and sevens, with a continual desultory striving after a refinement of dress and living that was never accomplished. It was a matter of course to be always "clearing up," yet never in order, and to be always economizing temporarily in view of the remittance which never could be used for paying anything but back debts when it did come. Dosia was a sweet-natured child, affectionate and helpful, with a healthy constitution which made work unnoticeable, and she had taken life happily in the old-fashioned way, according to the views of her elders, without criticism or comment. Her education, although desultory, had been fairly good, depending partly on teachers who came from the North and stayed in Balderville for their health, and partly on her father, who was a man of taste and culture, and who read with her in the evenings when he felt like it; for that, as everything else, was a matter of inclination with him and not of duty. She was fond of reading, and had also somewhat of a talent for music, which made it possible for her to achieve pleasing results with very little real tuition or practice. Fortunately, she had been well taught at the beginning.

Society at Balderville was of the fluctuant, intermittent order that obtains at minor resorts. The crop of visitors was bad or good, according to the year, like the peaches or cotton. With some of these Dosia formed eager, transitory friendships, but with others there could be no assimilation. There were a few nice families settled in the place, more or less bound together by a community of interest centering in Balderville and the future of their children, who were usually sent away to school when half grown.

Youth is a surprisingly concrete thing, possessing faculties of its own — a terrible clear-sightedness, for one thing, and a black-and-white ruled-out sense of justice and injustice. It brought an absolutely new sense of values to Dosia. It was when she was seventeen that it began to dawn upon her that the conditions at home, always looked upon as entirely temporary and sporadic by her father and stepmother, were really the inevitable expressions of law. She saw that the true character of her parents was quite different from their own idea of it; that they would never change materially, and therefore, in the very nature of things, their fortunes could never change materially: they would always be going — a little faster or a little slower — on a down grade. She wondered at the exhaustless capacity of complacently believing in worn fallacies which her young eyes saw pitilessly as such. Her stepmother still looked upon the father, as he did upon himself, as a successful and energetic man of business for the moment only disabled by his health, and believed herself to be always on the point of managing the little money they had with superhuman economy, so that it would cover all household emergencies. Only Dosia knew that there could never be more money, and that what there was would always slip away. This knowledge laid the future waste and rendered effort futile. What was the use, for instance, of putting cushions on the lounge over the place where there was a big hole in the cover, until they could buy the new one? There never would be a new one. What was the use of pretending that when the cracked and heterogeneous plates and dishes were replaced the table would be properly set once more? They never would be replaced.

If Theodosia had not been of a sweet nature, scorn would have embittered her. As it was, she was still loving; but she grew tired. She taught a little, in the odd chances that served, and gained a few pence here and there by it, for teaching brought an absurdly pitiful wage. She went to the simple entertainments of the place, which were mostly among the older people, and played the piano sometimes at them, when she could be spared long enough from her duties at home to practise beforehand. The young people around showed the usual rural effect of propinquity and childish habit in pairing off insensibly as they grew up. It was always said of such and such a one, in local parlance, that they "went together," and arrangements were made in view of this known fact whenever festivities were in prospect. But Dosia had never "gone with" any one for more than a few days at a time, when some young visitor staying in the place had given her the preference in the dances and picnics and straw-rides. For the rest, she sewed and mended and baked and took care of the children, and read, and found her father's walking-sticks for him, and filled the lamps and fed the dogs and went on errands. Her father and stepmother were quite contented, and why should she not be?

But there came a time when there seemed to be no point to living. After the day's work, what was there? What would there ever be? The children played merrily and went to bed happy. The father and mother loved each other; their very limitations made their engrossing interest; they were contented to be discontented. Dosia took herself to task for her own discontent; she prayed against it, she made bracing rules for herself which she strove to follow; she read, she sewed with fresh vigor, she was nobly self-sacrificing. Mrs. Linden often said that she didn't know how they would ever get along without Dosia. She also often spoke of the advantages she would like to give the girl, and at first Dosia had listened with pleased hope to these aspirations; but as no effort was ever made to realize them in even the simplest way, they only served after a while to show more plainly the flatness of living.

Many a night — like many another girl! — Dosia sat in the window of her shelving attic room, bathed in the golden moonlight, with her hair falling on her shoulders and her hands clasped before her, a picture for none to see. The warm summer odors of pine and hickory were around her. The tide of youth was so strong in her heart! In vain she tried to stem it. She longed inexpressibly for that outer world, of which she had read, where youth was a power. In an age of modern young womanhood, clever, self-satisfying, potential, Dosia belonged to the old régime where sentiment still holds sway. She wanted, indeed, to learn more about many things,— she longed to study music,— but she felt no inspiration and no desire for the life of an artist. She was, in fact, just a girl, who longed with vague indefiniteness, yet none the less intensely, for the joyous life of a girl, the pleasure of being sought, the excitement of shining, for music and dancing and little daily delights, and — love. She dimly discerned unknown glories that made her breath come quickly. Dosia dreamed of some one in the far future who would be very good and very noble, whose love would hold her to everything that was beautiful and right, with whom she would prove herself extraordinarily witty and brilliant and fascinating, and whose hand on hers would set her heart beating. She imagined pouring out her heart to him,— that heart which seemed to be forever shut in her breast now, with none to understand it, none to care,— going to him with all these doubts and self-convictions and hopes, and feeling the blessedness of his response. "You darling," he would say, "don't you know I was loving you all the time? We neither of us knew each other, to be sure, but the love was there all the same; it has existed since the beginning of the world."

She began to show the effects of that terrible atrophy which affects not only the mind but the very blood of girlhood, and which does not need iron as a curative power so much as a legitimate and healthy excitement. Even Mrs. Linden noticed that the girl looked thin and pale, and showed listlessness in place of energy, after several neighbors had openly commented on the fact. She said placidly that she was really worried about Dosia, and wished that she could have a change. And then one of those impossible, wonderful things happened which alter the whole surface of the earth. A rich aunt in Cincinnati wrote that Dosia was to go to New York to study music, and spend the winter with a married cousin, Lois Alexander, in one of the suburbs.

Thus it came that she was journeying North, dressed in a new suit of blue serge, which had been sent from Atlanta, to fit her measure, with the rest of her traveling outfit. As she sat in the Pullman car, with her head in its little gray felt hat against the high back of the seat, and looked down at the tips of her new shoes, and then at the fingers of her new gloves, she felt like a princess.

Dress in Balderville had been a matter of necessity, not of choice — bleared and shapeless in effect from much "making over," as purchase was not to be thought of. Dosia had had no new clothing for such a long time that the sensation of delight was so keen that she almost felt as if it must be wicked. Her skin seemed satin smooth with the clean freshness of dainty linen against it, and the unwonted perfume of the suède gloves was subtly intoxicating. She took furtive glimpses of herself in the glass panel beside her, and the sight filled her with a delighted wonder. She could hardly believe that she really looked so much like other people.

It was her toilet that engaged her attention, not her face. She had that exaggerated idea of the importance of dress which belongs to people who have never been able to exercise their taste or fancy for it — particularly those who live in the country. A bit of bright velvet was like a picture to her, ribbons made a poem; for her face she cared little. It was not beautiful, but sweet and youthful — just a girl's face: small, quite pale, except when she spoke, when the color varied in it with the moment. She had blue eyes, a good mouth with a short upper lip, white teeth, and a pretty chin. Her blue eyes had a bright, alert look in them that waited on those with whom she held converse; her slender young figure bent slightly forward, while her lips parted unconsciously, as if in deep attention. This, with her varying color, gave her a charm.

But her greatest attraction was still the innocent, artless expression of extreme youth which experience has never touched, which has nothing to remember and nothing to forget — the typical fair white page, still unwritten upon, although she had been twenty on her last birthday.

When she looked at the scenery, she kept seeing at first only the family group at the station as she had left it: her father, tall, gray-bearded, with hollow eyes, a continually working mouth, a slouching gait, a worn hat and an old striped coat; her stepmother, short, stout, pretty, and unkempt, in a frayed and faded shirtwaist, and a skirt pinned with a large brass safety-pin dragging away from the belt; three barefooted children in nondescript attire beside her, and a curly-haired, brown-eyed boy of two holding her dress with one hand and throwing kisses with the other. That was how Dosia had seen them last. The elders had been so kind about her going, her eyes filled remorsefully at the thought; she had been so shamelessly glad to go! And yet, she did love them. Mingled with a sense of kindness was also a strange little disappointment. She felt that when they turned homeward with their backs to the train they would let her slip out of their lives with the same ease with which they had accustomed themselves to let other things go, with a selfish inertia too deep to feel anything long. Only the baby — little Rolf — he would miss her; he would cry, at any rate for a while, for his Dosia to put him to sleep. Her lips trembled and her arms yearned for him, with a sudden savage instinct of latent motherhood unknown to her placid stepmother. It was characteristic of this girl, who was tired of taking care of children, that the fact of there being a two-year-old baby also at her cousin's house seemed now its crowning attraction; she turned comfortingly to intimate speculations about the darling.

After a while the rush-rushing of the train, the sense of traveling, blurred out the past for her. She was journeying to the life that was hers by right. The luxurious appointments of the car, her own new elegance, began to seem a part of her, wonted necessaries to which, indeed, she had been born. It was a buffet-car, and she took the card offered her by the white-aproned colored waiter and selected her dinner as she saw others doing. He was so long in bringing it that she thought he had forgotten it; but at last he brought the meal, and she ate it from the table which he had obsequiously fastened up in front of her. There was an exhilaration in the performance of this very simple act which made several people look at her with a smiling indulgence. Afterward she put her gray felt hat in the rack, and took off her jacket, and made herself comfortable, as she saw others had done. The car was by no means crowded, and she had seen from the first that there was no one who could serve as a peg to hang a romance on — only middle-aged women and men, and a mother with half-grown children. She fell to wondering, as she had done many times before, what her cousins would be like. She was prepared to love them dearly. With the unconscious egotism of her age, everything in this new life was to revolve around her. The other players were accessories — she was the star performer.

The afternoon whirled away amid patches of light and dark, of green and shadow, red clay and somber pine, scattered white houses and rounded overhanging slopes that shut out the day. Dosia looked, and dreamed — and dreamed. Then night closed her into the train, with its crimson plush and gleaming woods and lights, and strange faces, and impalpable cinders, and that rush-rushing still. Then the berths were made up, people sitting the while in tired, silent groups in other sections, holding on to cloaks and hand-bags, before disappearing singly behind the curtains. Dosia crept under hers. She had first tried to braid the brown hair that would curl itself out of the plaits, and then lay down at last without removing any clothing, with both hands tucked under her soft cheek and her eyes staring before her. There had been a bustle of walking to and fro before the berths were made ready, but after a while all was still behind the long curtains, that waved outward a little when the train went suddenly around a curve. Gradually those wide-open blue eyes began to close; she seemed to be floating in a blissful dream on pillows of roseate down, between waking and sleeping; and then — *God in heaven!* A crash as of a breaking world, an awful, blinding, helpless terror! A giant force had her by the throat, clutching her, beating her against the planks, jamming her into awful darkness as if she were a creature without bone or sinew, while her shrieking voice lost itself among the other voices shrieking. A plunge, and then — nothing.

The night was inky black, and the wind that swept down the gorge brought an occasional raindrop with it. Dosia felt one fall on her cheek. A long while after that she heard voices, then a man's hand was passed over her face and a voice close above her said, "It is a woman," and added, bending still nearer to her, "Can you speak?"

Dosia opened her lips, but no sound came from them; instead, she broke into a helpless sobbing in which there were no tears. The man spoke to some one near, and she became aware that there were other sounds of talking and distress around her. Far up above them an occasional light twinkled and disappeared.

Presently the man bent down to her again, and, lifting her head gently, placed something soft under her. His touch was compassionate, and his tone still more so as he said:

"Are you in much pain?"

She tried again to speak, and again the sobbing spoke for her. She wanted to question him, but could not. He seemed to divine her thought.

"Never mind; do not try to answer me. Perhaps you wonder where you are. There has been a terrible accident. The trestle gave way, and one car fell down here; the others, I believe, smashed farther up somewhere. People are coming to us with light and stretchers, and all we have to do now is to wait patiently. I wonder if you will try and do just as I tell you? Move your right foot — yes, that's right — now your left — now this arm — now the other. Why, that's brave of you!" — as she tried to raise herself a little. "Perhaps you will be able to stand soon." He broke off suddenly with a groan: "I wish to Heaven I had some whisky! I wish to Heaven I had! but there's not a drop left in the flask."

The wind began to blow harder, and the rain to descend, and the sounds of moving and confusion around increased. The lights Dosia had seen above began to get nearer, and then twinkled down close to the wreck; but even then, in the opaque blackness of the night, they remained only isolated points of light, diffusing no radiance around them, as they dipped down to the earth, and rose again, and wavered and went backward and forward. With them came more voices and stumbling feet, sounds half swallowed by the depth of the night and the growing fury of the gusts of wind.

Dosia felt a new and terrible pang of loneliness as the fleeting flash of a lantern above her revealed that there was no one beside her; it was like being dropped again into nothingness. She did not know how long she lay there. With the recognized tones came a returning wave of life, though she scarce knew what he said. A strong arm raised her to a sitting position, and held her there, with her head resting against the shoulder of this new-found friend. "Drink this — all of it. I want to see if you can stand after a few moments, and perhaps walk — there are so few stretchers." Dosia could feel him involuntarily shudder.

"No, I will not leave you"— he spoke as one would to a little child, as she made a faint, terrified motion to hold his arm —"I will not leave you. I will take you every step of the way. You are a girl, aren't you? Were you alone on the train? Had you no friends with you?"

She whispered with some difficulty, "No one."

"You are perhaps spared much." There was a silence. Presently he said gently: "We must not wait here too long; we must follow the lanterns — see, they are going. You can stand; now try and walk. Give me your hand — that way. Lean on me. Take one step — now another. Come! Don't be afraid; you *must*."

With his arm around her, supporting, guiding, almost carrying her, she essayed to walk. Shaking at each step pitifully at first, then growing stronger, with one hand locked in his, she found herself ascending the rocky path of the hillside with dark moving shapes beside her. The lights ahead disappeared in the mouth of a long tunnel into which the light was walled solidly. He was leading her along the railroad-ties. As she stumbled from time to time, she became formlessly conscious that he winced and caught his breath involuntarily while trying to keep her from falling with that strong grip. The confused impression of his suffering grew finally so intense upon her, and seemed in her weak condition such a terrible load to bear, that she wept helplessly.

He felt her shaking, and stopped short, looking back at her anxiously. "What's the matter?"

"I'm hurting you."

"Not more than I can stand. Don't stop to talk about it. We mustn't fall behind. Hold my hand fast."

The railroad-ties stretched beyond the tunnel. The rain met the wayfarers full in the face. The dark, tramping, struggling forms were all ahead with the drowning lanterns. The walk had become an incessant, endless thing, dreadful as a journey through the inferno, but for the protecting, enfolding clasp of that guiding hand — a strong, clean touch, that subtly conveyed warmth to the blood and courage to the heart. With her palm pressed to that of this unseen friend, Dosia felt clearly that she could have walked blindfolded to the end of the world, sure that he knew the path and that it led to some unknown good. They seemed to grow as one in the unspoken comforting of trust.

Their feet were on a road now. There was a sudden clatter of horses' hoofs through the rush of wind and rain. A wagon stopped beside them. Dosia found herself lifted in and laid on a pile of straw. There were others lifted in also; then the horses jogged on with their load, carrying her away from the friend whose face she had not seen, and with whom she had exchanged no word of farewell.

She heard nothing of him in that long day at the farm-house, where she lay waiting in a half stupor for the cousin who had been sent for. But through her life long that hand-clasp stood to Theodosia Linden for all the high, protecting care, the strength and gentleness, the fine, unselfish thought that a woman looks for in a man, and the finding of which is her greatest good on earth.

TO BE CONTINUED

THE STAR DIAL

A VARIATION UPON A THEME OF SAPPHO'S

BY

WILLA S. CATHER

WHEN the moon first rose, I waited;
  Pale with evening's tints it shone;
When its gold came slow, belated,
  Still I kept my watch alone.

When it sank in golden wonder,
  From my window still I bent,
Though the clouds hung thick with thunder
  Where our hilltop roadway went.

By the cypress tops I've counted
  Every golden star that passed;
Weary hours they've shone and mounted,
  Each more tender than the last.

All my pillows hot with turning,
  All my weary maids asleep;
Every star in heaven was burning
  For the tryst you did not keep.

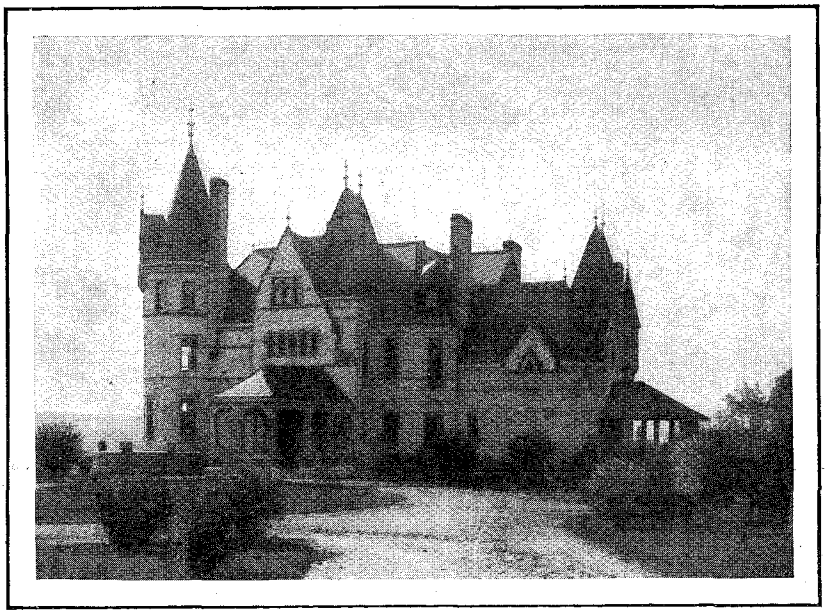
Now the clouds have hushed their warning,
  Paleness creeps upon the sea;
One star more, and then the morning —
  Share, oh, share that star with me!

Never fear that I shall chide thee
  For the wasted stars of night,
So thine arms will come and hide me
  From the dawn's unwelcome light.

Though the moon a heav'n had given us,
  Every star a crown and throne,
Till the morn apart had driven us —
  Let the last star be our own.

Ah! the cypress tops are sighing
  With the wind that brings the day;
There my last pale treasure dying
  Ebbs in jeweled light away;

Ebbs like water bright, untasted;
  Black the cypress, bright the sea;
Heav'n's whole treasury lies wasted
  And the dawn burns over me.



THE CHI PSI FRATERNITY HOUSE

SOME AMERICAN COLLEGE BOYS

BY

CAMERON MACKENZIE

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

BETWEEN two and five o'clock on the morning of Friday, December 7, 1906, the house occupied by the Chi Psi fraternity of Cornell University was destroyed by fire. Four members of the fraternity were burned to death and three members of the volunteer fire department of the city were killed by a falling wall; several other students were severely burned; and the building,* which was the finest fraternity house in the world, was reduced to ruins.

After the fire, the alumni of the chapter obtained from the survivors independent written statements of their experiences. These statements, in most cases, were written under stress of strong emotion, within a few hours after the boys had escaped from the building. As a result they have a singular vividness and are full of unconscious expressions that are peculiarly illuminating and self-revealing. Moreover, these documents portray so much presence of mind, self-sacrifice, and matter-of-fact heroism that an account of the fire and some of the incidents, as they appear in these narratives, seems deserving of record.

Upon the night of the fire there were twenty-six boys sleeping in the fraternity house. Seven of these were on the second floor, fourteen on the third floor, and five on the fourth floor. Of those on the fourth floor, two were beneath a tower and a trifle above the level of the floor proper.

Predicament of the Boys

The fire originated on the first floor. Its cause is not known, but before the alarm was given it had mounted to the third story and cut off escape by staircases, so that the boys found themselves almost trapped. They were compelled either to leap from the windows or else to flee to the roof and from there, by such means as were accessible, climb down. Both means of escape were dangerous. To jump meant certain injury, and in taking refuge on the top of the house the boys had to traverse gutters and roofs, which at the time were wet and slippery with snow. Moreover, this latter means of escape was shut off soon after the blaze was discovered. The fraternity house was constructed with a large skylight in the center. A strong northwest wind was blowing, bringing with it flurries of snow, and this wind, fanning the flames, caused the skylight to act as a chimney. Within an incredibly short time the halls and stairways, through the entire height of the building, were ablaze. To add to the plight of the boys, the engines and ladders of the city fire department, retarded by the steep hill leading to the college grounds, did not arrive until more than an hour after the alarm had been given.

---

* The Chi Psi fraternity house was built for Mrs. Jennie McGraw-Fiske, the wife of Professor Fiske, the librarian of Cornell University, at a cost of about $130,000. The building was started in 1879, at about the time of Mrs. Fiske's marriage. The year following Mr. and Mrs. Fiske spent traveling in Europe, where they collected a great number of art treasures for the house in Ithaca. Practically all the interior woodwork of the first floor was purchased abroad, and the woodwork of the library alone cost $10,000. The property passed to the McGraw estate upon Mrs. Fiske's death in 1880, and remained unoccupied until 1896, when the Chi Psi fraternity obtained possession of it.

Coolness of the Boys

The coolness of the members of the fraternity when they realized their danger was surprising. Many of them record instances in which they opened doors and were met by a rush of flame and smoke. In every case they paused long enough to close the doors they had opened, though in many instances the knobs were red-hot. Several of them tell of feeling their way to the telephone to send out the alarm. One boy, Joseph Pew, felt his way, while the halls and the rooms on all sides of him were filled with smoke or else already blazing, into the library, art-gallery, breakfast-room, and drawing-room, trying all the windows to make sure they were closed and not causing a draft.

The boys on the second floor got out without much injury. Their peril was far less than that of the occupants of rooms on the floors above, and only one of them was severely injured. This boy was Ray R. Powers, a senior, from Atlanta, Georgia. He was sleeping in a room with three other seniors, Sailor, Dyer, and Bowes, and was the first to awaken. Bowes, in his account, said that Powers, as soon as he was out of bed, shouted to the others to follow him.

JAMES MCCUTCHEON, TO SAVE WHOSE LIFE POPE AND CURRY ALMOST SACRIFICED THEIR OWN LIVES

"He reached the door first," the statement goes on, "and I was second. We opened the door, and, although the hall and stairs were a mass of flames, we started to go to the front of the house. He took about three steps, and I took about one outside the door, and then Powers told me to go back. I went back and held the door until he came in, and then closed it. Powers walked to the north window and said:

"'Fellows, tie those blankets. My hands are burnt.'

"Dyer tied two sheets together, while Sailor and I threw mattresses out of the window. The sheets were tied to the bed, and then Powers said:

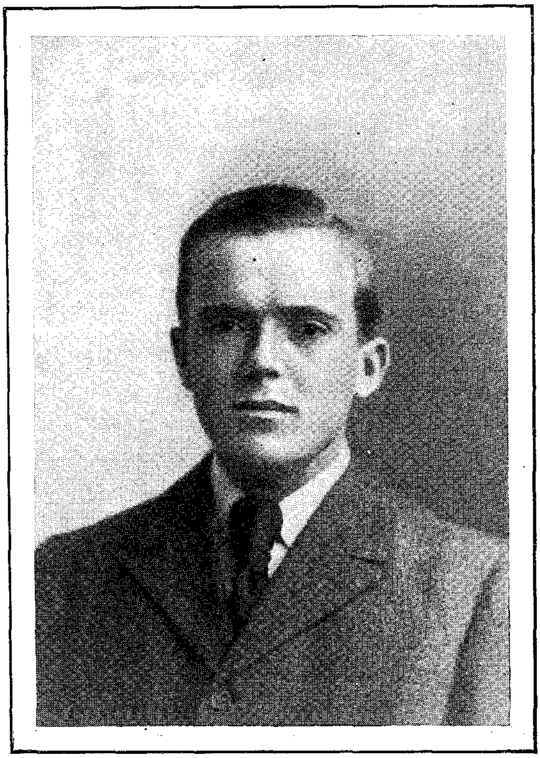
"'I will go first to see if it will hold.'

"He slid as far down the sheets as possible, and then jumped to the mattresses."

Powers' Pluck

When Powers had seen his three room-mates safely out, he started to help place a ladder on another side of the house, but found that he was unable to hold it; his hands and face had been terribly burned when he had started down the hall. From the accounts of others, it seems that all the while he was superintending the escape of his three room-mates, sliding down the rope, and going to help with the ladder, his skin was hanging from his face and from the tips of his fingers in strips, and his entire forearm had been peeled bare. Without assistance, he walked to the Phi Kappa Psi House near by. When the physicians came to him, he told them to leave him and help some one who was more severely hurt.

At the same time, two boys directly above Powers and his room-mates were attempting to make their escape in the same manner. These boys were Clarence R. Andrews, a junior, and W. W. Goetz, a sophomore. They roomed together on the third floor. When Andrews heard the alarm, he tied two blankets together and within a minute or so had reached the ground in safety. With a crowd of others, he looked up. Dense smoke almost hid Goetz from view, but the boys below caught a glimpse of him leaning out of the window that Andrews had just left.



F. W. GRELLE, WHOSE BODY WAS FOUND IN THE RUINS

"We cried to him to come down the same way as I," Andrews' statement continues, "but he yelled back that the blankets had fallen, and so we yelled to him to jump into the blanket we were holding."

It was impossible for Goetz to see exactly where the blanket was. All he was able to distinguish was a group of fellows in a close knot below him.

"He did not care to jump out, for fear of landing on one of us," said Andrews, "so he jumped close to the building, and barely touched the blanket. He struck pretty much on his hip."

A Thrilling Climb

Events were now following one another swiftly. While Goetz and Andrews were escaping, six freshmen who had taken refuge on the third floor were making a perilous climb on another side of the house. One by one, these boys, in their night-clothes and numb with cold, were creeping in the darkness, for a distance of twenty feet, around a slippery three-inch ledge sixty feet above the ground. Every one of them reached the end in safety and, by successive jumps, gained a balcony, from where they dropped to the porch roof and thence to the ground.

As the last of them left the balcony, another boy came sliding down the roof and made the jump to the third-floor balcony on the front side of the house. This was C. J. Pope, a freshman, from East Orange, New Jersey, who had been sleeping in the tower room above the third floor. When he heard the alarm, he burst through the door of his room. Smoke overcame him, and he fell down a short flight of stairs leading from his door to the level of the third floor. The fall and the heat of the flames overcame him, and by the time he reached the balcony he was in a half-dazed condition.

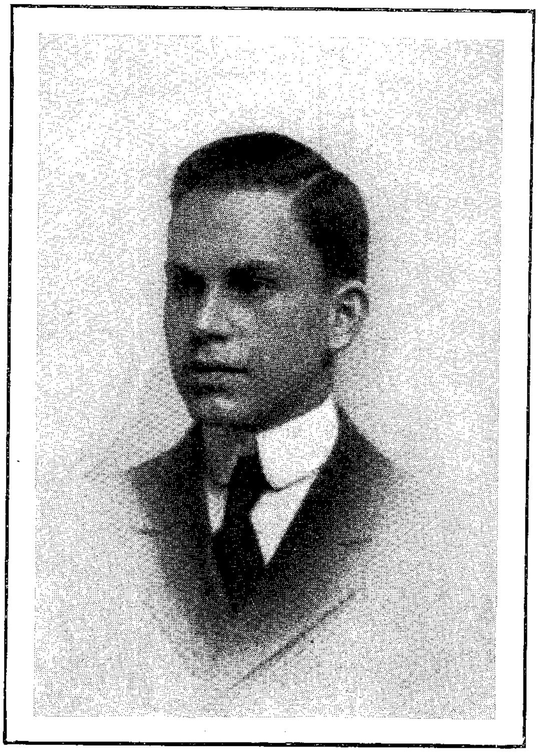
Pope's Second Attempt to Rescue McCutcheon

In a room off the balcony two boys were sleeping — James McCutcheon, a sophomore, from Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, and Harry M. Curry, also a sophomore and from Pittsburg. It occurred to Pope that these boys might not have been roused. He shouted to them, and at the same time pushed his hand through the window-pane and pulled a sheet from Curry's bed with which to descend to the porch. In a second more Curry had come diving through the window. He struck his head on a stone railing, and lay stunned on the balcony. McCutcheon did not follow. Pope peered into the room, and saw him stumbling toward the door and apparently into the hall. He gave the sheet which he had got hold of to a third boy, who by this time had appeared on the balcony, and started to crawl into the room through the hole in the window-pane. The broken glass, however, caught him, and smoke almost suffocated him. Curry lay inert on the balcony; the other boy had gone down by the sheet to the porch roof below.

When Pope turned to make a second attempt to reach McCutcheon, he found the room ablaze. All that saved his life when he went in was a sweater vest he had on. "That last time I tried to reach McCutcheon," wrote Pope, "I succeeded in reaching him, and, locking my arms around his knees, tried to drag him to the opening."

That is all he remembered. Not until he was in mid-air, and about to strike the roof of the porch, did consciousness return. "I only remember being about to strike the porch. First my feet, then my knees struck, and I do not recall anything else until I got almost to the Phi Kappa Psi House."

What had happened was that the boy, already badly done up by his exertions and his fall down the stairs, had been overcome in the smoke-filled room as he was dragging McCutcheon toward the window. In an unconscious condition, he had stumbled into the balcony and toppled over the stone railing. From the porch roof he had rolled to the ground.



W. H. NICHOLS, WHOM SCHMUCK VAINLY ATTEMPTED TO RESCUE

Curry Revives

During the time Pope was trying to reach McCutcheon, Curry had been lying on the balcony; but just before Pope fell, he began to revive. Curry himself had already had the greatest difficulty in reaching safety. When he had been aroused by Pope's cries, he had called McCutcheon and made for the door to the hall.

"When I opened the door," said Curry in his statement, "the flames were not more than eight or ten feet from me, and it was the same as a furnace. McCutcheon called to know how I was going to get out. I yelled we couldn't make it through the hall, and ran back to the window to try to open it."

He had, however, found himself apparently caged. The window of the room opened outward like a shutter; but, the day before, stationary storm windows had been put in, and the window would not swing out. Two thicknesses of glass blocked his way to the balcony. In desperation, he took the only means of escape he saw, and, backing halfway across the room, rushed forward and hurled himself through the window. When he crashed out on the other side, his head struck the railing. The cold air — for it was about four degrees above zero — gradually revived him, and as he came to himself, and for some minutes before he got to his feet, he kept calling for help for McCutcheon, not knowing that Pope was in the room. At about the time Pope fell, Curry had sufficiently recovered to stand up. On the balcony with him there was now another boy, who was tying sheets together with which to slide down. Otherwise it was deserted. Most of the members of the fraternity had by now reached the ground.

McCutcheon Found

"When I got up," continues Curry's statement, "I looked for McCutcheon, but couldn't see him on the balcony. I ran to the window I had come through, and tried to help him out; but I couldn't find him. The smoke forced me out of the room, and when I got on the balcony no person was in sight. I went to the window and felt around the sides, and happened to feel on the floor. I felt some person on the floor, and knew it was McCutcheon. The smoke and heat forced me out again, and as soon as I got more air I went to where McCutcheon was lying, and had him sitting up, with my hands under his shoulders. I tried to pull him out, but he was wet with perspiration and slippery with smoke, and slipped out of my hands. I ran out to the balcony, and called to the men below to come up and help me. I turned toward the window, and saw the flames in the room, and knew if I didn't get him this time, I never could do it alone."

By this time Curry had not only been stunned but had been frightfully cut. Every time he had gone into the room it had meant exposing his body, unprotected save for his nightgown, to the jagged edges of the two broken panes of glass. The room inside was dense with smoke. The flames, too, for several moments had had full headway there, and Curry had been terribly blistered and burned. His statement makes no mention of any of these things. It reads simply:

"I went back and got my hands around his waist, and just managed to drag him out on the balcony."

O. L. SCHMUCK, WHO GAVE HIS LIFE IN ATTEMPTING TO SAVE HIS ROOM-MATE, W. H. NICHOLS

The Scene on the Balcony

The picture which Curry made as he emerged the last time from the burning room, dragging McCutcheon after him, made a deep impression on the crowd below. Practically all the statements refer to it; and the various accounts, when taken together, depict the boy, clad only in his nightgown, standing above the unconscious form of his room-mate and calling frantically for help. The only light was from the blaze of the fire; every few seconds clouds of smoke rolled between, shutting Curry from view; and all the while the driving snow-storm continued.

By this time men from a neighboring fraternity, with ladders, were ascending the hill. These rescuers, in a joint statement which they prepared, said they saw "one man upon the narrow balcony of the third floor. He was very much excited and made frantic appeals to us to do something. When the ladder was raised, and Curry saw that it would not reach the third floor, he became very wild in his action. About that time another ladder suddenly appeared. . . . When both ladders were up, we requested Curry to come down. He said he would not come down without McCutcheon. Having assured him that we would get McCutcheon, he came down."

Half a dozen boys lined up along the ladder, and McCutcheon's body was passed down. It was a grim and difficult business. McCutcheon was a heavy man, a member of the university foot-ball squad. "He was unconscious and naked, and bleeding profusely," wrote one boy who helped lift the body down.

The building burned so rapidly that the crowd was stupefied. McCutcheon had hardly been lowered from the balcony before they saw a boy leap out from the building to the ground, his night-clothes afire. They ran to him, and found that it was Oliver Le Roy Schmuck, a senior, from Hanover, Pennsylvania, who had roomed on the third floor with William Holmes Nichols, another senior, from Chicago, Illinois. The story of Schmuck is as memorable as any of the fire.

Schmuck's Instinctive Heroism

Schmuck and his room-mate were the last to hear the alarm. As soon as Schmuck awoke he made for his window, supposing that Nichols was close behind him. Schmuck was on the sill, from where it would have been an easy jump to the porch below. He was about to make the leap, when he turned to look for his room-mate. Nichols was not there. The room was all ablaze and burning furiously. It was perfectly evident that no person could have lived there for a moment. If Schmuck had paused for a second to think, he must have known that to return to the room would mean his death. Crouching down, he crawled back through the window into the room. He did so without hesitation and apparently by instinct.

Inside, he began feeling along the floor to find his room-mate. It was a fruitless search, and in a second Schmuck had been frightfully burned and driven back to the window. In his agony, he did not pause to climb down, but jumped about fifty feet to the ground. A small bush somewhat broke his fall. Several of the boys pulled off his burning pajamas, and for a few moments he lay in the snow, stunned. Presently reviving, he got to his feet and asked in natural tones where the Phi Kappa Psi House was. It was about two hundred yards distant, and, perfectly controlled, Schmuck walked there. On the way, one of his friends met him, but did not recognize him. It was said that in the dim light he looked like a negro.

When he reached the Phi Kappa Psi House, he fell exhausted on the floor. Those who picked him up found that all of his body, save a small spot on his back, had been either scorched red or burned to a black crisp.

"Hold me up and let me see the fire," he said. For a moment then he lost his self-control and wanted to go back to the burning building. Presently, however, he regained his composure and asked to be held before a mirror. When he had seen himself, he cried:

"I can't live like this!"

The scene in the Phi Kappa Psi fraternity house at that moment has been described by Andrews:

The Sufferings of the Boys

"I went to the Phi Kappa Psi Lodge, where I found Schmuck, Pope, Curry, Powers, and McCutcheon," he wrote. "Schmuck was frantic with pain. He did not lie on the bed where I first saw him, but got up and paced the floor. He held up his foot and leg, and exclaimed: 'How can a man live with that?' His legs were red as though covered with blood, and his hair was burned off, and his shoulders and body were burned. He knew he was doomed, from many things he said; I know this. Curry lay in the bed, his face black and bloody, and the bed was stained with blood. I got some whisky, but he refused it, and I brought him water, which he swallowed convulsively. I took whisky to Schmuck, and he drank eagerly. Pope was in great pain. His face was black, and his eyes were bright and roving. I gave him whisky, which he drank eagerly, and as I pressed more upon him, he cried: 'No, give it to the others.' I met Powers in the hall, and he was pacing back and forth with his hands held in front of him. The skin was hanging from them. He was perfectly self-controlled. McCutcheon lay on the floor in the hall down-stairs. He was black in the face and covered with blood. Two boys held his arms pinioned to the floor, and he was fighting desperately.

"At frequent intervals I went back to see the lodge. It burned like an inferno. The walls crumbled before the heat. The tower fell in sections, each floor carrying a part away as it fell. From the window of the Alumni rooms the flames poured like a fountain."

There was but one ambulance available with which to remove the injured boys to the college infirmary. It was therefore slow work. Powers, unable to endure his pain, walked there. Schmuck during the ride was unable to lie down, and a boy whose night-gown was frozen to his body held him in an upright position to relieve him, in so far as was possible, of the pain of the weight of his body.

After the physicians had examined the injured, the lives of Schmuck, McCutcheon, and Pope were despaired of. Schmuck died at about nine o'clock the next morning; McCutcheon a little later. Pope, after weeks of suffering, recovered. Curry and Powers were also in the infirmary for weeks, and Goetz suffered for a short time from the injury to his hip.

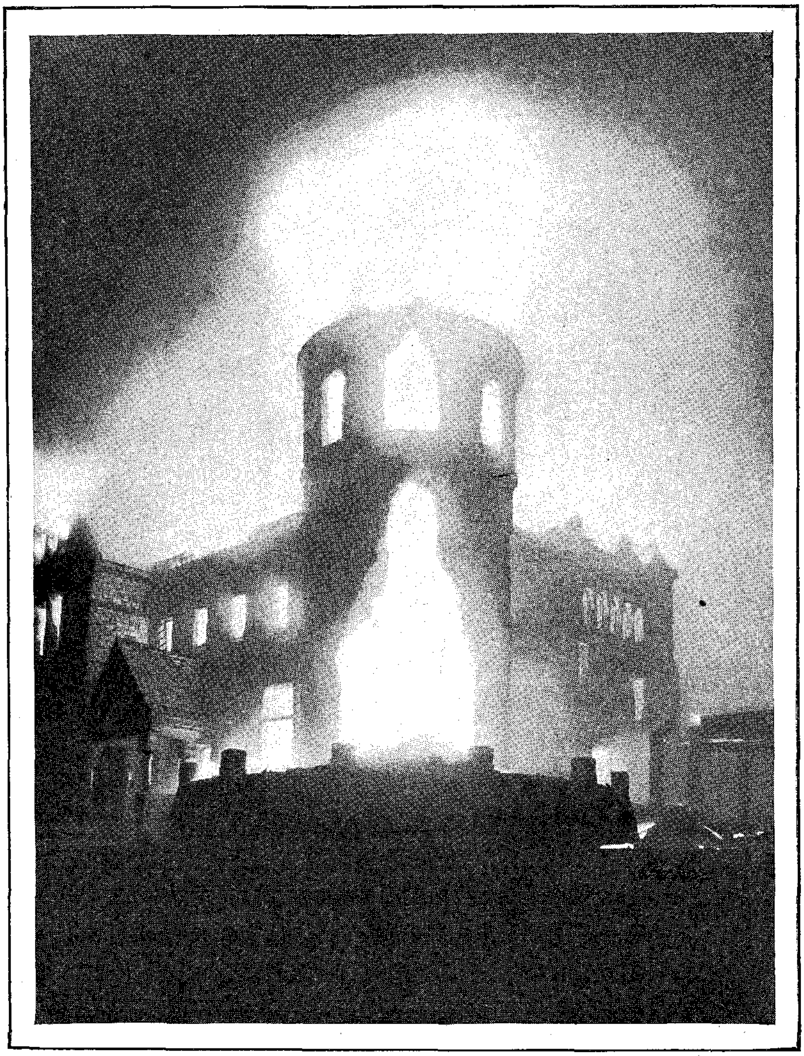
Schmuck's Statement

Neither Schmuck nor McCutcheon made formal statements. McCutcheon was unconscious most of the time until he died, and said nothing concerning the fire. Schmuck's only utterance in the nature of a statement was made to President Schurman. When Mr. Schurman heard that the boy was dying, he went to him. Schmuck was in great agony, but had not lost his composure. He asked the president if there had been any news of Nichols. President Schurman told him that there had not been.

"I was out all right," Schmuck then said, "but I went back for Bill."

Nichols' remains were found later, in the cellar directly under the spot where his room had been. He probably tried to escape by the door of his room, and was almost instantly killed by a blast of flame. Another body was found in the ruins. It was that of F. W. Grelle, a freshman who roomed on the third floor. It is supposed that he did not hear the alarm and died a painless death in bed.

President Schurman, after the fire, gathered all the members of the Chi Psi fraternity who were able to be there at his house for breakfast. Many of the boys, as they assembled, were suffering from burns, and all of them felt the effects of the intense cold and exposure. It was known at that time that Nichols and Grelle were dead. Shortly after they were seated the telephone rang, and word came that Schmuck had died. A little later there was another ring, and the boy who went to receive the message was told that McCutcheon was dying and that Pope could not live. Moreover, there was still much uncertainty as to the outcome of Curry's injuries. Shortly word also came of the death of the three firemen in the ruins. Out of the twenty-six members of the fraternity, nineteen were there, and for them breakfast was one of the most tragic incidents of the fire.



"IT BURNED LIKE AN INFERNO. THE WALLS CRUMBLED BEFORE THE HEAT. THE TOWER FELL IN SECTIONS, EACH FLOOR CARRYING A PART AWAY AS IT FELL."

What the Statements Did Not Tell

After the breakfast most of the statements upon which this account is based were taken. They are remarkable quite as much for what they do not tell as for what they do. There is almost no mention of the terrible hardships every one of the boys endured. Throughout the fire, not only was there a snow-storm and a terrific gale blowing off Cayuga Lake, but the cold was intense. The following is the only reference to this condition: "The cold was fearful, being about four degrees above zero, and we had nothing but nightgowns on." The boys were also uniformly modest. In this respect the statements of Curry, Pope, and Powers, taken later, are masterpieces. "I went back and got my arms around him, and just managed to drag him out on the balcony," was the manner in which Curry described his last effort to save McCutcheon. "I stepped on to the gutter and walked as far as I could," wrote one of the freshmen who made that perilous climb sixty feet above the ground. None of them referred to their burns and injuries. Even Powers and Curry were silent on that point.

Carnegie Medals

Carnegie medals for heroism were awarded to Schmuck, Pope, and Curry. All over the country the fire attracted attention and the significance of the conduct of the members of the fraternity was widely recognized. That twenty-six boys should have met a test so severe with so much coolness, self-sacrifice, and instinctive heroism strengthens our most sacred hopes for the country that bore them. There was not a coward among them, and each counted life as nothing against the needs of his friends.

THE MILLINER'S APPRENTICE

BY FLORENCE WILKINSON

A MILLINER'S Lithuanian errand-girl
Limped up the Avenue;
The florist's window spread its fairy garden
Before her view—
Orchids alive, leaves fringed like scarlet feathers,
And bushes burning blue.

She stood before the window a long while,
The shop's dull ravelings on her somber cloak,
Like a dazed heavy beetle half benumbed
In a gay troop of gauzy-wingèd folk.
The elfin vivid flowers, like kin to her,
Some rich pre-natal memory awoke.

Two beautiful great ladies, wreathed in wealth,
Slipped shimmering softly through the florist's door;
Their bright impersonal gaze glanced over her
As if she were a pattern on the floor.
Squat, open-mouthed, bewitched, I saw her stand,
Her timid soul adrift on what strange shore!

PATRICK OF THE BELLS

BY

HERMINIE TEMPLETON

AUTHOR OF "DARBY O'GILL AND THE GOOD PEOPLE," "KILLBOHGAN AND KILLBOGGAN," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HENRY McCARTER

IT'S many's the fine tale concerning the stormy disputes that raged between great Patrick of the Bells and Oisin, the mighty son of Finn MacCumhull, that the learned clerics of Ireland used to be writing down in their thick leather books; and it's many's the account of the wonderful deeds wrought by Patrick that these same ancient clerics used to be putting there, too — for it's given up by every one that Patrick of the Bells was the greatest saint that ever lived in the whole world for the working of miracles.

Wasn't it he that, by the ringing of his bell, drove the seventy-times-seven demons from the bald top of Cruachmaa and put them prisoners in the bottom of the Well of the End of the World? And wasn't it he that banished into the depths of the green, shuddering ocean the writhing serpents, and crawling vipers, and every kind of venomous thing that infested the pleasant land of Ireland? And wasn't it he, as well, that stopped the black famine there, by making the grass to grow again in the blighted fields, by putting the swift-gleaming fish into the gray, silent streams, and by filling with sweet milk the dried udders of the kine? But greater than all these marvels, I think, was the miracle Patrick wrought upon the pagan chieftain Oisin, and that is what I am going to tell you about now.

Hundreds of years before St. Patrick first came to Ireland — and it's hundreds and hundreds of years ago entirely that was — Finn MacCumhull and the warriors of the Fianna ruled from their king's dun at Almhuin, over the pleasant province of Leinster. Threescore captains there were of the Fianna, and fivescore champions followed every captain when he went to the wars; and the like of them for heroes the world has never seen before nor since.

There was among them there Caol, the hundred-wounder, who, from the rising to the setting of the sun, on each one of five days fought with the giant Cathaeir of the speckled ships, and killed him after; and there was Faolan the manly, who slew in one combat the seven brave sons of Lochlin; and Goll the mighty; and Diarmuid the brown-haired, beloved of women; and mighty Oscar of the strokes, son of Oisin, who slew the King of Munster and Cairbre of the silken standard on the same day.

There were among the captains, too, Glas; and Gobha the generous; and Caolite of the flaming hair, whose feet could outrun the west wind; and Conan Moal, the giver of curses, whose words were more biting than the east wind in winter; and Feargus the nimble; and Conn of the sharp green spears; and Ronan, who with his well-tempered blade could pierce an oak-tree; and there were many others, too, of renown, of whom I have not time to be telling you. But the like of them all for heroes the world never saw before nor since. Seven feet tall was Minne, the smallest of them all, and the handle of his spear was just a young ash-tree. By that you may know what the others were like. Many's the grand song has been made up about them by the ancient bards of Ireland.

For grace and courtesy, for strength in battle, for swiftness in hunting, for skill in making melodious music, there was not the like of the Fianna in all Ireland, and if not in Ireland, why, then, of course, never by any chance at all in any other country of the world.

And, as it's one above the others there must always be whenever three men come together, so, among the Fianna, next in favor and in merit to the great chief Finn there was always standing comely Oisin of the strong hand. Son of Finn MacCumhull himself was he, and his mother was the goddess Sadb, daughter of Rodb the Red. Great was the beauty of Oisin and his fame was over the four kingdoms of Ireland. He could jump over a branch as high as his forehead, and stoop under one as low as his knee, and he running at full speed; and he could pluck a thorn out of the heel of his foot at the same time without hindrance to his flight.

On a day at the court of Teamhair, in the presence of the five kings and the five queens of Ireland, the three caskets of honor were given without lessening to Oisin by Cormac, the high king. The first casket held the five silver lilies of courtesy, which meant mercy to the conquered, hospitality to the stranger, charity for the poor and distressed, gentleness to old men and children, and white homage to women; the second casket contained the five bronze nuts of learning, which signified skill in fighting, sleight in wrestling, swiftness in hunting, caution in chess-playing, and sweet cunning in the making of melodious songs; and the third casket held three golden apples, which signified courage in danger, faith in friendship, and truth in speaking. And no other man before or since ever got those three caskets at one time without lessening.

So, no wonder at all it was that Niahm of the golden hair, who was the daughter of the king of the Country of the Young, fell into conceit with the great fame of Oisin, and journeyed all the way to Ireland for love of him; and no sooner did Oisin set his eyes on Niahm of the golden hair than he loved her with every vein of his body, and it's what he said to her:

"From this day out I will have neither ease of mind nor peace of heart until your life is the same as my life; and for me there's no other woman in the world but you, O woman of the deep-shining eyes!"

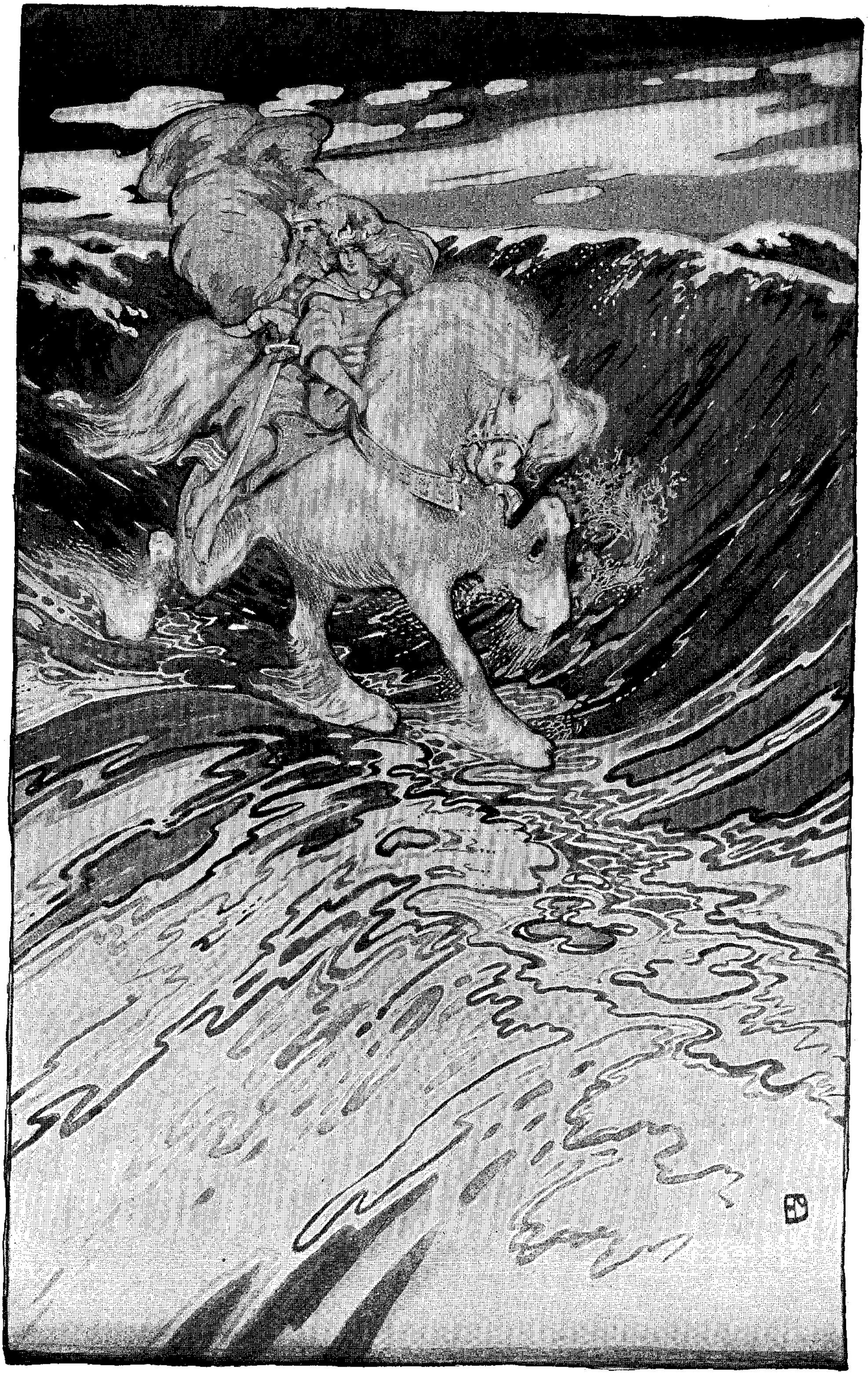
For answer, Niahm bent down from the white horse on which she rode, and kissed him on the forehead and on the eyes, and this is what she said:

"There is many a king's son has paid court to me, O Oisin of the comely brow, but it's to you I give my heart, and to no other. And it's to take you back with me to my father's country I have come, bringing the white horse of magic for our journey; and if you love me as you say, you will come up now and sit behind me here."

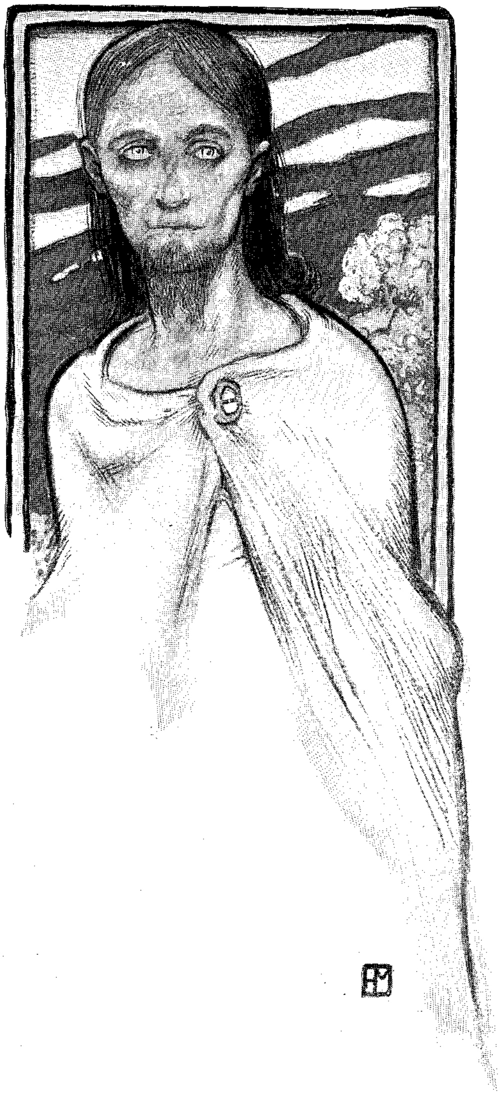
So he did that, and the great white horse turned his face to the western sea. And when Finn saw this, he raised three shouts of sorrow: "My woe and my grief! O Oisin, my son, to be going away from me this way! for I know you will never return."

But the white steed never stayed nor stopped, but rose to meet the green combing waves and leaped into them, and the people of the Fianna saw them no more. And Niahm and the warrior went their way together on the horse of magic over the high-tossing sea and under the dark-running waves toward the Country of the Young.

And as they were going along that way in the shining afternoon of the day, a hornless fawn leaped suddenly up on top of the waves before them, and a red-eared white hound was chasing it. And straightway Oisin, the great hunter, was eager to follow in the chase; but it's what Niahm told him, that these forms running before them were only the creatures of the Sidh, and what they were trying was to lure him from her, the way he would be destroyed in the strong green waves. So, hearing that, Oisin turned his eyes away. Presently, again, a young maid came riding by on a brown steed, and oh, it's



"NIAHM AND THE WARRIOR WENT THEIR WAY TOGETHER ON THE HORSE OF MAGIC"



PATRICK OF THE BELLS

she that was beautiful! Her chalk-white skin was like the swan's breast as he plumes himself on the clear waters of Loch Dearg; her lips were the color of rowan-berries; and her hair was just a golden cloud on her shoulders. In her right hand she held an apple of green gold; and it was fast she rode, throwing many a look of terror behind the while. Close after her a youth came riding on a slim white steed; from his shoulders floated a mantle of crimson-red satin, and he was holding a naked sword in his hand.

At that Oisin's hand was on the bridle-rein and his sword was almost from its scabbard, when Niahm quickly warned the champion to pay no heed, for no danger at all was on the maid, but it was she who was no other than the hornless fawn that went past them a minute before, and the youth with the naked sword was that same white hound with the red ear.

As Niahm was saying this, the maid with the golden apple turned, laughed mockingly, and then she and the youth sank together into the sea.

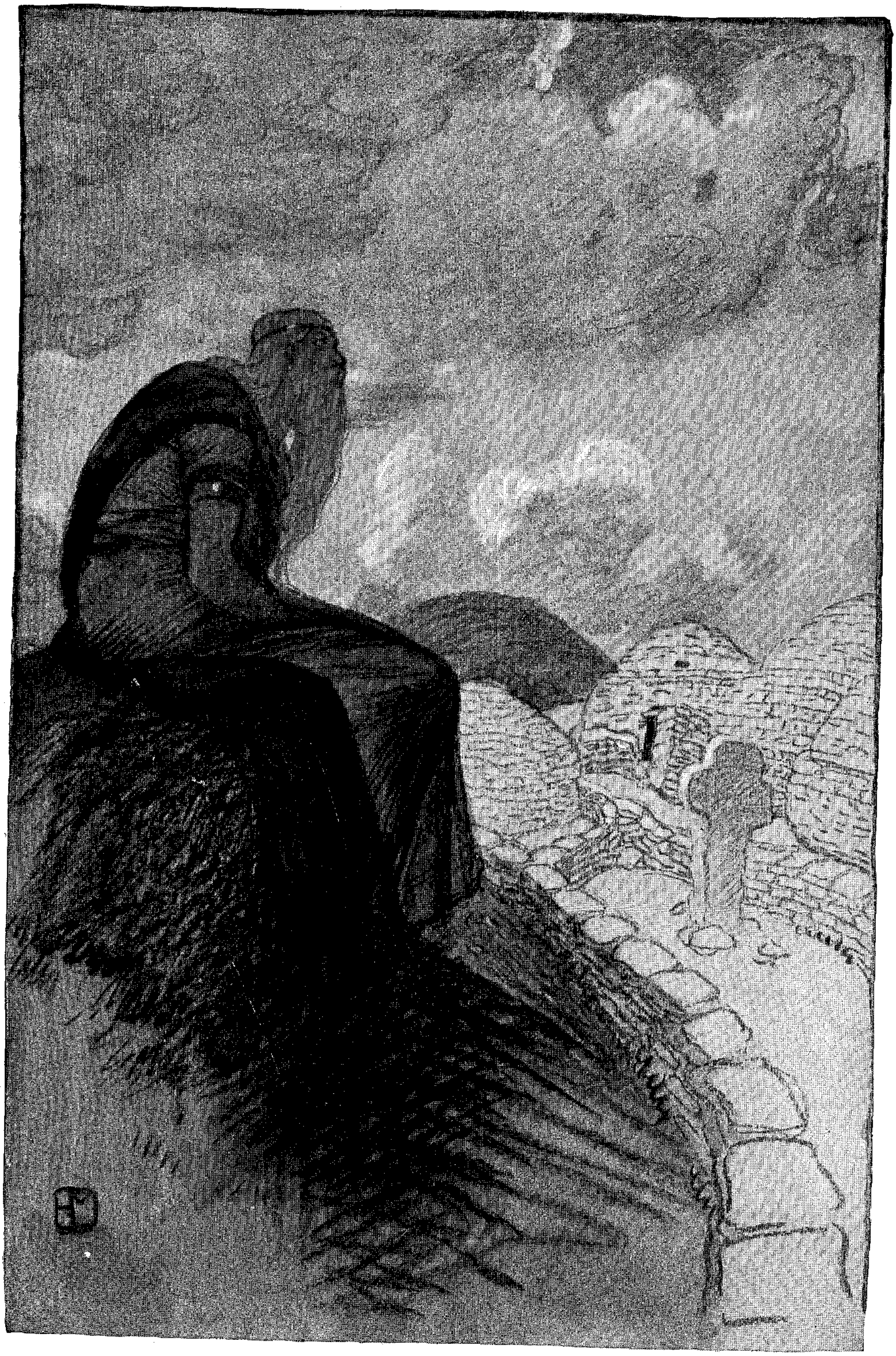
Many other things of wonder Oisin saw on that journey; but the white steed never changed his course nor stayed nor halted till at length and at last it reached the shores of the Country of the Young. There, in the great palace of that land, the king and the queen gave to their daughter Niahm, and to comely Oisin of the sword, a hundred thousand welcomes.

Some of the poets were saying that it was three hundred years that Oisin lived with his beautiful wife Niahm and their children, and other poets used to be saying that it was five hundred years that he remained there. But, however long it was, one thing is sure: that he didn't feel the time passing, nor did he dream how long he had been away from his own land. For in the Country of the Young there is neither age nor sickness nor wasting nor dying, but always feasting and music and hunting and warriors contending one with the other.

And so it was that presently all the recollections of green Erin and of the old life there were driven from his memory by the magic of his beautiful queen, and he was going on forever after, happy and contented with the feasting of to-day and the hunting of to-morrow. But, if Oisin had forgotten the house of his father, the fame of the warrior still lingered on the misty hills and in the wide valleys of his own country; for the bards of Ireland never left off singing of the brave deeds of the exile and of his comeliness and of his high honor.

And this is the way it was with them when Patrick of the Bells came over to Ireland to preach the true faith to the people. And after a while it came about that Patrick loved to be listening to these old songs of brave deeds; for in his heart of hearts a great saint is neither more nor less than a warrior, only that it is against himself his arms are turned.

And one evening, as Patrick sat listening to Cinnfaela, son of Oilill, and he singing the lay of "The Battle of Cnoc-an-Air," a strange wish crept into the saint's mind, and then it grew into his heart; and the wish was no less than that he might bring Oisin back across the western



"GAZING SADLY OUT TO WHERE THE RED SUN WAS SINKING INTO THE WESTERN SEA"

sea from the Country of the Young and baptize him, and so save the hero's soul for heaven.

And so, for many a day, the saint prayed for this at matins and at vespers. But whether what happened was in answer to the prayer will never be rightly known; be that as it may, one thing is certain: On a day, as Oisin and his young men were coming home from the hunt, a great red cloud of Druid mist settled on the side of the hill before them, and out of the middle of the cloud a sweet-sounding harp began playing, and the heart of Oisin stood still, for he knew it to be Suanach, son of Senshenn, who was in it playing, and the song that Suanach sang was the lament for the death of Oscar.

And straightway a sudden famishing for a sight of the wide green hills of Ireland and a hungry yearning for the sound of the long-forgotten voices took the strength from Oisin's limbs, and the enchantment fell from his eyes. When he came up to Niahm, it's what he said:

"O Niahm, queen with the sweet voice, my breast is like an empty plover's nest, for the heart that was in it has flown over the seas to Ireland, and I think I shall die now of the lonesome sickness that is on me for a sight of my people."

And she answered him and she said: "Ah, then, it's the sorrowful word you're bringing to me this day, husband of my heart, going away that way, and it's maybe never coming back to me."

"Haven't we still the white horse of magic," he said, "to bring me back safe again to you? The thought of my people is like a burning coal in the middle of my brain."

And it's what Niahm said: "There is grief before you where you are going, comely Oisin, for not one you ever cared for is alive this day to welcome you back to green Ireland. Great Finn and his champions are lying under the heavy stones these hundreds of years. Even the old gods have gone from there. A stranger from Rome with book and bell has banished them, and the faces of the hills are cold and strange. But I give you leave to go, for when the home longing comes into a man's heart, all the waters of the world will not quench its burning."

And Oisin could not believe that the great Finn was dead, and it's what he thought, that it was only the tenderness and the love that was in the heart of Niahm for him that made her, after the way of women, speak what was not true. But it's what he did: he took Niahm, his queen, up in his arms, and strove to comfort her, and it's she that cried her fill. By and by she spoke, and this is the warning she gave to him then:

"Remember, O Oisin, what I'm telling you now: if you but touch your foot to level ground you will never come back to me. And I say to you again — and harken with every vein of your body, my husband: it's danger there is for you in every blade of grass and in every leaf on the bough when once you leave the Country of the Young. And a third time I warn you: if once you leave the horse's back, or touch hand or foot to the ground of Ireland, from that moment out your magic youth will fall from you, and you will be old and shrunken and sightless, and there will be no strength in your limbs, and the blood in your veins will turn to water, and death's hand will be on your shoulder. Ochone, mavrone, my grief and my woe, it's well I know you will never come back to us!"

When Oisin fronted the white horse of magic to the sea, Niahm gave a great cry of sorrow; and when he leaped into the waves, it is kneeling on the white desolate sand she was, beating the palms of her hands and keening bitterly, like one crying over the face of the dead. And that is how it happened that a mortal brought the first sorrow into the Country of the Young.

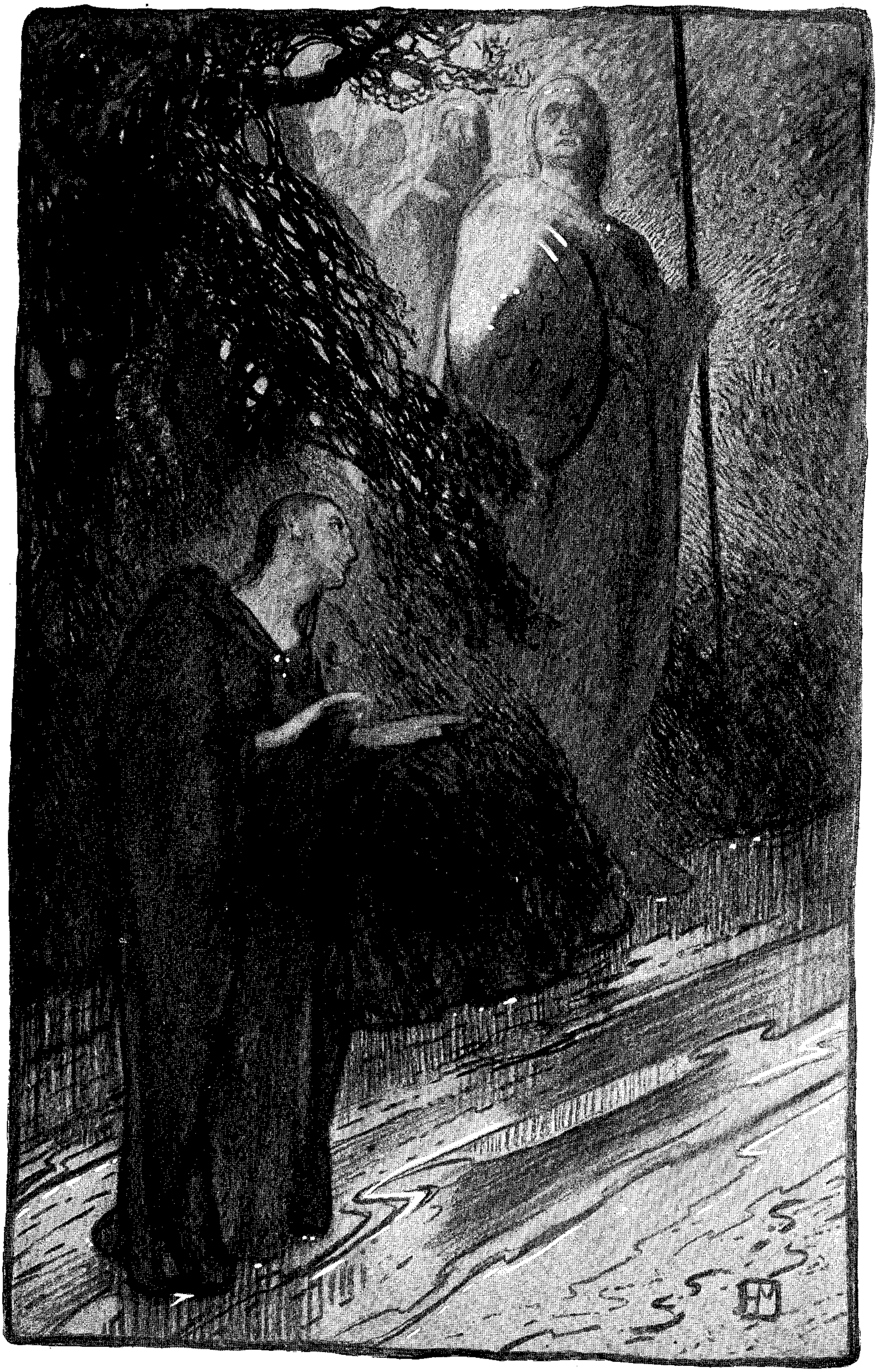
Oisin never looked back, but went as swift as the wind over the high-tossing sea and under the dark-running waves till he came to his own fair country of Ireland. And when he came into that land there was great wonder on him, for the duns of the kings and of the chiefs had disappeared altogether, and the people had dwindled in size till the tallest man of them could walk upright under Oisin's arm. And they stared at him with round eyes, and the women gathered their children and ran from him as if he were a god and it were from the Tuatha de Danaan he was coming. And he asked a man of them: "Where is Finn MacCumhull hunting the day?"

And it's what the man said, he stammering with his wonder: "There is no such man in Ireland now; but hundreds of years ago there was a great champion named Finn MacCumhull, and he was the head chief of the Fianna; and the poets have songs about him, and they do be saying that he was the greatest hero that ever lived in Ireland."

And a cold dread came on Oisin, and it's what he said: "And had he a son named Oisin?"

"And the poets do be singing of him, too," the man said, "of how he went with Niahm, the golden-haired, across the seas to the Country of the Young, and how he never came back. But I don't be giving much heed to those old pishrogues, for I don't think they can be true."

Then Oisin asked about Caolite, and Diar-



"THE FIGURE OF A GIANT WARRIOR . . . STOOD AT THE RIVER'S EDGE" muid, and Goll, and Lugaidh's son; but the man only stared and made a swift crossing sign on his forehead, and walked quickly away. And the people fled, every one, leaving the great, strange man and the white horse standing alone on the roadside.

And a blast of loneliness, fierce as a sweep of storm from the ocean, smote Oisin, so that for a time he had no care to live. But presently from the moor a curlew began calling, and the bird's note put a thought of the great marsh about the dun at Almhuin into him, and it's to himself he said:

"I will go up into Leinster; I will go up to the dun of my father at Almhuin."

With that, he lifted the bridle-rein over the neck of the white horse of magic, and they went like the wind, without stopping, until they came to Leinster and to the hill of Almhuin. And when they came to the hill of Almhuin it was a sorrowful, woeful sight that lay before him; for the broad hillside was bare, the walls of the great dun had been leveled to the ground, and the tall weeds were blowing and nodding above the scattered stones. That is how he found the home of his people. But it's when he came to the wide, bare spot where the feasting-hall used to be standing, and to the great black hearthstones, long grown cold, that the wild grief overwhelmed him, and he struck himself on the breast with clenched fists, and it's what he said:

"Oh, isn't it the sorrowful day, Finn of the open hand, for your own son to be this way a stranger above your empty hearthstone! And you, Goll, and Caolite, and Diarmuid of the fair women, and my own son Oscar, is there never one of you will rise up to bid me welcome? Oh, where shall I turn my face, and who will cover me in my wide grave!"

And as he sat there mourning, his head drooped so low that the long yellow hair of him streamed upon the white mane of the horse, two red foxes came out of a hole and began fighting, one with the other, before him. So when Oisin saw that — the great sign of loneliness and desolation in the house of his father — the weakness of sorrow melted his bones and he sank from the top of the horse, and it's how he lay with his lips to the ground, his arms stretched wide, and he was the same as the dead.

Now, it chanced at that hour that Patrick of the Bells, son of Calphrun, with two of his clerics, was on his way to Ath Cliath to preach the new faith to the people. And some one told Patrick of the strange, beautiful man who looked like a god of the Tuatha de Danaan, and who had just gone riding on a wonderful horse up the hill of Almhuin, and who was now lying as one dead upon the ground.

But when Patrick went to that place, he saw no wonderful horse, and there was in it no god of the Tuatha de Danaan, but only a tall old man, and he lying moaning and mourning among the stones. For, as Niahm had foretold, the instant Oisin's foot touched the ground, the horse vanished, and the chill of the ages crept into his bones and into his heart, and he was a withered old man! Even the mind in him was old.

After Oisin told his wonderful story to the clerics, Patrick took him by the hand and led him the ways to Ath Cliath, where for three days Oisin listened to Patrick of the Bells preaching to the princes and to the people. And every night, through the long hours till between the crowing of the cock and the full light of day, Oisin would be telling Patrick and his clerics in the monastery the story of the Fianna and of the wonderful Country of the Young. And they would never be tired listening to him.

On the fourth day of the preaching, when Patrick was getting ready to baptize the people, it's what he said to Oisin:

"Come out now with the others, son of Finn, till I baptize you and save you from the torments of hell; for if you are not baptized you can never enter heaven."

"But tell me first, Patrick of the white book, where are the Fianna — my son, Oscar of the strokes, Art Garriada, the victorious Caolite, son of Ronan, and Finn, my father — are they in your heaven?"

"No," answered Patrick, "their likes would not be let into heaven; they died unbaptized. They are prisoners in deep hell, suffering the torments of fire."

A spot of red anger burned on either cheek of Oisin, and it's what he answered:

"Then keep your heaven for yourself, O Patrick of the crooked staff, and for the likes of these ill-singing clerics! As for myself, I want none of it. I will go to this hell you speak about to be with Finn, my father, and my son Oscar, and the friends of my youth."

And Patrick was sore sorry to hear this, for he loved greatly the high loyalty and the white honor of the old Fenian; still, he could not keep back a quick surge of wrath, so he said:

"O witless old man, if you had been given but the quick peep of one eye into the place where the Fianna are confined, it is a different sort of wish that you would be speaking, and it's humble and frightened enough you would be at the same time!"

Then Oisin, striving hard to keep back the anger, asked of Patrick:

"But how big is this hell of which you all are so much afraid, O son of Calphrun?"

And Patrick was obliged to answer him: "I do not know how big the place is; but, be content, it is wide enough and deep enough and strong enough to hold forever the sinful Fianna of Ireland."

Then Oisin burst forth: "Well, let me tell you, O stranger in the country, if hell were half the size of Ireland, my Finn and his champions would cut their way with their swords from one end of it to the other. And know, too, if it were heaven they were wanting to go into, it isn't the likes of your God that would be keeping them out. It's little knowledge you have of Finn, son of Cumhull, to be saying things like that. On the plain of Gabhra, Finn with his own hand slew two hundred fighting-men."

"It isn't hundreds that Finn has against him now, O sinful old man, but thousands and tens of thousands and hundreds of thousands."

"If there were as many against him as there are drops of water in Loch Dearg, O Patrick, who belittles the champions of Ireland, my Finn and his heroes would not leave a head on a neck, from one end of hell to the other."

And Oisin was not baptized that day. And neither on the next, nor for seven days after that day, did Patrick even speak to the rough old warrior of heaven or of repentance or of any pious thing; but every night of the seven the two were together, it's only kindness and the deep flattery of long-reaching questions that the pagan got from Patrick. And the saint noticed with great grief that every day the old chief was fainter of voice and weaker than he was the day before, and the fear grew heavy on Patrick that Oisin would die unbaptized. And if the son of Calphrun grew fond of Oisin, it was fonder of the saint that Oisin himself became; and it's what he said at last:

"O Patrick of the long prayers, it's little liking I have for your clerics and their fasting and their singing and their sour faces; but you, O strange man with the pleasant word, it's great the warmth that's in my heart for you, and it's loath I'd be to part with you when we die. Maybe it's not much enjoyment you'll be having in heaven, I'm thinking, with all these wearisome persons fretting and keening from morning till night around you about their souls. Whisper! Do you, Patrick, give up heaven and come with me to the Fianna, where I promise there is plenty of eating and drinking, and singing, and hunting, and courting, and chess-playing, and warriors contending one with another. I'll speak the good word for you to Finn, my father, and it's a hundred thousand welcomes will lie before you."

But Patrick answered him sadly: "O foolish man of the sword, it's little of those pleasures are allowed to the enemies of heaven."

On another day Oisin said: "It's what I'm thinking sometimes, Patrick of the white cloak, that if Finn and the King of saints are enemies now, it must be the way that some other king is carrying jealous lies between the two of them. Couldn't you send word to your King that Finn was always the true-hearted man with the open hand?"

"Finn and the Fianna are overthrown; they are in the bonds of pain, being punished for their pride, their boasting, and their misdeeds."

Then Oisin burst forth again: "It's easy for you to say that to me now, when the strength has gone from me, O soft-handed priest; but if Minne, the least of the Fianna, were here, it's few psalms your clerics would be singing in this house the night, and it's many's the sore head would be running about Ath Cliath looking for a place to hide itself. And now, don't be talking to me that way any more, O Patrick of the crooked staves, for it's little heed I'll be giving you from this out!"

"O witless old man," cried Patrick, in great distress, "it's a bed of fire you are making for yourself this day, when you should be striving for the delights and pleasures of heaven!"

"Tell me, Patrick of the golden vestments," the son of Finn asked again, "will Meargach of the green spears, who fought against us with his hosts at Cnoc-an-Air, enter heaven?"

And it's what Patrick answered then: "The unbaptized are enemies of my King; they can never enter heaven!"

And it's then that Oisin said: "It wasn't that way at all with my king, for the whole world might come to his door and get meat and shelter there; and they'd find a smith at a forge, too, that would be mending their arms while they stood boasting, maybe, that those same arms would be reddening the ground with our blood on the morning of the morrow. But tell me another thing, O Patrick: would my horse or my hound be allowed with me in that city?"

"Neither your horse nor your hound nor any soulless thing may enter that place."

"Well, then, take my answer, Patrick of the wheedling tongue: If in heaven you can never hear the song of the blackbird nor the linnet on the bough, nor the cry of the hounds on a frosty morning, nor the bellow of the stag as he comes leaping down the mountain, it's not the kind of a place I'd like to be spending the rest of my days in. No, no, Patrick of the Bells, don't be throwing up your hands that way, for, whatever happens to me, where I'd be is with my father and his people."

And after that it's how Patrick marveled that while he and Oisin might be talking pleasantly forever about battles and adventures and wonders, still and all, if the two of them began speaking about religious things, then before one could walk five spear-lengths the saint would be losing his temper and the hot anger would drive all convincing arguments and all good discourse to the four winds. So Patrick made up his mind that 'twas an evil spirit that was coming between the two of them, and that for the future the old warrior might say what he liked and Patrick would keep his temper.

Often, toward the end of the day, Oisin used to be climbing with his staff up the green slope of Slieve Carman, and it's there he would stay, his chin sunk in his two hands and he gazing sadly out to where the red sun was sinking into the western sea.

On a day, the son of Calphrun followed him to where he was sitting that way on the hillside, and the two of them remained there awhile without talking together, until Patrick spoke up and said:

"I'm a-wondering, O Oisin of the brooding mind, what is the secret worry and long fretting that's on you. By virtue of our friendship, tell me what trouble it is that you are keeping hidden and covered."

At that the old warrior shifted uneasily and turned away his face. "This is the trouble that's on me," he said at last. "Here I am among strangers, without bread and without any pleasant food. Look you, my breast is beginning to slant inward like a nesting curlew's breast, and soon enough, I am thinking, the two legs of me will be sunk to the size of a robin's legs. My grief and my woe! I, that was used to living in such great plenty, to be spending my days now among a houseful of fasting clerics!"

"It isn't true at all, what you are saying," the son of Calphrun replied. "Twoscore round wheaten cakes, with their share of wine and flesh, are what is given you every day except the fast-days. No, no; it isn't starvation at all that is on you, ungrateful old man."

But Oisin wagged his gray head and spoke stubbornly: "It's little liking I have for these same fast-days, O priest of the contending tongue, and it's few other kinds of days are coming into your house, and it for my sorrow filled at the same time with praying and singing. It's well I know that if generous Finn and my brave son Oscar were here to-day we would not be without plenty of meat this night at the command of the bell of the seven tolls."

And it's what Patrick, smiling, answered: "Have done, fond old man! Well I know that it's neither the fasting nor the prayers nor the chanting of the clerics that is on you, but only a long, deep yearning for the unblessed woman of magic in that far country, and for your children. And don't I know, too, why you come here day after day, staring across the white-ridged water?"

When Oisin heard that, he was silent for a while, but his two eyes dimmed with the tears, and when he answered it's what he said:

"Well I know what a shame it is for a great warrior to be mourning for the sight of a woman, or to be ochoning and sorrowing after little children. But over there beyond that measureless sea, on the white shore of the Country of the Young, Niahm, my beautiful queen without blemish, is every day standing waiting for me, and that is why I sit here from the red of the evening till the black of the night. O Patrick, the heart inside of me is dry and empty as a withered nut with the lonesomeness and the age and the longing."

And Patrick spoke, comforting him: "Surely it is, as you say, a shame for a great warrior like yourself to be mourning and fretting after a woman, and she unblessed — a woman of magic, and not human at all. And you'll quit thinking of her now."

And it's what Oisin said then: "O Patrick, who has traveled the world over, it is yourself has not seen, East or West, nor yet have any of your clerics seen the equal of that woman for beauty or goodness. Her voice was softer than the black birds of Derrycarn when she spoke my name; a gold ring was always hanging from each curl of her shining hair; and the kisses of her lips were sweeter than honey mingled through red wine."

And Patrick said then: "Isn't it a pitiful thing to hear a withered old man with such silly words in his mouth? Isn't it fitter that you should be crying those hot tears for fear of the anger of God?"

And Oisin spoke from behind wet hands: "I will cry my fill of scalding tears, O Patrick of the white staves, though not for God, but for her and for Finn and for my lost people."

But Patrick put down his anger, and he said: "It is a sin for you to be crying that way after the like of any woman, and I will tell you now of how a woman first brought all the sin and trouble into the world."

And with that the saint began telling Oisin the true story of Adam and Eve. But when Patrick got to that part of the story where Adam was telling God that it was all Eve's fault, and that she had tempted him to eat, Oisin impatiently waved the saint to silence and wouldn't be listening any further, and it's what he said:

"Don't be telling me any more about your saints or of their doings! If I had Adam before me now, it's little breath I'd leave in his body to be carrying tales again that way on any poor woman!"

It was hard for Patrick to control himself then, but he put down his wrath and said: "Will you ever leave off with your empty words, O hoary old man? Shameful it is for me to be listening and you always talking in sinful mockery of the great saints."

And Oisin answered: "It isn't mockery. Were my own Oscar and your three greatest saints hand to hand on Cnocna-bh-Fiann, and if I saw my son down, I would say that your saints were strong men. Patrick, ask of God if he remembers when Finn fought with the king of the speckled ships, and if He has seen, East or West or in His own country, a man who was equal to my Finn."

And Patrick strove in vain to answer with a soft tongue, but he cried: "O wicked old man, it's little you know of God, to be speaking such wild words. It was He who made the sun and the moon and the stars; it is He that gives blossoms to the trees and makes the grass and the flowers to grow in the fields."

And Oisin spoke slowly and with scorn then: "It wasn't in making grass and birds and little flowers that my king took delight, but in spreading his banner in front of the fight, and in hacking at bones, and in leading his warriors where the danger was greatest, and in courting and swimming and hunting, and in beholding all in the house drinking. It was in such things as these, O son of Calphrun, that my king took delight. Now, Patrick, by virtue of the white book and the crozier that is lying there at its side, relate to me any great feat of strength or any great deed of fighting that was ever done by your King of saints; I haven't heard that He ever reddened His hands."

At that Patrick rose hastily from the rock, and took his crozier and his white book from the ground, and he was very wroth. Twice he tried to speak, and twice he held his words. Then it's what he said:

"Cease your blasphemies, O withered old man! It is your ignorance and want of knowledge that saves you from the present anger of God. Your time of grace is dwindling into hours; before they have slipped away entirely, submit to Him who does all things well. Stoop your head and strike your breast and shed your tears."

And it's what the warrior answered: "I will strike my breast, indeed, and shed my fill of tears, but not for God or for His saints, but for my Finn and the heroes." And then Oisin was alone on the side of the bleak hill.

But that night Patrick brought his own share of wheaten cakes and gave them to Oisin.

And on another day Patrick was speaking of the day of judgment, when all the dead would rise, when all who fell in battles and all who were drowned in the waves, as well as those who died in their beds, would be coming together in one place for judgment. And the son of Finn asked of Patrick:

"Oh, tell me, priest of the pleasant speech, is it sure that Finn and my son Oscar will be there, and Luanan of the heavy spears, and Cruagan the mighty, and Mualan of the exploits?"

And Patrick answered: "Finn and all his host will stand before the judgment-seat on that day to take sentence for their sins."

And Oisin asked again: "Do you think will Cairbre, the high king, with the hosts of the Clanna Moirne, be let within sight of the Fianna?"

And Patrick answered, as before, that all men that were ever born of woman must stand before the judgment-seat that day. And it's what Oisin said:

"Well, then, I'm thinking, Patrick, that if all Finn's champions come together again that morning with the hosts of King Cairbre, who fought against us at Gabhra, you may tell your God that since the world began He never saw, East or West nor between heaven and the grass, such grand fighting as He will see that day."

And Patrick answered him sharply: "It's little fighting the Fianna will be doing there, and it's little they'll be thinking of battles; but it's mourning and weeping they'll be, and gnashing their teeth as they are being driven away into the burning pit."

And it's what Oisin answered: "O stranger in the country, isn't it the great spite you have against the champions of Ireland, who never did you any harm, to be putting the heavy lies on them that way! But let me tell you that it isn't mourning or weeping at all we will go from that place, but free and unhindered, marching proudly together, one breast even with another breast, our slanted spears shining, our silken banners spread, our bards chanting the noble war-songs, and the soldiers of heaven running frightened and scattered before us."

At that Patrick was in great trouble; and he went out of the house then, and shut himself up in the chapel, and it's there praying he was until evening; and he never stirred while the vespers were being read, and even long after the cloisters were still with the sleep Patrick was kneeling, with bowed head, like a statue of stone. But at the turn of midnight he arose and went to the cell where Oisin was sleeping, and it's what he said:

"Awake, Oisin of the stubborn heart! Arise, for my God has taken pity on your unbelief."

Then Oisin, without a word, rose wondering, and the two went into the darkness and the silence of the night. It's by every short way they went over the hills and through the valleys until, by dusk of the evening of the morrow, they came to the ford of the river that flowed through the wide plain of Gabhra. And when Oisin saw that place a great weakness came on him, and he leaned his full weight on the shoulder of the saint, and it's what he said:

"My grief and my woe, O Patrick of the helping arm! it's well I know this sorrowful spot. It is the battle-field of Gabhra, where the bravest and the comeliest lie buried. I saw that stream before us run crimson red with the best blood of Ireland. Och, ochone, my grief! There at the hill's foot fell my son Oscar of the strokes, and just here sank down together the seven brave sons of Caolite, and there died Lugaidh's son; and never in this world before was there such loss of fighting-men. Why have you brought us to this sad place, O Patrick?"

And it's how the saint answered him: "It's because the dust of the Fianna lies buried all about us here that we came. Tell me, Oisin of the long years, if Finn and the Fianna were at peace with God, would you also be baptized, and so be prepared for the city of saints?"

"It's little use to be striving to hide it from you, Patrick; it's hard it is to be at odds with you, and gladly I'd be friends with God just for your sake. Besides, if there be need of fighting-men in heaven, the King of saints cannot do a wiser thing than to send for Goll and the mighty Oscar of the strokes and the soldiers of the Fianna."

And Oisin could not understand at all the tears in Patrick's eyes nor the tremble in his voice as the saint answered him:

"The mercy of God is more wonderful than all His works; He has answered the prayers of the humblest of his servants. So, Oisin, this night you will be christened with Finn, your father, and with your loved comrades of the Fianna; your high loyalty to them has conquered heaven. Come with me now to the ford."

At that he led the old pagan's faltering steps into the shallow stream and baptized him there. When that was done, he bade Oisin return to the water's edge and wait for him there. But Patrick remained in the water praying, and it's what it seemed, that his figure grew taller and his face glowed with a white light. Three times he raised his arms toward heaven, then bowed his head again and waited.

When he did that, a heavy, luminous mist settled on either bank of the stream. Presently the figure of a giant warrior with shield and sword, and two spears of ancient make, stood at the river's edge, outlined against the mist; and Patrick knew by the king's crown that was upon the warrior's forehead that it was no other than the great Finn, son of Cumhull himself, that was in it. And the warrior came into the stream and stately bent his knees before Patrick, and Patrick baptized him there. When that was done, the mighty son of Cumhull arose and passed on into the mist on the opposite shore whence he had come. Then followed Oscar of the strokes, and Cairrioll of the white skin, and Faolan the liberal, and Conan of the sharp tongue, and Caolite of the flaming hair, and his seven sons. And as each passed he bent his knee in the flood, and Patrick sprinkled the water on his forehead and spoke the words that changed him into a child of God. Thus captain followed captain, and host followed host, until the warriors came no more.

When the last figure melted away into the haze Patrick knew that his task was ended. But as he turned to regain the bank, a resplendent figure stepped forth to meet him. Of all the men Patrick had ever seen in the world, this one was the stateliest and comeliest. It's more than seven feet tall he was, and the hair of his proud head fell like burnished gold to his shoulders. Upon his brow was a golden fillet, and a collar of red gold encircled his neck. In spite of the youthful beauty of the man's face, Patrick knew that it was Oisin and no other that stood before him. As the saint gazed, the apparition raised its right hand high above its head, with the open palm toward Patrick. And it's how it stood there smiling a little minute, and then disappeared through the cloud, the way the others had gone.

As it did that the mists lifted, and Patrick went out to where the figure of the old man was lying, and it's how he lay with his lips to the ground, and he cold and dead.

Then Patrick made a wide grave of stones over against the hill's foot where Oscar fell, and he buried Oisin there.

Now, that was the greatest miracle of St. Patrick — bringing the Fianna of Ireland from the grave the way they would be baptized and saved for heaven.

THE PLANET MARS

BY

PROFESSOR PERCIVAL LOWELL

DIRECTOR OF THE LOWELL OBSERVATORY, FLAGSTAFF, ARIZONA

ILLUSTRATED WITH DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR

A MAN is gaged by the breadth of his mental horizon. The savage cares for nothing outside the events of his tribal life. Nature, except as it affects his domestic affairs or frightens him by some violent manifestation, is a subject of perfect indifference to him. And in this respect the unthinking member of any civilized community does not differ essentially from the savage. His mind is myopically intent upon the petty matters affecting his dinner or his sport, and the unknown is with him not merely a matter of unconcern — it is non-existent.

But as men and races develop they display an ever-increasing capacity for curiosity and a constant impulse to bend their quickened imagination to subjects more and more remote from daily life. To the historic vision this growth of human interest has been like the dilating circle of some primal impulse on the placid surface of a pond. It has withdrawn itself farther and farther from the center, the individual, until now students are evolving the ions and analyzing the constitution of the stars.

One of the most amazing and scientifically important results of this constant expansion of our knowledge has been the recent recognition of a sister world in space. A phase of evolution of which, hitherto, we have had no evidence outside our own earth has disclosed itself, by unmistakable signs, on another planet; in other words, for the first time in history, organic life has been discovered beyond the limits of our globe.

To one not versed in the subject and but imperfectly aware of how the results have been obtained, the simple statement of what has been discovered sounds incredible. Yet, the further the investigation is carried, the more corroborative evidence appears in its support, and the more certain the conclusions become. For all their apparent extravagance, they are but the sober deductions of long-continued, systematic work.

Mars' Recent Phenomenal Display

The world of which we have lately come to know something of intrinsic evolutionary importance is the planet Mars. It has long been remarked that there are occasions when this planet displays such extraordinary luster as to force itself upon the attention of the most casual observer, for at such times it rules without a peer in the midnight sky. One of these illuminations has occurred within the last few months, and simple folk have taken it for some surprising portent.

The cause of the planet's occasional great display lies in its periodical close approach to the earth. As the two planets circle round the sun, the inner, by going faster, overtakes the outer once every other year. Were the orbits of both perfect circles, we should thus meet Mars in full glory every time we passed. But, as the orbits are elliptical, the distance separating the planets at each encounter varies according to their positions in these orbits. Once in about seventeen years their wanderings bring them particularly near together, and it is then that the great red star excites general comment.

It is during these rare periods, with their exceptional opportunities for observation, that the students of Mars have carried on their most effective investigations. By studying the planet constantly, not only at the season of its closest approach to the earth but for months before and after, they have been able to arrive at the secret of some of its most perplexing and significant changes.

In observing Mars, the first prerequisite is to secure a station where the waves due to condensation and rarefaction, which exist everywhere to a greater or less degree in the atmosphere, will not so affect that medium as to blur the telescopic image beyond the possibility of any accurate result. Were it not for this action of the air waves, there would apparently be no limit to the telescopic magnification one might employ until one reached objects whose dimensions are comparable with those of the excessively minute light waves. But, as it is, even in the most favorable atmosphere the best views are those obtained with a magnification of from 350 to 550. To translate this into familiar terms, Mars can be most advantageously viewed by magnifying it to about twenty-five times the size of the moon as it appears to the naked eye, or about four times the size of the moon as seen through an opera-glass. It was thus that it appeared when viewed at a power of 390 from Flagstaff, last July, during the period of its greatest resplendence.

The Canals of Mars

At such a power the features of the Martian globe stand out distinct, often as clear-cut as a steel engraving; and their great dissimilarity to those of the moon is strikingly revealed. Instead of a chalklike surface pitted with craters in almost limitless number, one looks upon a beautiful color-map where blue-green patches diversify an ocherish red ground crowned by brilliant white. There are no signs of mountains on the smooth expanse; instead, an amazing system of reticulated lines is traceable over the whole surface — one would say that it was a cobwebbed globe which the orderly witches of nature had neglected to sweep. And yet, it is its very orderliness that surprises one. The design has all the geometric precision of one of those delicately constructed spider-webs which become the more admirable the more minutely they are scanned. As one's vision grows steadier, this mesh of linear markings takes on a more and more artificial look. All the lines lead with absolute precision to definite centers. These lines are the much-talked-of canals of Mars.

In spite of being in everybody's mouth, they have been in very few eyes. It is, of course, not the easiest thing in the world to perceive them or they would have been discovered years ago; yet, to a trained eye and in the proper atmosphere, they are not, as is often erroneously stated, at the limit of visibility. On the contrary, their form and character can be clearly and accurately perceived.

But the recent great advance in our knowledge of Mars is not entirely due, as the general reader might suppose, to the discovery of these canals and the wonderful system they constitute. It is only through what we have lately learned in regard to the general constitution of the planet that the canals themselves have begun to be understood.

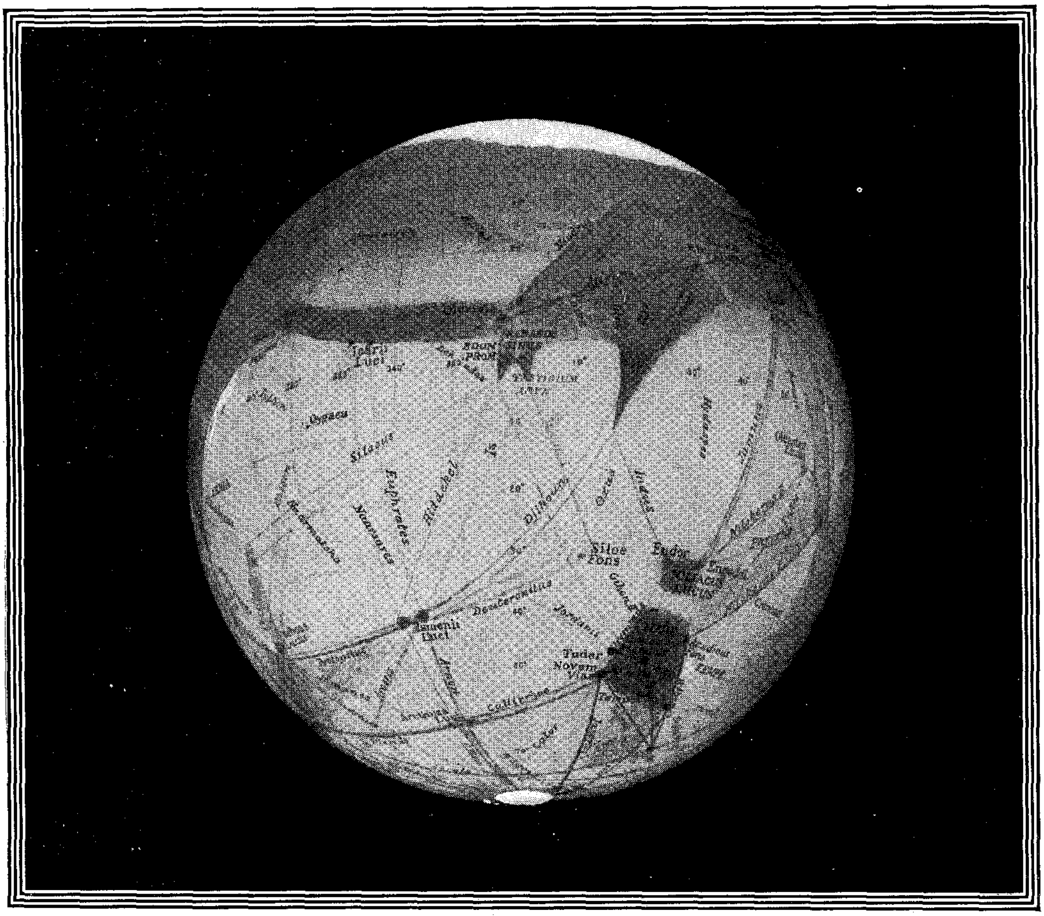
A Desert Planet

It used to be thought that the dark blue-green patches on Mars were seas and oceans after the manner of our own. Generations of astronomers were brought up on these Martian seas. But, as the planet came to be more closely examined, phenomena were observed which contradicted this idea. W. H. Pickering took the first step in revolutionizing the old theories, but even he stopped short of the truth; for, while abolishing many of the Martia, he yet concluded that there were two seas on the planet. In 1894 and subsequently it was determined by observations at Flagstaff that there were no bodies of water there at all — that what had been taken for seas were in fact great tracts of vegetation whose hue and character changed with the varying seasons of the planet's year.

The discovery that there was no surface water on Mars was one of the fundamental factors in the building up by the writer of his theory of Martian phenomena; for this fact proved Mars to be a desert world — five eighths of its surface actual Sahara and the other three eighths but ill supplied with what is all essential to a world as we know it — moisture. Except in the spring, and just at the poles, there was no evidence even of mist or cloud to drop this essential fatness upon a famished land. Over the greater part of the planet and during the greater part of the year — about 99 per cent. of the two taken together — the Martian sky remained perpetually clear.

Upon this followed another important discovery. An optical examination of the blue band surrounding the polar cap determined it, with reasonable certainty, to be water. Water, then, does exist upon Mars, but not in any great amount; for not only does it occur solely at the polar caps, but even there for a large part of the year it lies frozen in a thin layer over the ground. How little thickness it has is shown by the speed with which it disappears with the returning sun of spring and summer. It melts at the rate of six miles a day southward in the southern hemisphere when the sun crosses the line, with the result that these polar caps are almost entirely and sometimes quite melted in the course of the Martian summer.

Both these points are of vital importance in determining whether the physical conditions of Mars are compatible with the presence of organic life. On the one hand, we know that the greater part of the planet's surface is desert area; but, on the other, we have evidence that



MAP OF MARS

Showing the gradually waning snows of the polar caps. It shows the dark areas which were once known as "seas," but which are in reality stretches of vegetation; the light areas which were once called "continents," but which are mere arid regions; the curious canals which interlace the planet, and which at certain times, as here indicated, appear double; and the dark spots toward which the *canals all run, and which are probably oases in the vast planetary desert. The map shows Mars at nearly midsummer.*

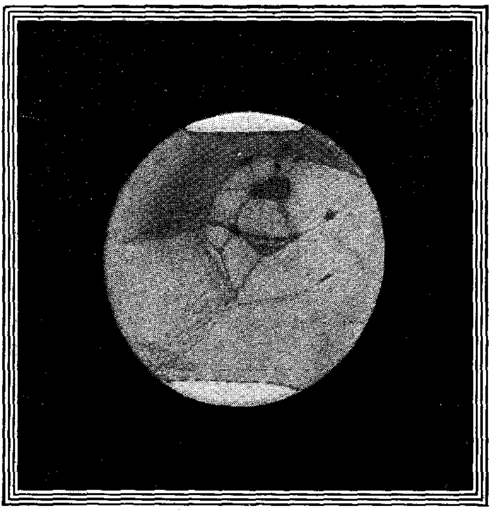
water does exist there, although in very scant supply. A third matter no less important is the question of temperature.

It was once thought that, with so light an air covering as it is known to possess, and at a distance from the sun one and a half times as great as our earth, Mars could receive so little warmth that it must remain perpetually frozen, and that this condition alone must exclude all possibility of life upon its surface. But more thoroughgoing study of the problem, with the aid of all the physical methods apparently applicable, has introduced an important factor which was formerly overlooked altogether — the loss of heat through reflection. By no means all the sunlight reaching a body is absorbed and thereby utilized. On the contrary, the larger part of the radiant energy rebounds and is sent back into space without adding to the heat of the surface on which it impinges. A practical example of this may be seen if a polished silver kettle and a dark iron one are placed in front of a fire. The iron vessel will grow hot, while the silver one still remains cool, although the specific heat of iron — that is, the quantity of heat needed to raise it to a given temperature — is, weight for weight, twice that of silver.

The same thing may take place, on a large scale, with two planets. The body which appears the brighter to an observer, because it reflects more light, may be by that very token the less heated, and the loss of energy by reflection may more than counterbalance the advantage of standing nearer the source. This is actually true in the case of Mars and the earth. The earth, being the brighter of the two, loses a much greater fraction of its heat. A comparison of the relative amounts of heat received at the surfaces of the two planets, and its retention by each, has resulted in the estimate that the mean temperature of Mars should be about

48° F., or only twelve degrees colder than our own.

Furthermore, the perennially clear skies of Mars make for a greater variation of temperature between day and night and summer and winter than is our lot, accentuating the heat of the one and the chilliness of the other. The Martian climate is one of extremes where great heat treads upon the heels of excessive cold. The melting of the polar caps in the hot season contributes to this state of things, and, in consequence, the Martian summer, even in the polar regions, is probably of a warmth unknown in similar latitudes on the earth. But the extreme range of temperature between the seasons makes for greater equality of climate between the equator and the poles, so that the tropical climes are relatively more frigid than with us, and the frigid ones less cold. For a couple of Martian months, amounting to nearly four of ours, the temperature within five degrees of the pole is above freezing practically all the time; how much higher than this it may be we have as yet no means of gaging. It is possible that the heat there is greater at times than even the chilliest soul among us would demand for comfort.



MARS, JULY, 1907
SOLIS LACUS

These, then, are the physical facts about Mars: The temperature, so far from precluding the possibility of life, differs by only about twelve degrees from our own, while the weather and temperature in high latitudes are far more favorable for life than ours. On the other hand, the greater part of the surface is a vast desert, resembling those dry, tropical regions of the earth where the sun looks down perpetually from a brazen sky upon a burnt-up land. The only source of moisture exists in a limited area at the poles, and is even there accessible only during the melting of the polar caps in the spring and summer seasons.

Evidence of Intelligent Life

This pitilessly desert condition is in complete accord with what modern physical deduction of planetary evolution would lead us to expect. Viewed from the standpoint of life, it is an appalling picture. Yet vegetable life does exist on Mars, and this fact, according to general cosmic laws, implies animal life as well. The probability that if animal life exists in such an environment it would manifest itself by some such sign as the canals is so strong that, had we never seen the canals, we should almost be justified in supposing their existence, much as Agassiz predicted the character of the fossil fish before its discovery.

For, just as environment undoubtedly gave them birth, so environment explains them. Had we but the canals themselves to go by in trying to solve the riddle of Mars, we should scientifically refuse expression on the subject; much as their appearance suggests an intelligent plan, it would be impossible to prove this solely on hypothetical grounds. But not only is the conception of their artificial origin in logical accord with what we know of the physical conditions of the planet: it is completely and tellingly borne out by their behavior.

Growth of Vegetation Visible at Forty Million Miles

The canal system is not confined to any one region of Mars. Light and dark regions alike are networked by it. It ramifies over the whole surface, terminating at last in the polar caps. But there is method in its multifariousness. Although the network exists continuously, it is not continuously in exploitation. During the spring and summer of either hemisphere the canals in that hemisphere are dark and salient; during the autumn and winter they are hardly to be made out. Further than this, a systematic movement of progression is discernible in them. They do not start to develop at all until the melting of the polar caps is well under way. Then, once started, they proceed to darken in latitudinal procession down the disk. So marked is the stately advance that we can follow it forty million miles away.

This darkening of the canals, by the delay with which it follows upon the disintegration of the polar cap, proclaims itself due, not directly to water, but to what water has brought about — vegetation. Now, this process is precisely what animal life of a sufficiently high order would set in motion. Water is essential to the maintenance of life, and on Mars the polar caps furnish the only reservoir from which it can be drawn. The logical solution of the difficulty is a system of canals by which water can be distributed over the planet's surface. The fact that such a system of canals exists, and that to all appearances they perform this function, is almost incontrovertible evidence of intelligence at work upon another globe.

The recognition of another living world besides us in space has come to stay. Every approach of Mars and the earth to each other in their orbits has furnished stronger proof that our neighbor is tenanted with life, and that this life maintains itself by means of the canals.

Are the Canals an Optical Illusion?

The startling character and far-reaching importance of this latest acquisition of science has hindered instead of furthering its easy acceptance. The new theory is too subversive of previous ideas and too vast in its scientific scope to be readily assimilated by minds already inclined to more circumscribed ideas. For men believe readily what they wish to believe. It is a demonstrated physiological fact that reason is not the captain of the mind, but an engineer which does the individual's bidding, keen to argue for whatever course the inherited disposition directs it to pursue. With scientists, as with other men, it is the inherited bundle of belief that determines for the moment the acceptance or rejection of a new idea.

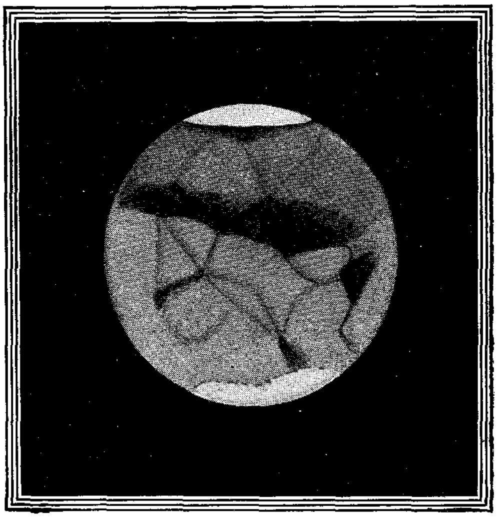
So it is here. It would be amusing to see how the lines of intrenched prejudice are slowly abandoned and new ones thrown up farther on, were it not sad to think how slowly man evolves and how averse he is to his own evolution. At first the existence of any linear phenomena was scouted; scientists declared that no lines were visible on Mars. To-day that stand is practically abandoned. That we see the lines is admitted; it is their character which is questioned. The explanation of those who oppose the canal theory is that what appear to be lines are merely an optical synthesis of other markings; in other words, that from what are in reality detached fragments the eye constructs lines.

This hypothesis, however, leads us to a conclusion far more startlingly improbable than a downright recognition of their linear character.

By observing the distance at which telegraph wires of known size can be perceived, and by allowing for the greater defining power of the naked eye as against the telescope, it has been possible to determine the width which a line on Mars would have to possess in order to be visible with the aid of a given magnifying power. It appears that with an eye-piece of 390 diameters, which is the least usually employed on the 24-inch objective of the Flagstaff Observatory, a line two miles wide should be discernible. Furthermore, any noteworthy variation in the width of such a line would be easily apparent; a doubling of its breadth, for instance, would produce a distinct difference in its visibility.

The "Rosary" Hypothesis

Now, in order to test the assumption that the appearance of lines on Mars is due in part to an optical illusion, the following experiment was devised: Lines with breaks in them were ruled on paper and set up at such a distance that, seen through the telescope, they subtended the same width that a Martian canal five miles wide would do. They were then viewed through the telescope by trained observers. The result was that to every one of the observers the breaks were visible whenever they exceeded a size corresponding to a length of sixteen miles on Mars; in other words, while a break of less than sixteen miles might occur in one of the Martian canals without being visible to us, any break exceeding this length would be easily apparent.



MARS, JULY, 1907
SYRTIS MINOR

We have, then, the following alternatives: either the canals of Mars are what they appear to be — continuous straight lines of even width throughout — or they are composed of detached fragments never varying more than five miles in width, never distant from each other more than sixteen miles, yet arranged in absolutely straight lines for distances of twenty-five hundred miles or more — and this not in one but in every instance in which they occur. Which of these two hypotheses is the more intrinsically probable the intelligent reader can estimate for himself.

To be in a position to criticize the new theory with any weight, one should have served a sufficient apprenticeship to become skilled in this line of research, which by itself is a branch of astronomy. Moreover, one should have observed the Martian phenomena in the best procurable air, with the greatest advantage that equipment can give, and with an eye as keen as his criticism. But, surprising as it may seem, very few serious attempts have been made by the critics to confirm or disprove the observations they criticize. On the other hand, authorities who have taken pains to make their work as trustworthy as possible are remarkably at one on the subject. The difference in their conclusions is merely one of degree. It has been wonderful, for instance, to note the agreement of Schiaparelli's observations with the most recent discoveries.

Mankind's intellectual advance is like the making tide upon a sandy beach. Instinct with energy from the great deep, each roller comes bravely in with all the impetus of youth, battles its way victoriously up to shore, pauses, its impulse spent, and then lowly retreats, retarding with all the power of its position the one that follows. So it is with the generations of men: each, as it enters upon the scene, brings its new untrammeled impulse to the problems of the world, only to encounter the prejudiced limitations of its kind and the blocking inertia of the generation that has already done its work. Such part of it as chances to be beyond its fellows cannot look to them for aid, but must wait for the succeeding generation to take up and carry its tribute of a pebble farther up the beach. So it has been with every important advance in thought, from that of Copernicus to that of Darwin. Martin Luther called Copernicus an upstart astrologer and a fool. Succeeding ages hold him the greatest mind of his day. Darwin failed to convert a single member of his own generation, with the exception of two or three personal friends; but his prophecy of eventual recognition was strikingly fulfilled, for not a man of twenty years later but accepted his theory as manifestly true. Posterity sees farthest because, as its battalions press forward, it stands *en masse* where only its leaders stood before.

DOMINION

BY CHARLES BUXTON GOING

I HAVE lured him with opaline lights
And sung him to confident sleep —
And then, in the horror of nights,
I have strangled his cry in the deep.

I have purred at his feet on the sand
And whispered of love to his sail,
Till, far from the sheltering land,
I have swept him to death in the gale.

I have promised him substance and store
If he gave me his sons and his fleet;
And then, having cozened him sore,
I have cast up his dead at his feet.

But he spans me with log and with lead,
He brands me with marks for his ken;
He buries the tale of his dead,
And turns his ships seaward again.

THE IDEALIST

BY

PERCEVAL GIBBON

AUTHOR OF "THE SECOND-CLASS PASSENGER," "THE MEAGRE LIFE," ETC.

SCRUB and bush and rock, and from the top of every rise a spreading panorama of hill-country, uncouthly carved and torn into spires and buttresses of stone and earth. Through such a landscape Carew led his carriers inland from the Portuguese coast, and had long since passed the line at which the languid administration stops. He was in wild country now, where no law runs but the law of the stronger arm and the rifle. It was drooping to the close of a still afternoon. Vehement heat held all nature crouched voiceless, and as he trudged, winding in and out between boulder and thorn, the acrid red dust puffed up in clouds below his tread and joined itself to the fog raised by the boys. These — mute, lean, black men — jogged in single file behind him, dumb beasts of burden, loaded with bulging bundles and boxes and some of Carew's guns. There was thirst and weariness in the aspect of the party; it is no light thing to break camp at daylight and trek by compass and guess eleven hours to the next water.

"By what I've heard," mused Carew anxiously, "there's a white man living somewhere round here."

They were flagging up a narrow natural path to the top of a shoulder now, Carew bending wearily forward and plodding doggedly, the Kafirs straggling unevenly behind him. Tall aloes, crowned with long cockades of blood-red, were on each side of him, dusty green and motionless, casting no shade, and he came out from between them at the head of the path to a clear view of a mighty valley below and in front of him.

"At last!" he said, and paused to take breath.

Far away, trembling delicately in the heat-haze, beyond a dozen spurs of grassed hillock, there were huts to be seen, four huts in a semicircle. No Kafir builds so. Despite the quiver of the heat-loaded air, they were to be seen as clearly as a toy near at hand. Carew could mark the shade beside them and the black dots that stood for their doors. With some strain of staring, he could even see a wisp of smoke shredding itself from among them, where some one would be busy at the world-wide work of pot-watching. The view came to him like a warm word. In that wild country, one comes upon a white man, no matter who or what, with claims and duties. The color of one's skin is one's passport to help and hospitality.

Carew called to the leading-boys.

"Lapa lo kia," he said cheerily, pointing them the distant huts. "Lo kia k'umlungu. There is the house of a white man."

He led off briskly again, and they, after a gape at the huts, nonchalantly hoisted the loads of which they had eased themselves, and followed without a word. Their instinct was to accept circumstances, and good luck in the matter of a near destination was no more to be exclaimed at than bad luck in having to travel at all. The Kafir takes fate lying down, a thing to know when one is adjusting fates. They tailed after Carew downhill, and commenced the punishing tramp of six miles which remained of the day's task.

It was in the velvet of evening that they came round the knee of a hill to the huts. The smell of a fire scented the air, and a white man came out to meet them. He was an elderly man, powerfully built, with a ragged beard streaked with age, and he lacked something of filling his clothes. He walked with a slouch, and greeted Carew without surprise.

"How are you?" he asked. "Saw you trekkin' in this afternoon. You're Billy Carew, ain't you? P'r'aps you don't remember me; I'm old Frank Brown — Mazoe Brown, you know. But come along in. My boys'll see to your niggers. They'll be all right."

He led the way toward the biggest of the huts.

"Mazoe Brown!" exclaimed Carew. "Yes, I remember you; but I thought you'd been wiped out by old N'komo. Somebody told me you had, anyhow. But how'd you get here, of all places?"

The owner of the huts smiled faintly, and took Carew into the big domed *skoff kia,* the hut set apart for meals. A lamp on the rough table in the center lighted it up strongly. A meal was spread, and a bottle stood conspicuous among a few mugs. Everything in the hut betrayed its origin. The seats were short logs standing on end; a cupboard was plain soapbox. The table itself was a makeshift. There was nothing to indicate that the establishment was in communication with the coast and civilization. Any man trekking to the interior could have camped in the same style.

"I got a *kia* ready for you," said Brown. "You can have a sluice down right away. But you'll have a drink first, eh? This is whisky."

He had the bottle in his hand, and made the offer with a sort of pleased pride. Carew accepted the drink gratefully, and took a liberal tot.

"I don't keep a great deal of it by me," remarked Brown; "I don't ever manage to get a lot in, somehow. But it's good stuff, eh?"

"First-class," said Carew, looking at him curiously. Brown's eyes, and his parted lips, under his heavy mustache, were touchingly childlike. "First-class," repeated Carew emphatically. "I'll ask you for some more later on. I guess I'll go and dig some of the dust off me now, and after *skoff* we'll have a yarn. What do you say?"

"Yes, we'll have a yarn," agreed Brown. "You'll find a light in your *kia.* If you want anything, just sing out."

When Carew returned, comfortable and cool in cotton pajamas and canvas shoes, they sat down to their meal. Like the furniture, the food was all one with the place. There were no tinned luxuries, not even jam, and the *pâté de foie gras,* limp asparagus, and brick-red salmon of the conventional up-country table were entirely lacking. Instead, there was fresh venison and guinea-fowl, with oranges and bananas, and little cakes of mealie-meal in place of bread. It was almost as wholesome and satisfying a meal as one could well have, but it was unusual, and on a par with other things that excited Carew's curiosity.

They rose from the table together, and went to sit in the open, where the ashes of the cooking-fire still glowed redly. Carew cast himself on the ground with a yawn of content, and propped himself on his elbows to cut a fill for his pipe. Brown sat upright a few feet from him, and scooped out the bowl of his brier.

"Going to try my baccy?" asked Carew. "It's just common plug."

"Thanks," said the other gratefully, and commenced to shred the black weed into his pipe. "Tobacco's what I miss, living out here. I've been smoking Kafir stuff now for about two months, and it don't seem to get a hold on you like this does. It don't bite, somehow — just burns your tongue an' makes you thirsty."

He poked among the wood ashes before him, deftly shoveled a fragment of glowing wood on to the filled bowl, and drew strongly at the pipe.

"Thanks," he said, as he passed back the plug. He drew up his knees and clasped his hands around them, smoking contentedly.

"You haven't told me what you're after round here," remarked Carew at length, with closed eyes.

Mazoe Brown was looking up at the night and the great white stars. As Carew spoke his eyes came back to the dull fire.

"Me! Oh, I'm just pokin' along," he replied. Carew noticed in his voice an undefinable plaintive quality, an undertone of resignation. "I've been washing for gold a bit," he continued. "I've got a box or two in a stream that's hereabouts, and there's a bag of dust in my *kia.* There ain't much in it, you know. It's all right for me, 'cause I'm satisfied to stop here, but it wouldn't be the game, now, for you. An' then, I grow a bit of mealie an' some Kafir-corn, an' I shoot a bit, an' — all that kind of thing, you know. There ain't much in it, but it's all right for me."

"Didn't you have a farm or something at Mazoe?" asked Carew.

"A farm? Yes, I had a farm," answered the other, arranging the bowl of his pipe with a practised thumb. "But farming's no kind o' game in Rhodesia. Still, I'd 'a' bin all right there, only N'komo come and cleared me out. That's what's made blokes think I was dead. But I'm not."

He blew a volume of smoke in mild demonstration.

"What did he do?" asked Carew. "He's a beast, if he gets hold of a man."

"Oh, he caught me one night, and got the wife and the kid along with me. I don't know what he done to them, but he put the rat on me. I haven't heard of the wife or the kid since that night, so I guess he killed them."

Carew uttered an oath of sympathy. The brigand of whom they spoke was infamous for murder and a devilish ingenuity in torture. The idea of a white woman in his hands was sufficient to rouse any man to fury.

"But didn't you do anything?" he cried, and paused, baffled by the patient serenity of his companion.

"I didn't get a chance to do anything," answered Brown resignedly. "They got me before I woke. And in the morning they put the rat on me. That was a rotten thing, that was." He shook his head gravely over the thought. "A rotten thing," he repeated. "Downright rotten."

"What's putting the rat on you mean?" inquired Carew, interested.

"Ain't you heard about that?" said the other, with the mildest surprise. "I had a rat, you know, in a cage, to amuse the kid. It was a big rat, a fine rat. I never see such a sleek, gentle rat as that one. I caught 'im in a corn-bin when he was a youngster, an' fixed 'im up with a cage, an' fed 'im. He was as tame as a dog, and he used to sit on my shoulder and climb over me when I took him out. The kid was right down fond of him, an' named him Jumbo, after a picture in a book she had. I've seen them two on the floor lookin' at the pictures together, an' old Jumbo gnawing the corners of the pages. Well, N'komo's chaps stretched me out on my back, stark starin' naked, in the yard, an' pegged me down like that. Then they put one of those three-legged pots upside down on my stomach, an' stuck old Jumbo under it. He was as quiet as a lamb, sittin' there on me, till they took an' put hot coals on the bottom of the pot an' made it too hot for him."

Brown paused and looked inquiringly at his hearer. "You never been bitten by a rat?" he asked mildly.

"Never," answered Carew.

"Well, a plain bite's bad enough; but when old Jumbo got too hot he started to dig his way out. Bitin' was nothin' to it. He'd bit me before in playing about, but nothing to talk of. I was lookin' round to see if they'd got the wife and kid there, to make 'em watch me; but I couldn't see 'em anywhere, an' then old Jumbo started to claw and bite his way through me, an' — an' — I began to yell. I did, honest."

"God! enough to make a man yell!" said Carew, shuddering.

"Yes, it was bad. Jumbo was a fine, strong rat, an' we'd fed him up like a lord. He was just divin' down into my bowels when old Dave an' Mills an' that lot come along."

He paused, and added simply: "I was glad to see them."

Carew vented a dry sputter of laughter.

"I was very glad," said Brown. "They came just in time to take the pot off, an' old Jumbo jumped and ran to his cage before Dave could land him. I'd got a hole in my guts, but it's all right now — bar the marks. I'll show you when we go in."

"But didn't you try to find your wife?" asked Carew.

"Oh, yes, we tried. There wasn't a sign of anything about the place — not even blood. We followed N'komo's lot, and got some of 'em, but we couldn't make 'em tell. I never heard of 'em again — the wife an' kid. N'komo's got a trick of buryin' people alive. Have you heard of that?"

"I didn't know just what he did to them," said Carew. "I knew it was something awful."

"Yes, he puts 'em in a hole and shovels the earth in — while they're alive. But my wife was a pretty woman; perhaps he kept her."

Carew rose to a sitting position, and took the pipe from his mouth.

"How the devil can you talk about the thing like that?" he demanded. "Why, man, can't you see that the only thing on this earth that's left for you to do is to get a grip on N'komo's throat, if it kills you? God!" he cried, warming, "I wonder you can even think of the thing!"

Brown looked up as Carew commenced to speak, but lapsed again to his dreamy musing over the fire before the last sentence was spoken.

"It makes my blood run cold to even hear about it," Carew concluded.

"Yes, I used to be that way, too," said the other patiently; "but somehow I got used to it. I bin thinking a lot about it, and I must ha' got used to it; all the same ——"

"What?" demanded Carew, after waiting for him to finish.

"All the same, p'r'aps it'll be me an' N'komo for it yet," said Brown, quietly as ever. "This is N'komo's own country," he went on. "Maybe he'll be coming through here again, some day. Me an' Jumbo'll be glad to see him."

"Now, you don't mean to tell me," shouted Carew, "that you've actually got the blessed rat here?"

"Jumbo? Oh, yes, Jumbo's here," answered Brown. "He's a fine rat — Jumbo. You never seen a fatter one. I'll show him to you, poor old Jumbo!"

"Well, I'll be hanged!" ejaculated Carew.

When they returned to the *skoff kia* for a drink before turning in, Brown brought forward a paraffin-tin, the top of which was covered with wire netting, and laid it on the table.

"This is Jumbo," he said. "You look at him an' tell me if he ain't a fine rat!"

The beast was huddled on some dry grass at the bottom of the tin, and turned up his bright, beady eyes as Carew looked in. It was a huge, sleek rat, very fat, and the man sickened inwardly as he looked down at the complacent silken creature and thought of Mazoe Brown screaming on the ground as it tore its way through his flesh.

"Put the blasted thing away," he said, drawing back from it.

"All right," replied Brown submissively. "But he's a fine rat, isn't he?" he asked.

"A big brute," Carew allowed, and his host replaced the cage in its box.

"And there are the marks," he continued, fumbling at his belt.

"Don't bother!" protested Carew hastily. "I don't want to see them. I hate looking at scars."

Brown had the belt loose, but he sighed resignedly and buckled up again.

"I know they ain't pretty," he confessed; "but," he added, with a sort of brightening, "they ain't common. There isn't many chaps with marks like that."

Carew had intended to camp for a couple of days at least near or at the huts, but next morning he got his boys together and, bidding farewell to Mazoe Brown, pushed on. He was firmly convinced that his host was mad, and, while apprehending no harm from him, he had that shrinking distaste for one mentally afflicted which some natures discover toward sick people. The big rat had munched through his slumbers and got on his nerves, and accordingly he marched off, leaving Brown watching his departure wistfully but without pressing on him a request to remain.

Carew traveled on for nearly a week without any incident which deserves chronicle. The commonplace labors of the journey engaged him to the exclusion of all else until he reached the borders of a thickly populated Kafir country, when the first news of disturbance presented itself. N'komo, it seemed, was troubling the skirts of the neighborhood with a small following, and frightened natives were flocking in to the bigger kraals in hundreds. There was a tale of a murder or two, of robbery and hut-burning, and now that N'komo was about, the Kafirs were chary of incurring his anger by helping or at all dealing with the white man. They would not sell fowls or milk or grain. Everything had to be taken with a show of force, and, since direct robbery is never in the end profitable, exorbitant payment must be made. Carew advanced warily, leading his thoroughly scared carriers when he could, driving them with threats and a loaded rifle when they would follow no longer. His days were laborious and unthankful, and his nights must be given over to precaution and lonely watching; for the Kafir is the least reliable of all sentries. And there was always present the imminent gross danger of violent death to hamper his plans and circumscribe his wishes.

It was not until he had actually come into touch with N'komo's force that he decided to fall back. In the half-light of early morning, while he was yet breaking camp, a Martini spoke from the rocks a thousand yards away, and one of the shivering carriers who was cording his load pitched forward upon it with a grunt and a quick flutter of hands to his shattered throat.

"The devil!" cried Carew, and ran forward with his rifle, while the boys dived to the nearest cover and lay prone and still behind stones. He browned the rocks from which the shot had come for a vicious half-hour, wasting precious cartridges upon the slenderest chance of bagging a lurking brigand who was probably well covered by the granite boulders from anything less extreme than shrapnel. Then he rose and proceeded to organize his retreat, and, after much time wasted in coercing his boys into resisting what they evidently considered a manifest destiny, he got going.

The difficulties of that return are not easy to describe. Imagine a convoy protected and commanded by one man, the only one able to use weapons and willing to fight, filtering through the bitter hostility of a strange country and opposed to the most mobile force of any in the world. Food was only to be gained at the muzzle of a gun, and, when paid for, the payment must cover alike the value of the stuff and a horrid risk to the life of the seller. Imagine, too, that one man responsible for every detail of the retreat, the sole source of authority and intelligence — at once, in his single person, leader, scout, fighting force, commissariat, and cause. But for him, the boys would quickly have merged themselves among the surrounding natives; the whole affair, the danger and the strife, revolved about his narrow interests. For many days and nights on end he neither slept nor rested. Lives were in his keeping, and upon his meticulous care of them depended the safety of his own life.

By forced and devious marches he pushed his way back toward Mazoe Brown, selecting him as his base. On each side of him the country flamed like rank grass lighted in autumn. Old N'komo was back in his own country, pillaging his subjects with an alacrity and zest that his three years' warfare with the Mounted Police had nowise diminished. Again and yet again Carew exchanged shots with his force, and once tumbled an armed man handily over a kranz with a long shot in the eye of the sun. He was now nearing the point toward which he moved; but day and night it became clearer that he was converging upon N'komo's men, and that he stood an even chance of colliding with them before his rifle was supplemented by Mazoe Brown's.

"By Jove!" he said aloud to himself, as he searched the landscape with his eyes one noon, "I'll come back this way with twenty armed Zulus one of these days, and I'll hang old N'komo as high as Haman. As sure as my name's Carew, if he doesn't bag me this trip, I'll bag him the next."

He was within half a day's march of Brown's huts when they stopped him dead in his path. Shots came from bushes right ahead; another carrier was killed, and the rest dropped their loads and scurried to safety. Carew climbed among some stones wearily enough, and commenced to fire cautiously at the flash of the rifles. He spent his cartridges carefully, never shooting without a definite target, and by the time the afternoon had worn to evening he had the satisfaction of having extinguished one industrious flash and held his enemy at long range. What the night would bring was beyond his guess; but he kicked his carriers to their loads and went into camp cheerlessly on the top of a wind-swept kopje, where water was not to be had and a fire was not to be thought of. And here, while the Kafirs got to their blankets and hid from the terrors of the day in sleep, he sat, his rifle across his knees, between them and surprise and an inevitable and horrible death.

He was heavy with physical weariness and want of sleep, and his nerves were worn raw by the omnipresent danger. Below him the bush whispered and rustled; he sighted half a score of times on the blackness of an aloe or the ghostly gray of a mimosa. The night was full of menace. Sitting there, finger on trigger, fighting against sleep and boring at the darkness, he realized how very faint was his chance of coming through to the morning unhurt and alive, if N'komo only chose to assault the hill. His rifle would do what it could for perhaps five minutes, and twenty rifles would search him out and still it. Then would come the butchery of the carriers and the looting of the loads, and the sun would find hacked corpses on the hill and N'komo victorious.

In the very pit of night after a spurt of rain the attack came. He was roused to fresh caution by the jar of a falling stone, and fired swiftly at a vague moving shape. At once the slopes were alive with enemies. Answering shots came from all sides, and they were upon him. The carriers squealed in their blankets as a bullet lobbed in among them, and the victim screamed with his pain. Carew tucked his long body in the lee of a big stone, and fired deftly wherever the blackness moved. But the rush was past staying, and before three cartridges had been spent the assagais were in the camp. He rolled over and tumbled a few yards down the hill, where he lay still, listening to the yells as the lithe Shangaan warriors obliterated his little force. It came upon him then that his responsibility was ended, and that now, for the first time, he should think swiftly of his own case. With the rifle in one hand, he scrambled in alternate recklessness and anxious caution down the hill, stumbling over bushes and stones and blundering in and out of thorn-trees. Ten minutes of it brought him to the level, and he waited in the shadow to reconnoiter. He heard somebody breathing near by, and the crackle of dry grass under a confident step. Soon he saw the man, a skin-cloaked Kafir, who came toward him alone, a bundle of assagais in his hand. He experienced a white fury of hatred toward this savage who walked so securely through the night, and, without afterthought, he stepped from his hiding-place and faced him. For an instant they fronted each other, motionless; then Carew, with all his force and his great necessity to back his arm, dashed the shod butt of his rifle in the face of the Kafir.

The man tumbled instantly, and Carew leaped on him with busy clutching fingers, to throttle him if he cried out. The man's body heaved slowly under him; he gripped the throat and shook it, and it was still. Thrusting his face close to the black face on the ground, he was able to see its contour, and marked a tuft of gray beard on the chin, and heavy low brows, bushy and white.

"By God!" he cried aloud; "N'komo, of all men!"

He rose to his feet and thrust the muzzle of the rifle forward to cover the man.

"Get up!" he commanded in a tense whisper, emphasized with a kick. "Get up, or I'll kill you where you lie!"

The Kafir sat up, groaning, and Carew silenced him with another kick.

"Stand up!" he ordered, speaking swiftly in Kafir. "N'komo, you dog, if you play any tricks, I'll blow your head in! Stand up!"

He booted the man to his feet and gripped him by the arm.

"N'komo," he said, "you're my prisoner, and you're coming with me. If you talk or stumble or halt, the vultures will have you. Go straight on toward the white man's huts by the stream, and remember that if we meet any of your men *you'll* die, whatever happens afterward. Now, march!"

The Kafir led on, and, with the muzzle pointed still forward, Carew followed close at his heels, grimly reckless but curiously exultant. He meant exactly what he had said: the life of the Kafir in front of him was forfeit at the least approach of further danger, at the most venial disobedience or the smallest treachery. Whatever happened now, N'komo was as good as dead.

"Get on," he ordered.

The Kafir led him through the night without a word, and Carew knew that this robber king would never find himself capable of sacrificing his own life to procure the murder of his captor. So long as N'komo was covered by the rifle, N'komo was no king. Once or twice only he dared to flinch or to pretend that he stumbled; but each movement brought the muzzle of the rifle into the hollow of his back, and a grim order sent him marching again. They passed on through the bushes away from the hill, and the noise in the camp diminished behind them. Carew knew well that all his Kafirs were dead long since; the shouts that came fitfully to his ears were those of the Shangaans spoiling his loads. The plunder would keep them busy for a safe while, and his chance of bringing N'komo alive to Mazoe Brown was a good one.

"Get on!" he snapped, and the silent man before him quickened his steps.

At dawn a score of small valleys and a wilderness of broken hills lay between Carew and his late camp. He called halt in a hollow, backed his prisoner against a boulder, and sat down to rest, the threatful rifle still pointing toward the chest of the chief. Even as he sat under the very heel of triumph, his weariness nearly overpowered him. Had N'komo not moved he would assuredly have slept, and this tale would have ended then. But the Kafir shifted too soon, and Carew started bolt upright and glowered at him.

"Do that again!" he cried. "Do it once again, and your wives will be widows!"

The famous brigand flinched under his fierce eyes and trembled.

"I never saw a robber king before," Carew said to himself, speaking in English and aloud, "and now I've got one here. Just a common, low, cowardly Kafir, too scared to move. A mine-boy, by God! who has murdered more white men than I can count on my hands and feet. And women, too — white women. N'komo, if I were you I'd invite a shot."

"Baas?" whined the Kafir, cringing.

He was a tall old man, rugged and massively built. His limbs were knotted with muscle, and his head was like a grand carving in ebony. One could imagine dignity and terrible power in such a man; one could see a Napoleon in the rough, an Alaric *en herbe;* one recognized the general that had made playthings of half a hundred resolute garrisons. All this was to be found in his face, in the energy and beauty of his superb body; but first and chief there was apparent the failing of the Kafir, the instinct of servility and acquiescence to the developments of superior force. Once he was cornered, once his back was to the wall, he had no reserves, no reinforcement of inherent power. He cringed and rubbed his calf with his foot like any cook-boy as Carew held him covered. He had led an impi through Rhodesia and Portuguese territory, burning, plundering, and slaying; had murdered and raped from the Limpopo to the Zambesi: but he could not dash on the one rifle that held him a prisoner at last.

"Get on!" came the order, and on he went. His very gait was changed. He shuffled now as a working Kafir shuffles along a street.

Mazoe Brown, slouching dreamily, his hands thrust in his belt, met them near the huts when the sun was high. There was no curiosity in his face; he accepted the return of Carew quite passively.

"That your nigger?" he asked dully, looking at N'komo.

Carew leaned on his rifle, utterly weary.

"Yes, he is mine," he answered. "If ever a nigger was mine, that one is. But you can have him. He's — don't you recognize him?"

Brown surveyed N'komo slowly, and a light came into his eyes.

"Well, I think it's N'komo," he said simply.

"Yes," answered Carew, "that's him. So I better shoot him right here. He's broken up my trip, killed my boys, looted my stuff, and given me the damnedest time I ever had in my life. And then, there's your business. So we'll make carrion of him."

He raised his rifle as he spoke.

"No," interrupted Brown hurriedly. "No; don't shoot him here. I don't want him shot now."

"Why not?" demanded the younger man in astonishment.

"Oh, there's plenty o' time," said Brown nervously. "There's no hurry. Let's tie him up for a bit, an' — an' — have some *skoff*. You look as if you wanted some *skoff*."

"My God! I do that," yawned Carew. "I'll do as you please. Get on, you!"

N'komo was disposed in a hut to himself, and Carew personally passed the lashings which secured him. His thumbs were tied together behind his back, his big toes similarly bound, and an additional lanyard went round his neck and the pole of the hut. An earthquake could not have released him, but three of Brown's sturdy Kafirs were placed on guard with murderous knobkerries as an additional precaution. Not until his escape was rendered inaccessible to all but miraculous circumstances did Carew sit and rest.

He rose from the table staggering, with half-closed eyes, reeled to his hut, and turned in all standing. His need for sleep was peremptory and almighty, and he slept for eighteen hours without stirring. Mazoe Brown slouched in once or twice to look at him, went out again, and visited the prisoner. N'komo, Kafir that he was, had contrived to find himself comfortable in his bonds, and was nowise disturbed at the fate that awaited him. He did not recognize Brown, of course, and only blinked humbly at him when he entered and stood dreamily looking down at the chief. His survey was altogether unemotional and impersonal; only the mildest curiosity, the most commonplace interest, brought him to the hut.

"Do you want food?" he asked, as he watched the chief idly. The query was merely to "make conversation."

"Ya, Baas," replied N'komo.

Food was brought to him, and Brown cut the lashings on his thumbs, that he might eat.

N'komo devoured his meal with enjoyment, while Brown watched him, leaning against a pole of the hut. In half an hour Brown was sitting on the floor opposite the captive, and they were talking animatedly of old times. The question of their previous meeting was not allowed to arise, and they conversed on the best of terms.

When Carew awoke, he bathed and changed into clothes of Brown's, and issued forth in quest of more food. His host was ready for him, and a meal awaited him in the *skoff kia*.

"You'll be wondering how it all happened," he remarked, as he attacked the simple food with a strong relish. "I tell you, Brown, I wouldn't go through the last fortnight again for all the gold in the rivers. I've had a lively hell of a time, and landed back here with nothing but what I stood in — and N'komo. I'm almost content when I think of N'komo, if it wasn't for my poor boys, all murdered back there."

"N'komo says you were looting kraals," observed Brown impartially.

"Does he? by Jove! You've been talking to him, then? Did you find out anything about your wife?"

Brown shook his head, and colored a little. He spoke uneasily.

"Oh, I couldn't go bringing that up," he answered.

Carew stared at him in blank astonishment.

"What did you say?" he demanded.

"He's — he's — pretty done up," stammered the other, fidgeting. "I don't think he remembers me. When I showed him Jumbo, it didn't seem to remind him of nothing. He just stroked him and said how fat he was."

"You didn't ask him about your wife? You haven't killed him while I was asleep, have you? 'Cause you needn't beat about the bush, if you have. I don't mind."

"No, I didn't kill him," replied Brown; "I didn't do anything to him. I don't want to kill him."

Carew looked across the table at his host with an expression in which strong disgust was tempered with some pity.

"You don't want to kill him?" he repeated in a hard voice. "Well, I do, and I'm going to."

He resumed his meal, and Brown sighed. He looked wistfully at his guest, who refrained from meeting his eyes. When the meal was at an end, Carew fetched his rifle and went to the hut in which N'komo was. Brown followed him in silence.

The Kafir's hands were still loose, at which Carew frowned. As the white men entered, the big rat was seated on the prisoner's knees, and its small eyes glittered craftily at them.

"Cut him loose," ordered Carew, and one of the sentinel Kafirs laid down his brass-studded knobkerrie and cut the lashings.

Carew stood aside from the door.

"Get up!" he commanded. "Get up and walk out, N'komo. I'm going to shoot you. Want to ask him anything first, Brown?"

Brown shook his head and murmured inarticulately.

"Very good. Now, dog, get out!"

N'komo shuffled blinking into the sunlight, and walked a few paces in the open. He yawned, with his arms stretched behind his head. Carew stepped into the doorway and brought up his rifle to shoulder, to blot the brigand out of the list of living things.

The same instant, Mazoe Brown raised from the floor the heavy knobkerrie which the sentinel had laid down, and tumbled Carew to the earth with a crashing blow on the head. Even as he fell, above the thunder of blood in his ears Carew heard him shouting, "Run, N'komo, run!"

When he came to himself he was on his bed, and Brown was with him. He opened heavy eyes and looked, as a sick man looks, at his host. He realized with an effort that Brown was explaining things.

"He wanted to assagai you while you were lying in the door," Brown was saying; "but, o' course, I wouldn't let him do *that!*"

GREAT AMERICAN FORTUNES AND THEIR MAKING

STREET-RAILWAY FINANCIERS—II

BY

BURTON J. HENDRICK

AUTHOR OF "THE STORY OF LIFE-INSURANCE," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

THE medium through which Whitney, Ryan, Widener, and their associates have made millions in the transit system of New York has been the Metropolitan Street Railway. They organized this corporation in 1893; they have always controlled it, and, in the earlier years, they actually owned the larger part of its capital stock. Ostensibly the Metropolitan Company was organized for the purpose of managing and operating the transit system of New York; actually it was organized for the purpose of furnishing the necessary legal machinery for the exploitation of the New York City transit service to the personal profit of the inside syndicate. It was the means by which this inside syndicate manufactured millions of securities and through which they sold these same securities to the investing public.

Elihu Root and the Metropolitan

When they organized the Metropolitan Company, Whitney and Ryan added to their working equipment two remarkable men, both of whom have made large contributions to their financial success. In Elihu Root, now Secretary of State in President Roosevelt's Cabinet, they found the legal acumen which was so essential to their plans. By education, experience, and natural ability Mr. Root was exceptionally fitted to serve as Whitney's counsel. He had spent nearly thirty years in practice at the New York bar, and, in that time, had become probably the greatest corporation lawyer in the United States. He had also become well known politically as a reformer, an irreconcilable platform enemy of Tammany Hall, a leader in all causes making for good government and civic decency. Under the administration of President Arthur he had served efficiently and honorably as United States district attorney in New York; in his practice as a lawyer and in his career as a political leader he had already manifested those mental qualities which afterward caused President Roosevelt to describe him as "the greatest man that has appeared in the public life of any country, in any position, on either side of the ocean, in my time." His associates in New York, indeed, regarded Mr. Root as all intellect; he was quiet, cool, subtle, thorough, indefatigable — a beautifully adjusted legal machine. This quality probably explains the fact that Mr. Root has always shown interest rather in the legal than the ethical side of his cases. His attitude toward his profession was clearly illustrated in the litigation that first brought his name into prominent public notice. In 1873, when only twenty-eight years old, he served as one of the junior counsel in the defense of William M. Tweed, the great Tammany embezzler. Mr. Root fought so loyally in his client's behalf on this occasion that Judge Noah Davis, who presided at the trial, summoned him before his bar for contempt of court. With him appeared, under the same charge, Mr. Willard Bartlett, who has recently been elected associate judge of the Court of Appeals in New York State. Because of their youth Judge Davis excused Mr. Root and Mr. Bartlett with a reprimand and a few words of advice, cautioning them to remember that "good faith to a client never can justify or require bad faith to your conscience, and that, however good a thing it may be to be known as successful and great lawyers, it is even a better thing to be known as honest men." Mr. Root, however, has never accepted the old-fashioned notion that a lawyer, before accepting a cause, must first satisfy himself that it is just. Consequently he has recognized no incongruity in acting as legal adviser for men and corporations whose political methods he has openly denounced upon the public platform. The remarkable position into which he was sometimes forced was illustrated in 1900, when it was discovered that Louis F. Payn, a well-known Albany lobbyist, whom Mr. Root had recently described in a political speech as "a stench in the nostrils of all decent men," had received $100,000 for "construction work" from the Metropolitan Street Railway, Mr. Root's client.

Several times before the organization of the Metropolitan had the syndicate utilized the services of Mr. Root. It was he, as already recorded, who attended to the legal details in the battle against Jacob Sharp, and who, when the legislature annulled the Broadway franchise, secured the decision from the Court of Appeals which vitalized it again. From 1893 to 1901, however, Mr. Root's connection with the Metropolitan was immediate and constant. In 1903 William C. Whitney* testified that, in that eight years, six men besides himself — Ryan, Widener, Elkins, Dolan, Vreeland, and Elihu Root — had practically managed the Metropolitan Railroad. "There has never been a time," continued Mr. Whitney, "from the time that Mr. Vreeland became president of the company until about 1901, that he did not have one third the time probably of all these gentlemen devoted exclusively to the work of the Metropolitan Street Railway. There never was a time that he could not summon these men to his office, and every one of them would come and stay all day or two days or the length of time that was required." The precise nature of Mr. Root's services Mr. Whitney did not explain. It is generally believed, however, that his Metropolitan duties have been exclusively legal. In their flotations the Metropolitan syndicate naturally wished to observe as far as possible the forms of law, and Mr. Root's talents were unquestionably utilized for this purpose.

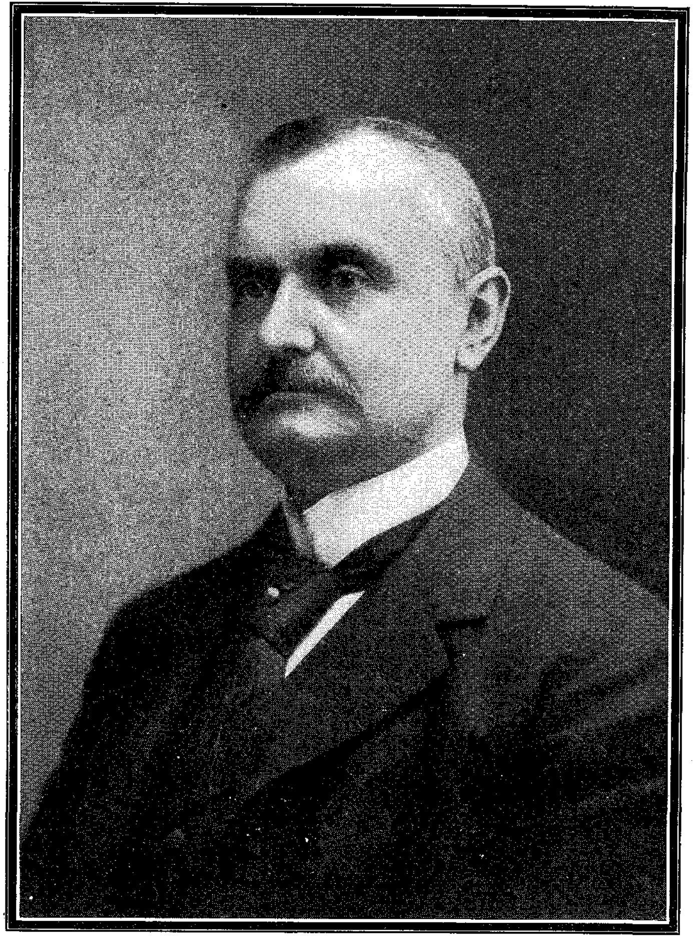
Herbert H. Vreeland

Mr. Herbert H. Vreeland, whom Whitney made president of the Metropolitan in 1893, was also fitted, by temperament and training, for the particular position now assigned him. In 1876, seventeen years before he became the executive head of the largest city transportation system in the world, Mr. Vreeland was a common laborer on the Long Island Railroad — a "gravel-shoveler," as he himself once described it. From this position he rose to be a switchman, then brakeman, and then conductor. When Whitney first became acquainted with him, Vreeland was the train-master on an obscure little steam railroad operating in what is now the Borough of the Bronx. Although nominally filling this subordinate position, Vreeland had assumed the management of the whole property and had transformed it from a bankrupt into a solvent corporation. Whitney acquired a financial interest in this road, and one day, while making a tour of inspection, he became acquainted with Vreeland and learned his story. Whitney had warm sympathies and boundless admiration for talent, especially when it manifested itself under adverse circumstances, and Vreeland's personality and achievements made a deep impression upon him. A few months afterward Vreeland received a letter informing him that he had been unanimously elected president of all the Whitney-Ryan-Widener railroads in New York City. In a short time he had justified Whitney's confidence. He developed great ability as an operator and also great tact in the management of his men. His lovable personal traits, his charm of manner, his sense of fairness, and his generosity made him the idol of the whole Metropolitan force, so that under his administration labor troubles have been practically unknown. These very characteristics also made him extremely pliable in the hands of Whitney and Ryan. Looking back at the Metropolitan situation with our present knowledge, the conclusion seems inevitable that an important motive leading to Vreeland's sudden elevation was the fact that Whitney and his associates needed a tool. They required some one ignorant of the methods of high finance, some one who would be sufficiently overawed by men of their standing to do their bidding unquestioningly, some one whom they could make the official sponsor of their acts.

With the organization of the Metropolitan Company, Whitney, Ryan, and Widener began their operations on an enormous scale. Conditions were exceedingly favorable. In preparation, Whitney dropped his political associates of many years and allied himself with Tammany Hall, the organization which he had always opposed. In 1892, at the national Democratic convention, Whitney fought, almost single-handed, the whole Tammany delegation, and secured the nomination for the third time of Grover Cleveland to the Presidency. Returning to New York, he compelled the whole organization to support Mr. Cleveland, and thus contributed, more than any other single

---

* Testimony of William C. Whitney in the case of Isidor Wormser against the Metropolitan Securities Co.



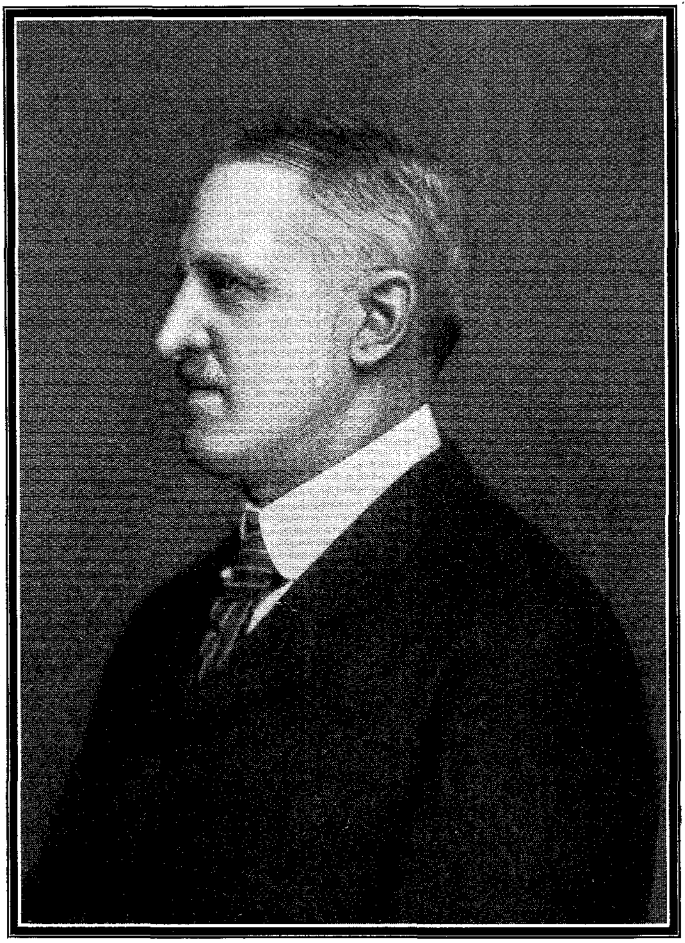
THOMAS F. RYAN

Mr. Ryan's fortune, now estimated at $50,000,000, is based upon his profits in the Metropolitan Street Railway Company. Since 1902 Mr. Ryan has been the chief influence in Metropolitan affairs.

influence, to his election. With this great personal triumph and this great public service, Whitney retired from active politics; and for the next ten years his new Tammany associates became his instruments in the accumulation of his personal fortune. Now, also, Widener and Elkins found time to concentrate all their energies upon New York. In the preceding eight years they had exploited the Chicago railroads to their utmost capacity, making many millions in reorganizing and rebuilding them. They perceived in New York an opportunity of even greater possibilities. The city had entered upon its period of greatest growth; new undeveloped areas were being built up every year; the population was increasing annually by tens of thousands; and new franchises of enormous value were about to be awarded. Seldom have capitalists found such opportunities for great public service and legitimate personal profit.

First Merger: $7,000,000 Water

The original organization of the Metropolitan, however, showed that this was not the method adopted by the Whitney-Ryan syndicate. With its first capitalization they began that series of stock-waterings which they continued uninterruptedly for fourteen years. The inside syndicate capitalized the new Metropolitan Company at $8,200,000. Of this large sum, it now appears that nearly $7,000,000 was simply water; that that much stock, in other words, went as profits into the hands of Whitney, Ryan, Widener, Elkins, and their associates. In the previous seven years the syndicate had purchased, as personal speculations, the entire capital stock of several horse railroads — many tons of horse-car tracks and box-cars, which, incorporated as the Houston Street or the Bleecker Street or the South Ferry or the Chambers



HERBERT H. VREELAND

In 1893 William C. Whitney made him the executive head of the Metropolitan system. A few months before, he had been train-master on an obscure steam railroad running from 155th Street, New York, to Yonkers. Mr. Vreeland started life in 1876 as a "gravel-shoveler" on the Long Island Railroad.

Street railroads, did a leisurely business on franchises of doubtful value. The syndicate had also purchased large interests in other profitable lines, such as the Sharp Broadway road. When they formed the Metropolitan Company they turned into its treasury for $8,200,000 all the capital stock of these old horse-car companies; they still retained themselves their shares in the more profitable roads. The extent to which these old properties represented this value will be evident from two illustrations. They put in the Broadway Railroad Company for $1,000,000. The assets of this company they had purchased at auction four years before for $25,000.* They took $7,050,000 Metropolitan stock in exchange for the Houston, West Street, and Pavonia Ferry Railroad. Two years before the capitalization of this road amounted to only $200,000. When the Metropolitan received it, giving in exchange more than $7,000,000 of its own capital stock, its actual assets were little more than they had been when its capitalization was $200,000. In preparation for its acquisition by the Metropolitan, Whitney and Ryan surreptitiously increased its capitalization by $6,000,000 without increasing its value a dollar's worth. The line was a horse railroad then, and is a horse railroad now.

The Inside Syndicate Both Buyers and Sellers

In this and many similar transactions afterward, Whitney, Ryan, and Widener occupied dual rôles. They were both buyers and sellers. On the one hand, they controlled absolutely the Metropolitan Company, which purchased these subsidiary lines; on the other, they owned, either wholly or in large part, the railroads which the Metropolitan "merged." Under their manipulations a "merger" became simply a means of selling to the parent company, which they controlled, other railroad properties which they almost entirely owned. In payment they did not receive cash, but new Metropolitan stock, which, as developed subsequently, was more than twice as valuable as the cash would have been. In the actual management of railroad properties, that is, they never showed the slightest interest; they were simply great railroad brokers: their business was to convert the old transit lines of New York into Metropolitan securities, and afterward to dispose of these securities to the investing public.

---

* It is true that the assets of this company nominally included the Sharp franchise on Broadway. This franchise, however, was practically controlled by the Broadway and Seventh Avenue road, which the Widener syndicate had purchased in 1886; and its value was represented in the $2,500,000 bonds which the Metropolitan road assumed on its organization.

Second and Third "Mergers": $16,000,000 New Securities; Value, $3,000,000

In 1894 and 1895 the Metropolitan Company "merged" two new lines. In preparation for these transactions, it increased its outstanding stock from $8,200,000 to $16,500,000 and its bonded obligations from $4,250,000 to $12,250,000. The Metropolitan increased its securities, that is, by $16,000,000, and practically the whole of this enormous sum found its way into the hands of Ryan, Whitney, Widener, Elkins, and such others as they found it indispensably necessary to take into the deal. In return for this $16,000,000 securities the Metropolitan obtained about sixteen miles of newly constructed cable railroad. These cable railroads had been organized and built by companies

ELIHU ROOT

Secretary of War under President McKinley; now Secretary of State in President Roosevelt's Cabinet. From 1893 to 1902 Mr. Root was the chief legal adviser for the Metropolitan.

entirely controlled by the Whitney-Ryan-Widener interests. The cost of building these cable railroads, with the necessary power and equipment, could not, on the most liberal estimate, have exceeded $3,000,000. In return for this $3,000,000, the promoting syndicate received Metropolitan securities nominally valued at $16,000,000 and afterward salable in the open market for at least $25,000,000. This astounding performance was the product of the political influence acquired by the Metropolitan people. It was a free gift to them by the citizens of New York, through their chosen representatives. It measured the value which Whitney and Ryan placed upon the franchise for the perpetual use of certain important thoroughfares.

The history of these companies is so typical of all their operations, and so well illustrates the several forces Whitney and Ryan had organized for their personal profit, that it is worth while describing it in detail. In December, 1892, the Metropolitan insiders incorporated the Lexington Avenue and Pavonia Ferry Railroad, with a capital stock of $5,000,000 and bonds of $5,000,000. All these securities, amounting to $10,000,000, were distributed among the organizers of the company, the larger part, of course, being taken by Whitney, Ryan, Widener, and Elkins. One of their partners was Anthony N. Brady, now a well-known traction and lighting millionaire — a man who, starting life under obscure conditions, had ascended through the usual grades of ward politics until he had become the chief political lieutenant of the late Roswell P. Flower and an associate of Hugh J. Grant and Richard Croker in street-railway enterprises. Though, in 1892, Brady's spheres of activity were mainly the Bronx and Brooklyn, he was too powerful a political factor to be left out in such large schemes as the Columbus and the Lexington Avenue lines. Another member of the syndicate was John D. Crimmins, a rich Tammany contractor, who built the proposed roads. Unquestionably the big Tammany leaders of the time also participated in the division of stock, for their support was essential to success. The Lexington Avenue Company — formed, on one side, of Tammany politicians and contractors, and, on the other, of Wall Street financiers — applied to the Tammany Board of Aldermen for a franchise. The law then required that all street-railway franchises should be sold at public auction, the highest bidder in any event to pay five per cent. annually of the gross receipts as compensation. Under ordinary conditions, a franchise so valuable as that on Lexington Avenue might have inspired considerable competition; to forestall all possible rivals, therefore, the Tammany government inserted in the terms of sale a provision that the successful bidder should deposit a bond of $1,000,000 as an evidence of good faith. Whitney, Ryan, and Widener, of course, could furnish such a bond; the average citizen could not. They therefore obtained the franchise by offering to pay one quarter of one per cent. above the statutory requirement. They built their cable line and power-house, Crimmins doing the construction work and probably taking stock and bonds in payment. The cost of the Lexington Avenue road, however, could not have exceeded, at the most liberal estimate, $2,500,000. In other words, of its entire $10,000,000 of capitalization, $7,500,000 represented no value except the franchise privileges which Whitney and Ryan had obtained by favor of their Tammany allies. In 1894 the Metropolitan Company issued $5,000,000 of its stock in exchange for the $5,000,000 stock of the Lexington Avenue Company, and assumed the $5,000,000 bonds. The Columbus Avenue deal was of precisely the same kind; its capitalization was $6,000,000, and its cost, at a liberal estimate, perhaps $500,000. That is to say, on these two deals alone the Metropolitan issued to Whitney, Ryan, Widener, and their associates $16,000,000 of its securities in exchange for property which did not represent a cash investment of more than $3,000,000.

Had the inside syndicate really worked in the interests of their Metropolitan Company, they would naturally have turned over these subsidiary lines at their actual cost. Instead, they burdened the Metropolitan with inflated securities which have already cost it, in dividends and interest, about $12,000,000, or money enough to equip eighty miles of railway with the underground conduit. It takes 19,000,000 passengers a year to pay fixed charges upon these securities; securities that, for the greater part, serve absolutely no economic purpose, but represent merely insiders' profits.

The "Metropolitan" an Illusory Corporation

For several years these roads, with a few horse-car lines, represented the only property which the Metropolitan actually owned. In reality they constituted the Metropolitan Street Railway Company. In its essential structure, indeed, the Metropolitan could hardly be regarded as a bona-fide corporation. Its purpose was not to acquire the actual ownership of the surface lines of New York City. It did, indeed, as has been shown, secure several important franchises and purchase and construct several other street railways; in the main, however, the

WILLIAM C. WHITNEY

Mr. Whitney's fortune, estimated at $40,000,000, was largely made in Metropolitan stock. He sold out entirely, so that, on his death in 1904, no Metropolitan stock was found among his assets.

Metropolitan acquired its extensive trackage rights under lease. In other words, it is a leasing and not a proprietary corporation. The streets of New York are filled to-day with thousands of cars which all emblazon the word "Metropolitan," and this fact gives an exaggerated idea of the Metropolitan's resources. All the old surface railroad corporations, however,— the Broadway and Seventh Avenue, the Second Avenue, the Third Avenue, the Sixth Avenue, and the rest,— still preserve their corporate independence. They have their own officers, their own directors; they still pay dividends on their old capital stock and interest upon their old bonded indebtedness. The Metropolitan is the all-embracing corporation that leases these street railways, paying into their treasuries, in the form of rentals, certain dividends on their capital stock and guaranties on their outstanding obligations. The basic defects of this system are the enormous dividends guaranteed by the Metropolitan as compensation for the use of these old franchises. It pays its subsidiary lines anywhere from six to eighteen per cent. on their outstanding stock. Its own earnings, that is, supposedly available for dividends, are derived almost entirely from its net receipts from the operation of these subsidiary companies after deducting from them the rentals guaranteed their stock-holders. For the sake of comparison, let us suppose that large financial magnates in New York City form the "Astor Real Estate Company," a large corporation capitalized at $100,000,000, organized for the purpose of holding and managing the extensive properties of the Astor family. At first blush these enormous interests ought to make the stock of such a corporation valuable as an investment. Suppose, however, that this $100,000,000 did not represent actual ownership of Astor properties, but merely the capitalized value of a lease which the corporation in question had made with the Astor estate. Again, suppose that our imaginary corporation had agreed to pay the Astor family $5,000,000 annually as a flat rental on its holdings, and then itself subleased all their properties, at a net rental of $4,000,000. It is quite evident that our corporation would end in bankruptcy, and that its $100,000,000 capital stock would represent no assets and therefore be entirely worthless. With certain modifications, that is the history of the Metropolitan Street Railway. In the end, as will appear, the Whitney-Ryan interests have capitalized twenty-three miles of street railways on Manhattan Island, half of which are still operated by horse-power, at

$145,000,000. Its properties in excess of these twenty-three miles actually owned are merely leases, which, judging from the large annual deficits realized from them, are just so much dead weight. The New York City Railway — the Metropolitan's successor — pays $10,000,000 annually as rental for leased lines; its net receipts from their operation amounts to $8,000,000.

That, however, is only half the story. When the Metropolitan leased the subsidiary lines they were still operated by horse-power. The Metropolitan, as part consideration for the lease, agreed in many cases to install the electric service at its own expense. It also agreed that the improvements so made should be the property of the leased lines. It thus appears that the "Metropolitan cars" operated by the Metropolitan Company are not really its own property, although bought with Metropolitan money. If the leases should fall in at any time, through non-payment of rental, all this physical property would revert to the subsidiary companies. Up to 1902 the Metropolitan Company had expended $13,000,000 in electric equipment on these same lines, money which, though taken from the pockets of Metropolitan stock-holders, cannot be included in Metropolitan assets.

In Chicago and Philadelphia, Widener and Elkins pursued precisely the same policy. In Chicago they guaranteed, in one road, a 35-per-cent. dividend; on one Philadelphia line they guaranteed 65½ per cent. on capital paid in. Largely as a result of these guaranties, the street-railway monopolies in all these cities are in a condition of financial demoralization.

Manifestly, had the Metropolitan insiders really wished to build up a legitimate business, their fundamental policy was fallacious. But, in making these expensive leases, the inside syndicate unquestionably had in view personal profit to themselves. In Chicago, although Widener and Elkins overburdened their lines with even heavier leases than those made in New York, and thus became responsible for their ultimate bankruptcy, they themselves made exceedingly large profits. They entered into these engagements simply to get control of the properties. Many millions were about to be expended in new construction; Widener and Elkins leased the roads in order that they could control these expenditures. In Chicago, again, they purchased the securities of subsidiary roads before the leases were made; and thus, through actual ownership of the stock, participated in the big dividends which they themselves decreed. When the Metropolitan began leasing the great north and south lines, similar conditions prevailed. Whitney and his associates invested largely in the securities of the underlying roads before the Metropolitan leased them. They thus bought up a controlling interest in the Second Avenue road, and then, although the Second Avenue was not earning operating expenses at the time, leased it to the Metropolitan on the guaranty of eight per cent. The high dividends guaranteed necessarily gave such stocks a high market value and made them readily salable. Whether the insiders sold these stocks, or whether they still hold them for investment, is, of course, unknown. Unquestionably these securities constitute the really valuable property of the Metropolitan system.

The Metropolitan's "Tin Box"

It must not be supposed that the Metropolitan insiders carried through all these transactions quite in the open fashion described above. They put them through, more or less, under the form of law. If you should examine the records involved, you would not once discover the name of William C. Whitney. As noted above, he never served even as a director of the Metropolitan. Instead, you would find a puzzling jumble of corporations selling back and forth each other's stocks, in many cases the directors of these corporations being dummies also. In the course of these operations the Metropolitan syndicate has made at least one solid contribution to American business methods. So far as can be learned, it was the first corporation to use the "holding company" as an instrument of modern corporation finance. The first Metropolitan Traction Company was organized, in 1886, by Francis Lynde Stetson, who was chief counsel for Whitney and Ryan in the early days; in 1893, however, it was reorganized and started on its real period of usefulness. "Mr. Stetson," Ryan once remarked, "do you know what you did when you drew up the papers for the Metropolitan Traction Company? You made us a great big tin box."

Mr. Ryan's phrase happily described this corporation. The Metropolitan Traction Company existed merely as a depository for securities which were afterward turned over to the Metropolitan Street Railway Company. It was the intermediary in all the Metropolitan deals. The inside syndicate would purchase securities or organize companies on their own account. They would then sell these to the Traction Company, and the Traction Company, in turn, would sell them to the Metropolitan. In this way the deals were made, not by individuals, but by corporations. If Whitney, Ryan, and their associates, as individuals, sold their own property to the Metropolitan, which they controlled, the transaction might be of doubtful legality. But the Metropolitan Traction, a corporation, might deal on any scale with the Metropolitan Street Railway, another corporation. As far as the inside syndicate personally was concerned, the practical result was the same, for they owned also the Traction Company.

Again, the Traction Company was not a railway, but a holding company, and thus did not have to report in detail its transactions. In other words, it permitted insiders to do, as a corporation, what they could not do as individuals, and to do it in secrecy. The Traction Company maintained its existence for four years, from 1893 to 1897; it then dissolved, dividing all its assets among its stock-holders, who, of course, were Whitney, Ryan, Widener, Elkins, and their political and financial allies. Before it was dissolved, the syndicate purchased every share of its outstanding stock. Its ledgers and other official records were long since destroyed. If they were in existence, they would probably shed much light upon financial and political conditions in New York in the closing decade of the nineteenth century.

In addition to equipping and selling entire railroads to the Metropolitan, the insiders, using the Traction Company as a medium, profitably disposed of a large number of securities. In 1896 the Metropolitan issued $13,500,000 in new stock, all of which found its way into the treasury of the Traction Company. In exchange, the railway company obtained securities in subsidiary lines to the value of perhaps $6,000,000. All these securities Whitney and his associates had purchased as individual speculations. To make up the discrepancy, about $7,500,000, they padded the account in various ways. They charged the Metropolitan with about $4,000,000 in construction work; but in 1896 there was really no construction work that represented this large expenditure. They also turned in many all but worthless securities. These included stock in a Long Island Fertilizer Company which had no ascertained value, stock in another corporation which soon went into bankruptcy, and stock in others which, so far as expert accountants have been able to discover, had never complied with the corporation laws which require annual reports. Included in these securities were the total capitalizations of three small railroads which the Metropolitan Traction Company had acquired. It had thus purchased about two and a half miles of horse railroad on Thirty-fourth Street, expending, in actual cash, perhaps $100,000. It turned this over to the Metropolitan for $2,000,000 in Metropolitan stock. It purchased a little horse railroad on Fulton Street, from the East River to Broadway. This line had only one third of a mile of track, ten little box-cars, thirty horses, and an operating deficit of $40,000 a year. At auction its assets, exclusive of its franchise, might have brought $15,000; the Traction Company sold it to the Metropolitan for $1,000,000. The road, still operated by horse-power, has never paid and still has an annual deficit. The Traction Company also spent about $50,000 constructing and equipping a horse railroad on Twenty-eighth and Twenty-ninth streets, and turned this into the Metropolitan for $3,000,000. This line, which is still operated by horse-power, also loses money every year.

A Bonus of $6,000,000

The insiders, through the Traction Company, not only sold the Metropolitan securities at prices entirely disproportionate to their actual value, but they lifted many millions from its treasury without even the pretense of a dollar's consideration. In 1897, when the Traction Company dissolved, it distributed among its stock-holders $6,000,000 in scrip. The banking firm of Charles S. Fairchild and Company, in a statement to prospective investors, declared that this $6,000,000 was "a voluntary contribution to the stock-holders, a voluntary dividend." It was, in words, a pure gratuity — what Wall Street operators sometimes call a "melon." In 1898 the Metropolitan Street Railway issued $6,000,000 of its own stock in exchange for this scrip. That $6,000,000 stock, as will be explained subsequently, was afterward salable in the open market for $12,000,000. Thus the Whitney-Ryan syndicate, by this single transaction, without a penny's personal expenditure, voted themselves ultimate profits of $12,000,000. The stock representing these profits has cost the Metropolitan, in dividends, nearly $3,500,000. It has taken for several years the nickels of 8,400,000 passengers annually to pay the fixed charges occasioned by this single issue. With this final distribution the Metropolitan Traction Company dissolved. In the words of President Vreeland, in an official statement to his stock-holders: "The directors decreed that the object for which the Traction Company was formed had been attained, and concluded that the time had come to distribute its holdings among its stock-holders and wind up its affairs."

Metropolitan Stock Sold to the Public

The holdings of the Metropolitan Traction Company which were thus divided among their stock-holders consisted of $36,000,000* Metropolitan stock and $8,000,000 Metropolitan† bonds. Estimating in the most liberal terms the value of the property received in exchange for these securities, they represented at least $30,000,000 profits. Now that the insiders had obtained their securities, the second chapter of Metropolitan history begins. Their last ambition was to hold these securities themselves. The reason must be evident to any one who has closely followed the history of their manufacture. That is, they represented no property extensive enough to warrant any reasonable expectation of dividends. This property, as already noted, consisted of several miles of horse railroads in unprofitable thoroughfares, twelve miles of cable road in the northern part of the city, and about $6,000,000 worth of productive securities. In addition to this, indeed, the Metropolitan operated many street railways under lease. But the Metropolitan system, as already explained, was largely an illusion; nearly all the income obtained from the operation of these lines went back into their treasuries in payment of rentals. The reports of the Metropolitan during these early years do show surpluses from these leases; but the manufacture of false reports has been as regular an industry with the Metropolitan as the manufacture of securities. Expert accountants report that in 1902 the Metropolitan did not earn enough on the operation of its leased lines to pay the rentals, and it therefore seems safe to assume that in the preceding years it did not do so. What is clear is that the $44,000,000 of its securities received by insiders for the considerations recorded above never earned a dollar's honest dividend. Nevertheless, immediately after the dissolution of the Metropolitan Traction Company and the transfer from its treasury of this $44,000,000 into the individual pockets of the syndicate, dividends of five per cent. began to be paid. Mr. Marvyn L. Scudder, expert accountant of the New York Public Service Commission, asserts that these dividends were paid very largely out of borrowed money.‡

In 1897 Whitney and Ryan listed Metropolitan securities on the Stock Exchange, and speculation in them began. From 1897 almost up to the present time the Metropolitan crowd has been known as one of the most active speculative cliques in Wall Street. In daring, ability, and success it has had no equal. To Thomas F. Ryan the chief credit for the marketing of Metropolitan securities is usually given. Ryan, as has been said, had spent the larger part of his life in Wall Street; had acted for several years as broker for Jay Gould and other experienced operators; and was thus splendidly equipped for the campaign.

The excitement that followed the listing of Metropolitan stock is one of the most memorable chapters in the history of Wall Street. The investing public became enthusiastic over all the traction issues. Not only the Metropolitan but even more worthless street-railway shares were eagerly consumed. The public apparently believed that anything propelled by electricity was a sufficient basis for enormous investment fortunes. In Roswell P. Flower and Anthony N. Brady, who about this time began the Wall Street exploitation of Brooklyn Rapid Transit, Ryan and Whitney found able coadjutors. In the Metropolitan the public perceived only that it operated nearly all the most profitable surface lines on Manhattan Island; it did not perceive that it operated nearly all these under lease and received barely enough income from them to pay the rentals. William C. Whitney's personal standing, his great reputation for ability and success, also strongly attracted investors to Metropolitan. Almost as soon as the stock was offered for sale, therefore, it advanced beyond par. In 1899, evidently to stimulate this enthusiasm, the directors advanced the dividend to seven per cent. That they paid these dividends with borrowed money, purely for stock-jobbing purposes, is now perfectly clear. They accomplished their end even far beyond their own expectations. The public, asking no questions, making no investigations, furiously purchased Metropolitan. In the spring of 1899 Ryan and Whitney had succeeded in putting quotations up to $269 a share. Why a seven-per-cent. stock should sell at this premium, even supposing that it earned the dividends it was paying, is to-day one of the mysteries of Wall Street.

Whitney Sells All his Metropolitan Stock

While the whole investing public was thus scrambling for Metropolitan stock at these figures, the members of the syndicate quietly unloaded. In 1901 the leading promoters of the Metropolitan had very little stock left. The combined holdings of all the directors amounted to less than five per cent. of the total capitalization. When William C. Whitney died, in 1904, not a single share of Metropolitan was found among his assets. By comparing the figures given above, some idea of the profits realized by these transactions may be obtained.

---

* Technically, as described above, the holdings were $30,000,000 Street Railway stock and $6,000,000 Traction scrip. As the latter securities were soon exchanged for $6,000,000 Metropolitan stock, the statement in the text is entirely correct.

† Lexington Avenue at $5,000,000 plus Columbus Avenue at $3,000,000, which the Metropolitan has assumed.

‡ The author wishes to thank Mr. Scudder for his assistance and advice in the preparation of this article.

The insiders had received $44,000,000 in stocks and bonds during the preceding five years, of which at least $30,000,000 was clear profit. In the highest prices which prevailed in 1899, these securities had a market value of $86,000,000. It is not likely, of course, that the syndicate sold all its holdings when the highest quotations prevailed. They were in and out of the market for the whole two years, buying to-day, selling to-morrow, almost always, however, making profits. On the theory that they realized $200 a share, however, their cash profits amounted to nearly $60,000,000.

The people who contributed to these profits were largely innocent investors. In 1902, President Vreeland, in an official statement, declared that many of the Metropolitan stockholders were people "of small means and dependent upon the income derived from dividends for their support." Their stock, which in 1899 was quoted at $269 a share, now goes begging at $35. The holdings of the Metropolitan Traction Company, which in 1899 had a value of $86,000,000, to-day could probably not be sold for $10,000,000.

Millions Made in Construction Work

While the speculation in Metropolitan stock was raging, many millions were being made in other ways. Immediately after the dissolution of the Metropolitan Traction Company, the Metropolitan began, on a large scale, the reconstruction of its own and its leased lines. When the Metropolitan was organized, in 1893, electric traction was already being generally substituted throughout the United States for animal power. The problem on Manhattan Island, however, was quite different from that presented elsewhere. The only successful means of electric transit which had been devised was the overhead trolley, but, in spite of the Metropolitan's great political influence, official authority could never be obtained to install trolley poles and live wires in the congested streets of New York City. The Metropolitan spent much time and money in experimenting with other methods, and finally adopted, with many modifications and improvements, the underground conduit first developed in Budapest. Under the most conservative management the installation of this system would have been extremely difficult and expensive. In many streets the Metropolitan engineers found tangled networks of sewer-, gas-, and water-pipes, telegraph and telephone wires, pneumatic-tube conduits, and other similar obstructions. In many cases they had to remove these preparatory to putting in the underground trolley service; in other instances they had to blast their way through solid rock. The actual cost of construction, therefore, involved more than merely laying the tracks and building the conduits. The Metropolitan's own engineers and officers, however, have many times estimated what, considering all these difficulties, the work should cost. In many sworn statements to the New York Railroad Commission, and in official letters to their stock-holders, they have declared that the proper cost of underground trolley work on Manhattan Island averaged $150,000 a mile. This estimate, according to these same statements, included the cost of installing the underground trolley, the necessary equipments, cars, power-houses, and transformer stations — everything needed to change an antiquated horse-car line into a modern smoothly running electric service.

Metropolitan Exceeds its Estimates 300 and 400 per Cent.

In face of their own sworn statements that this work should cost $150,000 a mile, the Metropolitan's own reports to the Railroad Commission show that they have spent anywhere from $500,000 to $600,000 a mile. In other words, they admit that they have paid from three to four times what they themselves have officially sworn would be a reasonable expenditure. In the last twelve years the Metropolitan has built 192 miles of underground trolley on its own and its leased lines. Just what the cost has aggregated cannot be accurately said, for the Metropolitan's sworn reports to the Railroad Commission are so hopelessly inconsistent that the most expert accountants can make nothing intelligible of them. In many cases they have not reported these costs at all; and when they have done so their statements are easily shown to be perjurous. The Metropolitan, moreover, has destroyed all the books and records that might possibly explain this, the darkest chapter in its history. Upon eleven of its lines, according to its own sworn reports, the Metropolitan has spent $55,000,000 in the last twelve years. In that period it has built, on these same roads, about one hundred miles of underground trolley road. The average cost in these instances, therefore, amounts to $550,000 a mile. According to its own estimates, this work should have cost $15,000,000; according to its own reports, it actually cost $55,000,000. Apparently, about $40,000,000 has been unnecessarily expended in the construction of these eleven lines.

Thirty-fourth Street: Estimate, $150,000; Expenditure, $1,067,000

It is only when we study expenditures upon individual roads that the seriousness of the situation is apparent. The Metropolitan, as already said, purchased, in 1897, a horse-car railroad on Thirty-fourth Street. Its franchise covered only three short blocks, from Lexington Avenue to Broadway; its usefulness consisted in the fact that it formed a connecting-link between other larger lines. In 1902 President Vreeland informed the stock-holders that it would cost $150,000 to provide these three blocks — less than half a mile — with the new electric equipment. In two years, according to his own sworn statements to the railroad commissioners, he had spent $1,067,000 on these identical three blocks. Merely for laying the steel rails, he swore to expenditures of $296,000 — the actual cost of which, according to railroad experts, could not have exceeded $15,000. This Thirty-fourth Street Railroad, according to its own report, was built at the rate of $6,000,000 a mile — probably the most expensive railroad-building ever known.

Second Avenue Line Built Twice

The history of the Second Avenue Railroad is an especially illuminating illustration of Metropolitan methods. The facts concerning this company are clearly set forth in the Metropolitan's sworn reports to the Railroad Commission. In the early part of 1898 it issued improvement bonds to the extent of $5,631,000 for the purpose of electrically equipping thirty miles of horse-car lines. This, it will be observed, represents an expenditure of almost $180,000 a mile — a little in excess of the estimate made by the Metropolitan Street Railway. In 1898 the Second Avenue road reported that it had spent $1,900,000 in installing the electric service on its main line, extending twelve miles from the Harlem River to Astor Place. It did this work, that is, at the rate of $160,000 a mile, an entirely reasonable and proper expenditure. Meanwhile, William C. Whitney and his associates had acquired control of this property and leased it to the Metropolitan. When the Metropolitan took charge, the Second Avenue road's main line, as described above, was in full electric operation. In 1900, however, the Metropolitan reports expenditures of $4,329,390 in electric equipment on the Second Avenue road. The amazing fact is that, according to its report to the New York State Railroad Commission, it spent this money for equipping identically the same stretch of track upon which the Second Avenue, in 1898, had spent nearly $2,000,000. In other words, unless Mr. Vreeland's reports to the Railroad Commission are entirely untrue, he equipped his Second Avenue Railroad twice within two years, at a total expenditure of $6,262,561, or $500,000 a mile. In the nine years since the Metropolitan acquired the Second Avenue line it has built practically no new trolley lines, but has spent ostensibly for that purpose nearly $4,500,000.

Broadway Estimates Exceeded by $6,000,000

Again, in 1902, the Metropolitan removed its cable lines from Broadway, Columbus, and Lexington avenues, and installed electric service. In building the cable lines the Metropolitan had done all the preliminary work required in the removal of gas-pipes, sewer-mains, and other obstructions. It could also use a large part of the cable construction in its underground trolley equipment, and, with some additional expenditure, transform the cable cars into electric cars. In great detail, the Metropolitan officers, in affidavits to the Railroad Commission, estimated the cost of this work at $7,243,386. They actually spent $13,300,000; that is, they exceeded their own estimates by $6,000,000.

Why there are Many Horse-car Lines in New York

The Metropolitan stock-holders, however, have not only paid these enormous sums for work actually done, but have furnished many millions for work **not** done at all; that is, their officers have received many millions for new construction work and they have not so expended it. One quarter of all the street railways on Manhattan Island are still operated by horse-power. In only one American city is the old-fashioned horse-car still utilized on a large scale, and that is the American metropolis. Ten little jingling horse-car roads still cross Broadway; the great East Side, the most densely populated district in the world, is a network of horse-car lines. The Metropolitan owns more than 3,000 horses; it spends annually $29,000 on horseshoes, $19,000 on harness, and $213,000 on horse feed. Children from country towns frequently get their first sight of horse-cars on Manhattan Island. And Cyclone Center or Poverty Hollow would blush for the quality of the service rendered. The cars are small, uncleanly, dimly lighted, and virtually unheated. In the winter-time a fair-sized snowstorm practically ends the service; in summer the cars run at infrequent intervals. The Metropolitan officially explains the situation on the ground that the traffic in these horse-car streets is not large enough to justify the expense of electric equipment. The fact is, however, that the company has obtained the money for the reconstruction of these lines and has not expended it for that purpose. In 1902 the stock-holders furnished $12,000,000 for electrically equipping 80 miles of street railways still operated by horse-power. The company has equipped only thirty-six miles, and the money has all disappeared.

History of the Third Avenue under the Metropolitan

In the preceding article the writer related how Whitney and Ryan had profited by the difficulties besetting Henry Hart to purchase the controlling interest in his Third Avenue Railroad. Incidental to this dramatic performance, it will be recalled, Whitney and Ryan made anywhere from $1,000,000 to $5,000,000 by "squeezing" James R. Keene, who had gone short of Third Avenue stock many thousands of shares. The history of the Third Avenue, under the Metropolitan, repeats, on a larger scale, the story of the other subsidiary lines. In the first place, the terms on which Whitney and Ryan sold their stock to the Metropolitan are not entirely clear. The official records show that the Metropolitan raised the money twice to pay for this stock, once in 1900 and again in 1902. It is not here insisted that Whitney and Ryan actually received this payment twice, but merely that the records of the Metropolitan show that the money was raised twice for that particular purpose. In 1900 the Metropolitan leased the Third Avenue and mortgaged its entire property for $35,000,000. It expended $23,000,000 in the payment of the floating debt; and thus had $12,000,000 in its treasury, which was to be expended, according to the terms of the mortgage, in electrically equipping the Third Avenue's horse-car lines. In the last seven years that $12,000,000 has vanished; and the horse-car lines have not been reconstructed. In addition, the Metropolitan has run up a floating indebtedness on the Third Avenue of $8,000,000. In other words, the Metropolitan has spent $20,000,000 on the Third Avenue property without appreciably increasing its assets. Nor is this all. When the Metropolitan leased the Third Avenue, the latter road owned $10,000,000 of securities in other railroads. Although these were part of the pledge for its $35,000,000 bond issue, the Metropolitan bodily transferred them from the Third Avenue's treasury into its own. It afterward sold them all to the New York City Railway for a consideration of one dollar. In every way the Third Avenue is in a worse condition than at any time under Henry Hart. It has a larger debt; it has smaller actual assets; and its earning power has materially decreased.

In view of the fact that the Metropolitan has destroyed all the books that might possibly explain the waste of this money, the precise details will probably never be ascertained. Enough is known, however, to indicate clearly enough where much of the money has gone. Unquestionably, millions originally obtained for construction purposes have been used in payment of unearned dividends. The Metropolitan has for years charged up to construction account large sums properly chargeable to operating expenses. The reason is perfectly clear. Its net profits, from which dividends are properly payable, is the amount left after deducting from its gross earnings its operating expenses. Manifestly, if it charged to other accounts large sums expended in operating expenses, it would, by just that amount, increase the surplus available for dividends. In other words, these unearned dividends have been paid with money obtained for construction, in order to give a high market value to Metropolitan stock.

Many more millions, ostensibly charged to construction, have been spent purchasing the support of politicians and other influential citizens. From 1902 up to date the Metropolitan "yellow dog" fund, charged up to construction work, has amounted to nearly $1,000,000. In order to conceal the details, the company has destroyed all books, checks, and vouchers bearing upon these transactions. In its treatment of the politicians the Metropolitan has been strictly non-partizan; it has purchased the favors of the leaders of both political parties. Lemuel E. Quigg, for several years chairman of the Republican County Committee in New York, has publicly confessed to spending $150,000 of Metropolitan money, all charged up to "special construction," in creating public sentiment favorable to that corporation.

Widener and Elkins in Chicago

It is not believed, however, that these expenditures, large as they have probably been, explain the great discrepancies noted above. The conclusion is inevitable that the Metropolitan insiders have themselves made money from construction. Some light upon this subject may be obtained by comparing the reconstruction history of the Chicago lines, on which we have all the essential facts.* P. A. B. Widener and William L. Elkins made large fortunes in this work, and it is not unreasonable to suppose that they introduced in New York the methods they found so personally profitable in Chicago. In the late eighties, with Charles T. Yerkes, they acquired, by lease and purchase, a large number of the Chicago lines. They then organized the United States Construction Company — a close corporation in which they themselves owned practically all the capital stock. Then Widener and Elkins, as the United States Construction Company, made contracts for building cable-power on the horse railroads which they controlled, either by lease or stock ownership. In this way they transferred many millions, both in cash and stock, from the treasuries of their railroads into their own pockets. They thus built, at a cost to themselves of $3,000,000, a cable line for the North Chicago City Railway Company, which they controlled, receiving in payment cash and securities which had a market value of $10,700,000. Their most notable performance was the lease of the West Division Railway Company to the West Chicago Street Railroad. Widener and Elkins controlled the West Division Railway; their partner, Charles T. Yerkes, controlled the latter corporation. Yet Widener and Elkins received a fee of $5,000,000 from the West Division Railway Company for negotiating this lease. On top of this, they charged the West Division Company $4,000,000 for constructing a cable railroad upon which they spent less than $2,000,000. By these methods, Widener, Elkins, and Yerkes, in fifteen years, issued securities on the Chicago lines to the extent of $118,000,000, of which $72,000,000, according to an official appraisement, represented no actual value, but merely the profits made by inside manipulators. It is thus clear that Widener and Elkins came to New York well equipped, by experience, for the work of reconstructing the Manhattan lines.

---

* In 1899 Charles T. Yerkes, then in control of the Chicago lines, opened all the books for the previous twenty-five years for the examination of the Civic Federation of Chicago. An expert accountant, Edmund F. Bard, made a thorough examination. It is from his report that the facts given in the text are obtained.

Whitney's Retirement

In 1902, when the wrecked Metropolitan Company was leased to the Interurban,— details of which will be given in the next article,— William C. Whitney retired from all personal identification with the New York street railways. As far as he was concerned, the Metropolitan had served its purpose. When it was organized, in 1893, he was virtually a poor man; when he died, in 1904, his fortune amounted to $40,000,000.* This estate, though representing for the larger part money made in the New York street railroads, contained not a share of Metropolitan Street Railway stock. Mr. Whitney had invested the profits of his Metropolitan deals in Standard Oil, American Tobacco, and other less uncertain dividend-payers. Mr. Whitney had clearly accomplished the supreme end to which his energies had been devoted from the time when, in 1893, he retired from active public life. He had acquired the millions which apparently were essential to his happiness and to the gratification of his expensive personal tastes. In his latter days he lived constantly in an atmosphere of luxury and ease; he had his beautiful city and country homes, his race-horses, his yachts, his books, his music, his paintings, and upon them he probably lavished almost as many millions as he left to his children. His luxurious habits, indeed, interfered with his work; in the latter years he gave less attention to details; relied more and more upon Ryan as his active partner; and made only infrequent appearances down-town. At the height of his career, the financial success of his Metropolitan and other flotations found expression in a magnificent home which he established on Fifth Avenue. Its furnishings were one of the wonders of New York. Mr. Whitney ransacked the art treasures of Europe; stripped medieval castles of their carvings and tapestries; ripped whole staircases and floors from their repose of centuries and relaid them in his new Fifth Avenue home. Here he entertained his friends with a lavishness that astounded even New York. Whitney did everything, indeed, on a large and extravagant scale. He could not confine his life within the precincts in which the average man is contented to move. Even in his corruption, the bigness of Whitney is apparent. The enormous scale on which the Metropolitan stockholders were robbed shows that in him we have no every-day petty grafter. You could not imagine Whitney descending to the little stealings at which the life-insurance trustees were caught; when he got his "rake-offs" he took millions, not thousands. This largeness of nature explains his popularity with politicians and his ability to do with the city government as he pleased. He did not give his political associates petty bribes; he took them into his deals and showed them how to make fortunes. Thus Whitney's character presents a combination of great talents, great ambitions, great lovable qualities, all misdirected by great weaknesses. Had he died in his fiftieth year, his fame as an honest public servant and a worker for the highest ideals of American citizenship would have been secure. The fact that at that age, when a man's principles are supposed to be pretty solidly fixed, Whitney suddenly turned his back upon his own career and rapidly descended the path of degradation marked out by the history of the Metropolitan Company makes him one of the most enigmatical as well as one of the most pitiful figures in American history. He treated his friends so generously, however, that scores of men in high position love his memory and, in spite of the terrible evidence against him, still defend his character.

---

* This estimate of Mr. Whitney's wealth is furnished the writer by Henry D. Macdona, the representative of the Whitney estate.

Development of Thomas F. Ryan

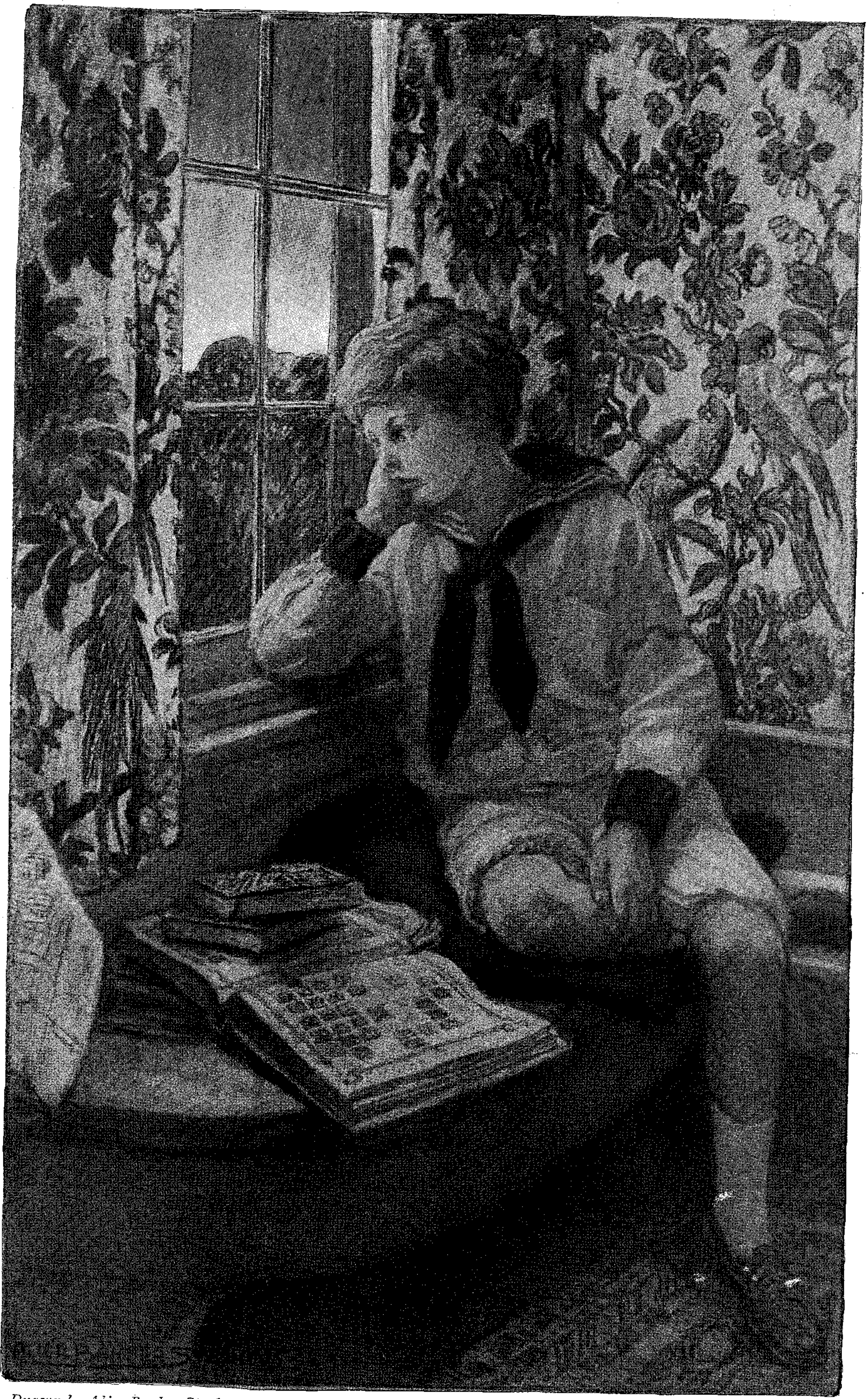
William L. Elkins died in 1903, leaving a fortune officially appraised at $30,000,000. The death of Whitney and Elkins left Ryan and Widener the only surviving members of the syndicate which, in 1886, acquired Jacob Sharp's properties and thus laid the foundations of the Metropolitan monopoly. It had been a fruitful twenty years for Thomas F. Ryan. In that period he had become one of the richest and most powerful men in the United States. In 1886 he was a tall and slim young broker on the New York Stock Exchange; in 1905 he had become the dignified controlling personality in financial institutions representing resources of more than a billion dollars and an influential factor in many railroad and industrial corporations. In 1886 he was a poor man; in 1905 his fortune easily aggregated $50,000,000.* The foundation of all this wealth and power was the Metropolitan Street Railway. With the profits made in the Metropolitan, Ryan engaged in numerous enterprises, almost invariably with success. He became an ally of the Standard Oil interests in the lighting monopoly of New York and other cities. With Whitney, Widener, and others, he secured control of the State Trust Company, and, when that corporation wound up under scandalous circumstances, he became the chief influence and vice-president of the Morton Trust Company. In 1903, supported by the three great New York life-insurance companies, he organized the National Bank of Commerce, the second largest banking institution in the United States. He entered a larger field in 1903, when he secured control of the Seaboard Air Line Railway, at that time in serious financial difficulties. In the early part of 1905 he purchased the Washington Life Insurance Company; and, in July of the same year, became famous in two continents by securing, from James Hazen Hyde, his majority interest in the Equitable Life Assurance Society. In 1906 the King of Belgium selected Ryan to head an American syndicate to which he subsequently granted a concession of 2,500,000 acres in the Congo rich in rubber, ivory, and minerals.

In subterranean fashion, Ryan had participated in politics, always for business purposes, and had become the great though invisible power in Tammany Hall. Personally, Ryan has always remained an extremely quiet, gentle, modest, but immensely effective man. Everywhere he has displayed that same gift of opportunism which he evinced when, in 1886, he profited by Sharp's difficulties and acquired his properties. He has always been able to detect the weak points in any situation and turn them to his own advantage. Always self-reliant, confiding in no man, depending always upon his own counsel, he has many times justified Whitney's statement that he was "the most adroit, suave, and noiseless man he had ever known." In recent years Ryan has sought to disentangle himself from his old associates and his old reputation; he has not found all the consolations of life in enormous wealth, but, in every possible way, has attempted to improve his personal and financial standing. With his wife, he has become widely known for his charities and religious benefactions. A convert to the Roman Catholic faith, he has disbursed many millions in cathedrals, chapels, hospitals, and other religious charities. He has recently finished, at a cost of $1,000,000, a beautiful cathedral in the diocese of Richmond. In return for these benefactions, Ryan has been treated with every consideration by the Vatican. He has private chapels in his houses on Fifth Avenue, New York, and in Washington, and in his fine country establishment at Suffern, New York.

On the most conservative estimate, Whitney, Ryan, Widener, and their associates must have made, in the nine years from 1893 to 1902, at least $100,000,000 in the Metropolitan Street Railway. In the whole financial history of the country, no similar group of speculators have made such enormous profits in so short a time. By 1902 the Whitney-Ryan methods had brought the whole Metropolitan system to such a condition that its bankruptcy could no longer be concealed. In spite of this, the inside syndicate has devised new ways of plundering the property. In the last five years the wrecked Metropolitan hulk has been slowly going to pieces on the rocks, surrounded by the old Whitney-Ryan-Widener syndicate, industriously removing all valuable parts of the cargo. The details of these more recent operations will be given in the next article.

---

* This estimate of Mr. Ryan's fortune is furnished by Henry D. Macdona, Mr. Ryan's official representative.



Drawn by Alice Barber Stephens

"THE COMMODORE . . . BEGAN TO THINK—TO THINK"

SEE PAGE 294